IDEAL PRAISE

A COLLECTION OF THE BEST NEW AND OLD SONGS FOR RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.—*Col. 3: 16.*

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A Collection of the Best New and Old Songs for Religious Worship

By

L. E. Edmonds
G. L. Lindsey
J. M. Bowman
W. W. Combs
J. G. Henderson
Samuel W. Beazley
G. W. Brown
S. J. Spencer
Scott Crotts
Eldridge Murphy
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M. A. Crocker

Prices:—35 cents per copy; $3.60 per dozen; $15.00 per 50; $27.00 per 100. All prepaid.
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Springfield, Mo., Locust Grove, Ga.,
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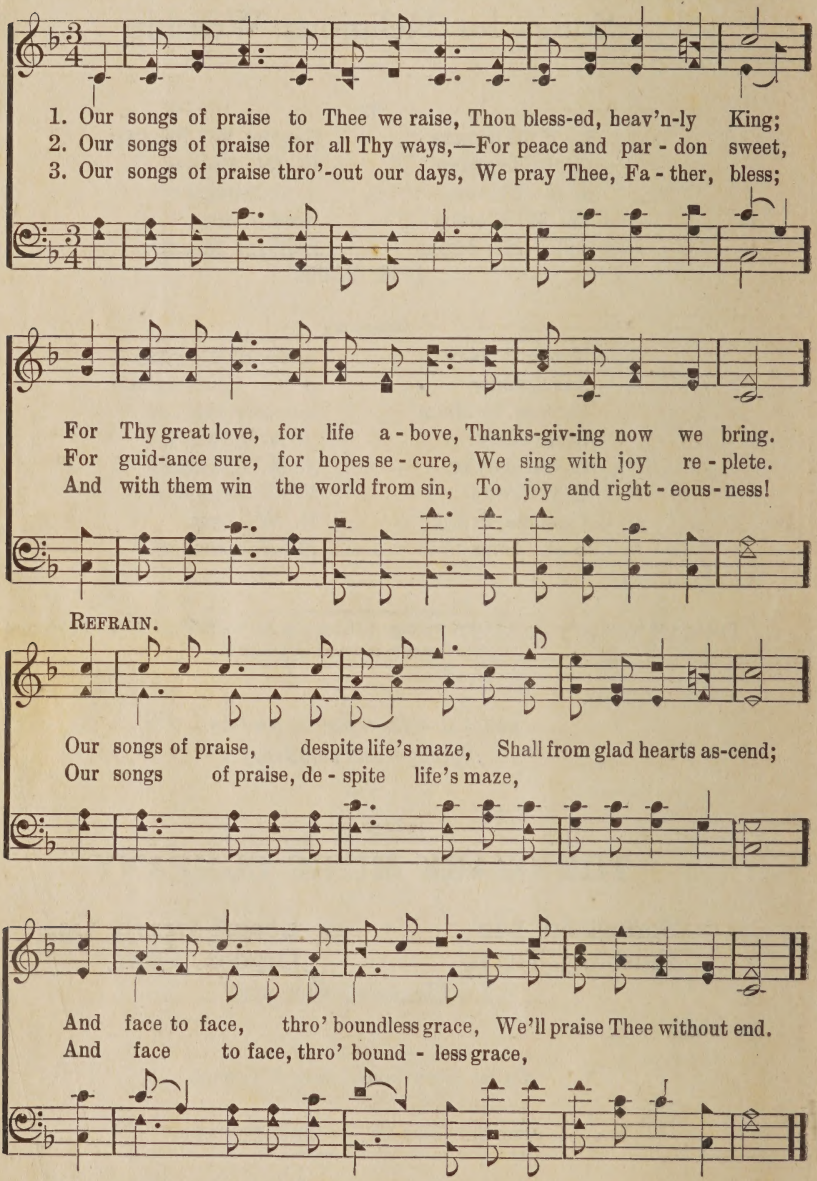
Preface.

Our Songs of Praise.

L. E. EDMONDS, OWNER.

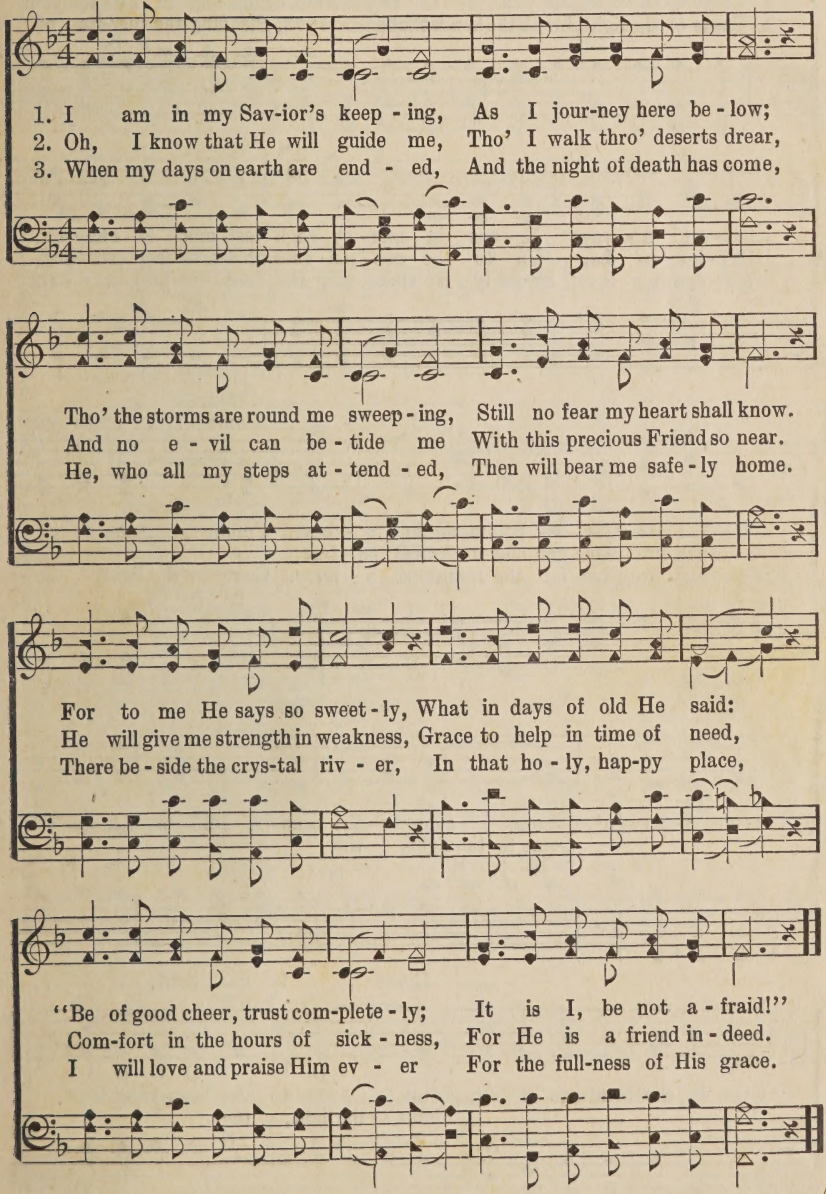
Katharyn Bacon. L. E. Edmonds.


1. Our songs of praise to Thee we raise, Thou bless-ed, heav'n-ly King;
2. Our songs of praise for all Thy ways,—For peace and par - don sweet,
3. Our songs of praise thro'-out our days, We pray Thee, Fa - ther, bless;
For Thy great love, for life a - bove, Thanks-giv-ing now we bring.
For guid-ance sure, for hopes se - cure, We sing with joy re - plete.
And with them win the world from sin, To joy and right - eous - ness!
REFRAIN.
Our songs of praise, despite life's maze, Shall from glad hearts as-cend;
Our songs of praise, de - spite life's maze,
And face to face, thro' boundless grace, We'll praise Thee without end.
And face to face, thro' bound - less grace,

Ideal Praise.

No. 1. The Constant Friend.

Rev. Lee Carson. G. W. BROWN, OWNER. G. W. Brown.


1. I am in my Sav-ior's keep - ing, As I jour-ney here be - low;
2. Oh, I know that He will guide me, Tho' I walk thro' deserts drear,
3. When my days on earth are end - ed, And the night of death has come,
Tho' the storms are round me sweep - ing, Still no fear my heart shall know.
And no e - vil can be - tide me With this precious Friend so near.
He, who all my steps at - tend - ed, Then will bear me safe - ly home.
For to me He says so sweet - ly, What in days of old He said:
He will give me strength in weakness, Grace to help in time of need,
There be - side the crys-tal riv - er, In that ho - ly, hap-py place,
"Be of good cheer, trust com-plete - ly; It is I, be not a - fraid!"
Com-fort in the hours of sick - ness, For He is a friend in - deed.
I will love and praise Him ev - er For the full-ness of His grace.

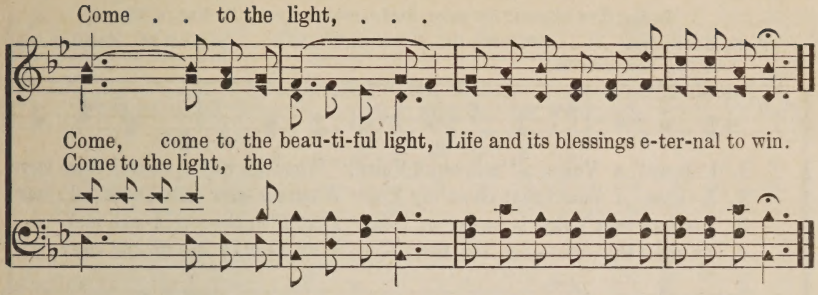
No. 2.

Come to the Light.

Katharyn Bacon. L. E. EDMONDS, OWNER. L. E. Edmonds.

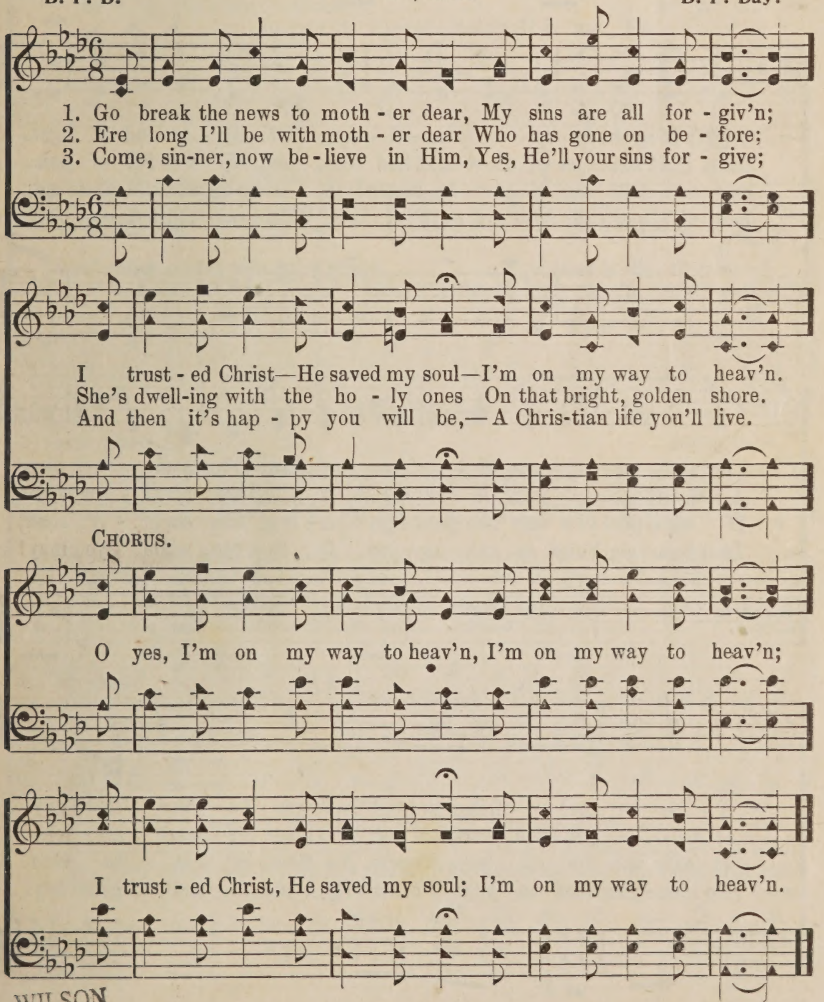
1. Come to the light, from all darkness ap-pall-ing, Tho' you are far in the
2. Come to the light, of your e-vil re-pent-ing, Trust-ing in Je-sus your
3. Come to the light, break the bonds that enslave you, Pleading the mer-its of
des-ert a-way; Je-sus in mer-cy each lost one is call-ing,
Sav-ior to be, Un-to the gos-pel with glad-ness con-sent-ing,
par-don-ing love; Sweet-ly He waits, and He free-ly will save you,
CHORUS.
Come . . . to the
Has-ten His bless-ed command to o-bey. Come, come to the
You shall from dan-ger and dark-ness be free.
Bless and pre-pare for the mansions a-bove. Come to the light, the
light, . . . come . . . to the light, . . .
beau-ti-ful light, Come, come to the beau-ti-ful light, Lin-ger you
Come to the light, the
Come . . to the light, . . .
not in the bond-age of sin; Come, come to the beau-ti-ful light,
Come to the light, the

Come to the Light.



No. 3. Break the News to Mother.

B. F. D. B. F. DAY, OWNER. B. F. Day.


1. Go break the news to moth - er dear, My sins are all for - giv'n;
2. Ere long I'll be with moth - er dear Who has gone on be - fore;
3. Come, sin-ner, now be - lieve in Him, Yes, He'll your sins for - give;
I trust - ed Christ—He saved my soul—I'm on my way to heav'n.
She's dwell-ing with the ho - ly ones On that bright, golden shore.
And then it's hap - py you will be,—A Chris-tian life you'll live.
CHORUS.
O yes, I'm on my way to heav'n, I'm on my way to heav'n;
I trust - ed Christ, He saved my soul; I'm on my way to heav'n.

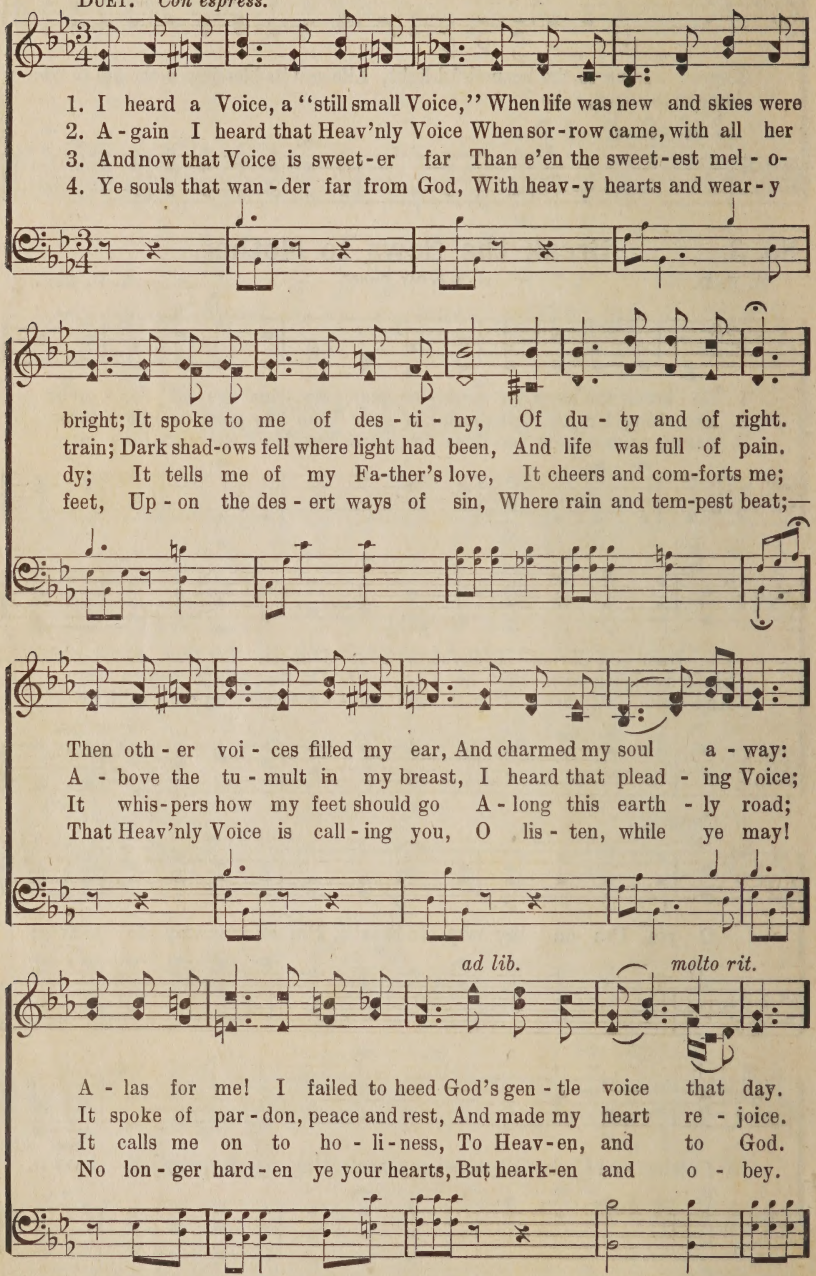
WILSON
NcU

No. 4. The Still Small Voice.

"To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."—HEB. 3: 15.

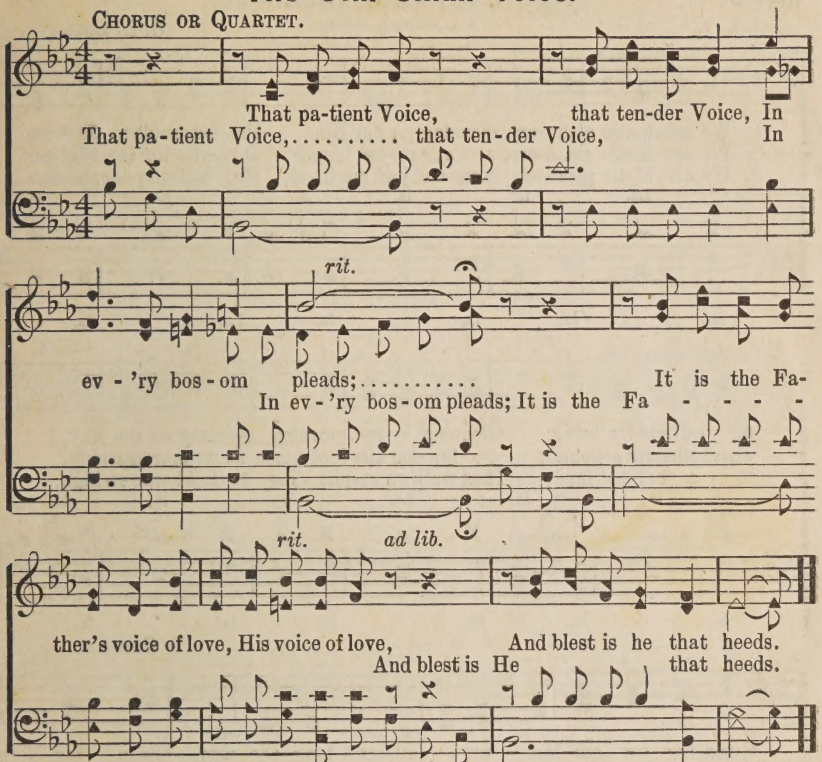
T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

DUET. *Con espress.*


1. I heard a Voice, a "still small Voice," When life was new and skies were
2. A-gain I heard that Heav'nly Voice When sor-row came, with all her
3. And now that Voice is sweet-er far Than e'en the sweet-est mel-o-
4. Ye souls that wan-der far from God, With heav-y hearts and wear-y
bright; It spoke to me of des-ti-ny, Of du-ty and of right.
train; Dark shad-ows fell where light had been, And life was full of pain.
dy; It tells me of my Fa-ther's love, It cheers and com-forts me;
feet, Up-on the des-ert ways of sin, Where rain and tem-pest beat;—
Then oth-er voi-ces filled my ear, And charmed my soul a-way:
A-bove the tu-mult in my breast, I heard that plead-ing Voice;
It whis-pers how my feet should go A-long this earth-ly road;
That Heav'nly Voice is call-ing you, O lis-ten, while ye may!
ad lib.
molto rit.
A-las for me! I failed to heed God's gen-tle voice that day.
It spoke of par-don, peace and rest, And made my heart re-joice.
It calls me on to ho-li-ness, To Heav-en, and to God.
No lon-ger hard-en ye your hearts, But heark-en and o-bey.

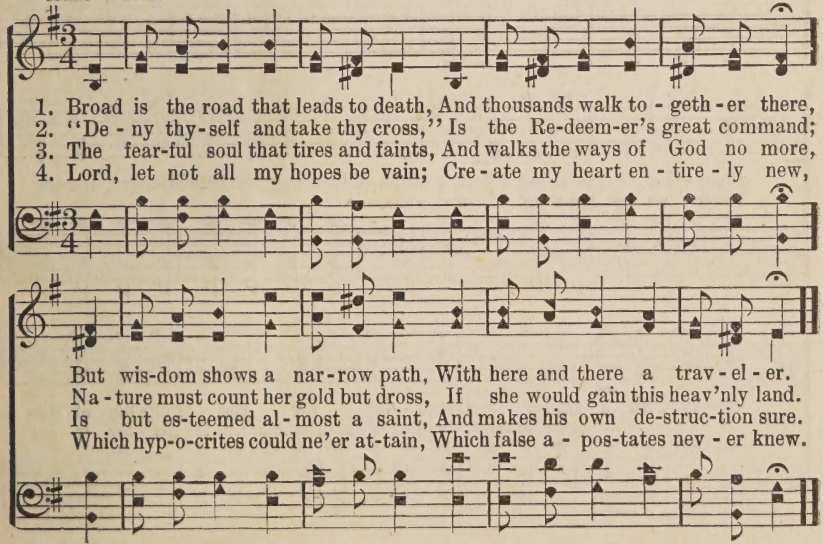
The Still Small Voice.

CHORUS OR QUARTET.


That pa-tient Voice, that ten-der Voice, In
That pa-tient Voice,..... that ten-der Voice, In
rit.
ev - 'ry bos - om pleads;..... It is the Fa-
In ev - 'ry bos - om pleads; It is the Fa - - - -
rit.
ad lib.
ther's voice of love, His voice of love, And blest is he that heeds.
And blest is He that heeds.

No. 5. Windham.

Isaac Watts. Daniel Read.

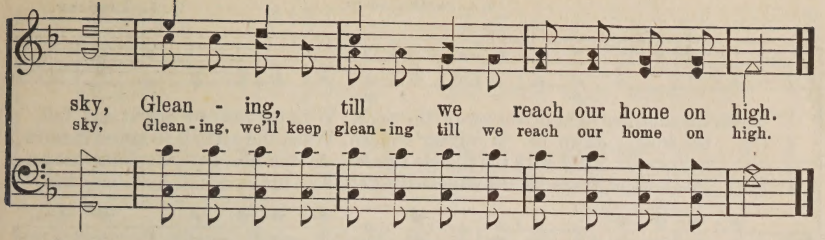

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to - geth - er there,
2. "De - ny thy-self and take thy cross," Is the Re-deem-er's great command;
3. The fear-ful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more,
4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain; Cre - ate my heart en - tire - ly new,
But wis-dom shows a nar-row path, With here and there a trav - el - er.
Na - ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'nly land.
Is but es-teemed al - most a saint, And makes his own de-struc-tion sure.
Which hyp-o-crites could ne'er at-tain, Which false a - pos-tates nev - er knew.

No. 6. We Are Little Gleaners.

G. L. L. G. L. LINDSEY, OWNER. G. L. Lindsey.

1. We are lit-tle glean-ers, gleaning for our King, Precious souls to Je - sus
2. We are lit-tle glean-ers, al-ways to be found Gleaning for the Mas-ter
3. We are lit-tle glean-ers, come and join our band, Help us lead poor sin-ners
La, la, la, la, La, la,
La, la, la, la, La, la,
we will gladly bring; Gleaning in the morning, gleaning all the day,
where sin doth a-bound; Fol-low-ing His foot-steps as we march a-long,
to a bet-ter land; Then we'll go re-joic - ing to that home on high,
la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la,
la la, La, la, la, la,
CHORUS.
Glean-ing for our Mas - ter all a - long the way. Glean - ing,
Ev - er prais-ing Je - sus with a hap - py song.
With the sheaves we've gleaned for the gar-ner in the sky. Glean-ing for the
glean - ing, glean-ing all the while, Glean-ing for the Mas-ter, fac-ing
Mas-ter, we are glean-ing all the while,
du - ty with a smile; Glean - ing for the gar - ner in the
pleas-ant smile; Gleaning we are gleaning for the gar - ner in the

We Are Little Gleaners.



No. 7. I Find No Fault in Jesus.

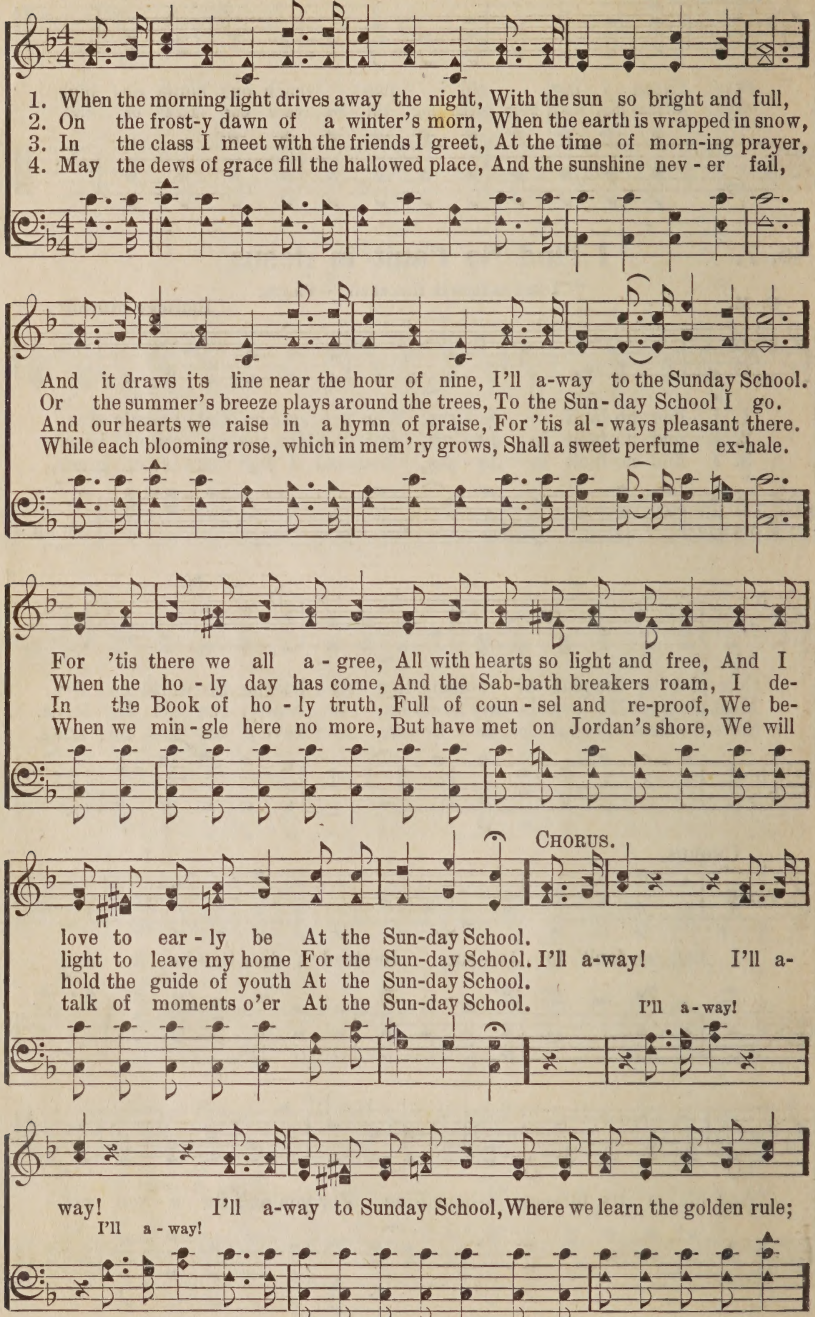
"I find no fault in Him at all."—PILATE.

E. M. Eldridge Murphy.

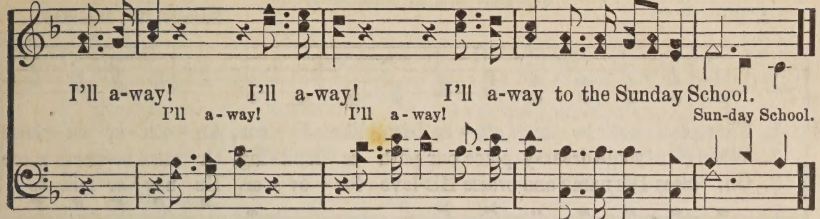
1. I find no fault in Je - sus, Who suf-fered on Cal - va-ry's tree,
2. I find no fault in Je - sus, But find Him the tru - est of friends;
3. I find no fault in Je - sus, In-stead I find rich - es of grace,
Com-plet-ing the plan of re-demp-tion And let-ting the world go free.
Most pleasant His help in my troub-les, So time-ly the aid He lends.
Suf - fi - cient my soul to de - liv - er, And leave of my sins no trace.
CHORUS.
I find no fault in Je - sus, In-stead a dear Sav-ior I see;
And life in its full-ness a-bound-ing, For you and for e - ven me.

No. 8. I'll Away to Sunday School.

G. L. LINDSEY, OWNER. G. L. Lindsey.


1. When the morning light drives away the night, With the sun so bright and full,
2. On the frost-y dawn of a winter's morn, When the earth is wrapped in snow,
3. In the class I meet with the friends I greet, At the time of morn-ing prayer,
4. May the dews of grace fill the hallowed place, And the sunshine nev - er fail,
And it draws its line near the hour of nine, I'll a-way to the Sunday School.
Or the summer's breeze plays around the trees, To the Sun - day School I go.
And our hearts we raise in a hymn of praise, For 'tis al - ways pleasant there.
While each blooming rose, which in mem'ry grows, Shall a sweet perfume ex-hale.
For 'tis there we all a - gree, All with hearts so light and free, And I
When the ho - ly day has come, And the Sab-bath breakers roam, I de-
In the Book of ho - ly truth, Full of coun - sel and re-proof, We be-
When we min - gle here no more, But have met on Jordan's shore, We will
CHORUS.
love to ear - ly be At the Sun-day School.
light to leave my home For the Sun-day School. I'll a-way! I'll a-
hold the guide of youth At the Sun-day School.
talk of moments o'er At the Sun-day School.
I'll a - way!
way! I'll a-way to Sunday School, Where we learn the golden rule;
I'll a - way!

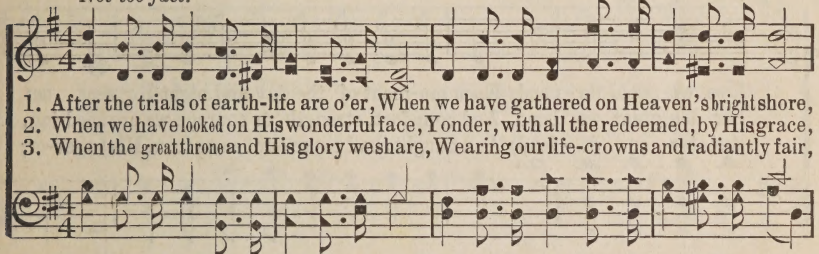
I'll Away to Sunday School.

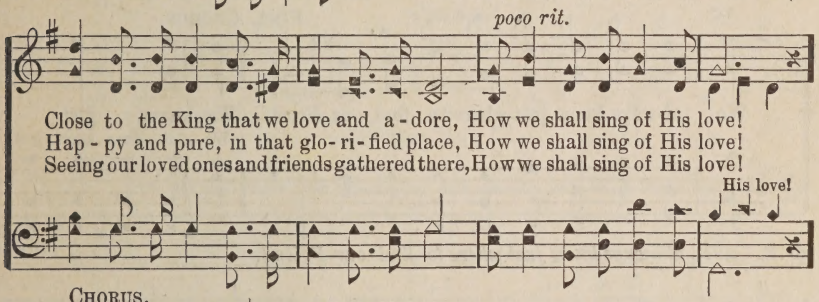


No. 9. How We Shall Sing of His Love.

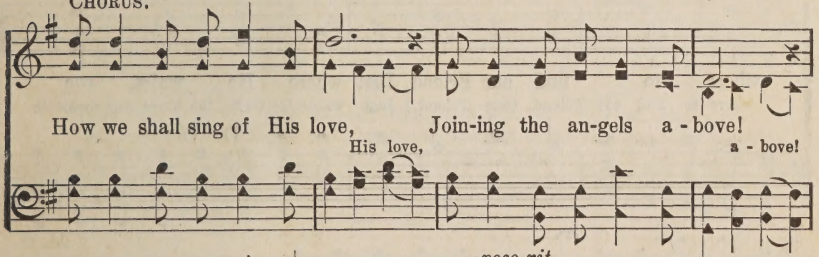
James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

Not too fast.


1. After the trials of earth-life are o'er, When we have gathered on Heaven's bright shore,
2. When we have looked on His wonderful face, Yonder, with all the redeemed, by His grace,
3. When the great throne and His glory we share, Wearing our life-crowns and radiantly fair,


poco rit.
Close to the King that we love and a-dore, How we shall sing of His love!
Hap-py and pure, in that glo-ri-fied place, How we shall sing of His love!
Seeing our loved ones and friends gathered there, How we shall sing of His love!
His love!

CHORUS.


How we shall sing of His love, Join-ing the an-gels a-bove!
His love, a-bove!
poco rit.
When we out-pour His praise on that shore, How we shall sing of His love!
His love!

No. 10. We Always Know Where to Find Him.

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J. R. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. There can-not be an-oth-er friend like Je-sus, An-oth-er on whose
2. When thro' some drear-y place our path is lead-ing, Or when be-neath some
3. Oh, bless His name and praise His love for-ev-er, He nev-er fails to
love we could de-pend; Each mo-ment of the day and night He sees us;
bur-den great we bend, And com-fort, strength, or courage we are need-ing,
shel-ter or de-fend; And naught shall cause our hearts from His to sev-er;
FINE. CHORUS.
We al-ways know just where to find our Friend. We know just
We al-ways know just
D.S.—We al-ways know just where to find our Friend.
where to find our Friend, Just where He waits, the
where to find our Friend, (our Friend,) Just where He waits, the bless-ing sweet to
D. S.
bless-ing sweet to lend; He's nev-er ver-y far from where His dear ones are;
lend; (sweet to lend;)

No. 11. Look and Live.

Amelia Matilda Hull. USED BY PERMISSION. W. C. Hillme.

1. There is life for a look at the Cru - ci-fied One; There is life at this
2. Oh! why was He there as the bear - er of sin If on Je - sus thy
3. It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers, But the blood that a-
4. Then take, with re - joic-ing, from Je - sus at once The life ev - er-
mo-ment for thee; Then look, sin-ner, look un-to Him and be saved, Un-to
sins were not laid? Oh, why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood If His
tones for the soul; On Him, then, who shed it, Thou may-est at once Thy
last - ing He gives; And know with as-sur-ance Thou never canst die, Since
CHORUS.
Him who was nailed to the tree.
dy - ing thy debt has not paid? Then look and be saved; . .
weight of in - iq - ui-ties roll.
Je - sus, thy righteousness, lives. Then look, sin-ner, look un - to Christ and be saved;
Why lon - ger de-lay? There's flow - ing so free,
Oh, sin - ner, why lon - ger de - lay? There's flow-ing so free sal - va - tion for thee,
Sal - va - tion for thee; Then look un - to Christ and be saved.
There's flow-ing so free sal - va - tion for thee;

No. 12. Savior, Keep Me True to Thee.

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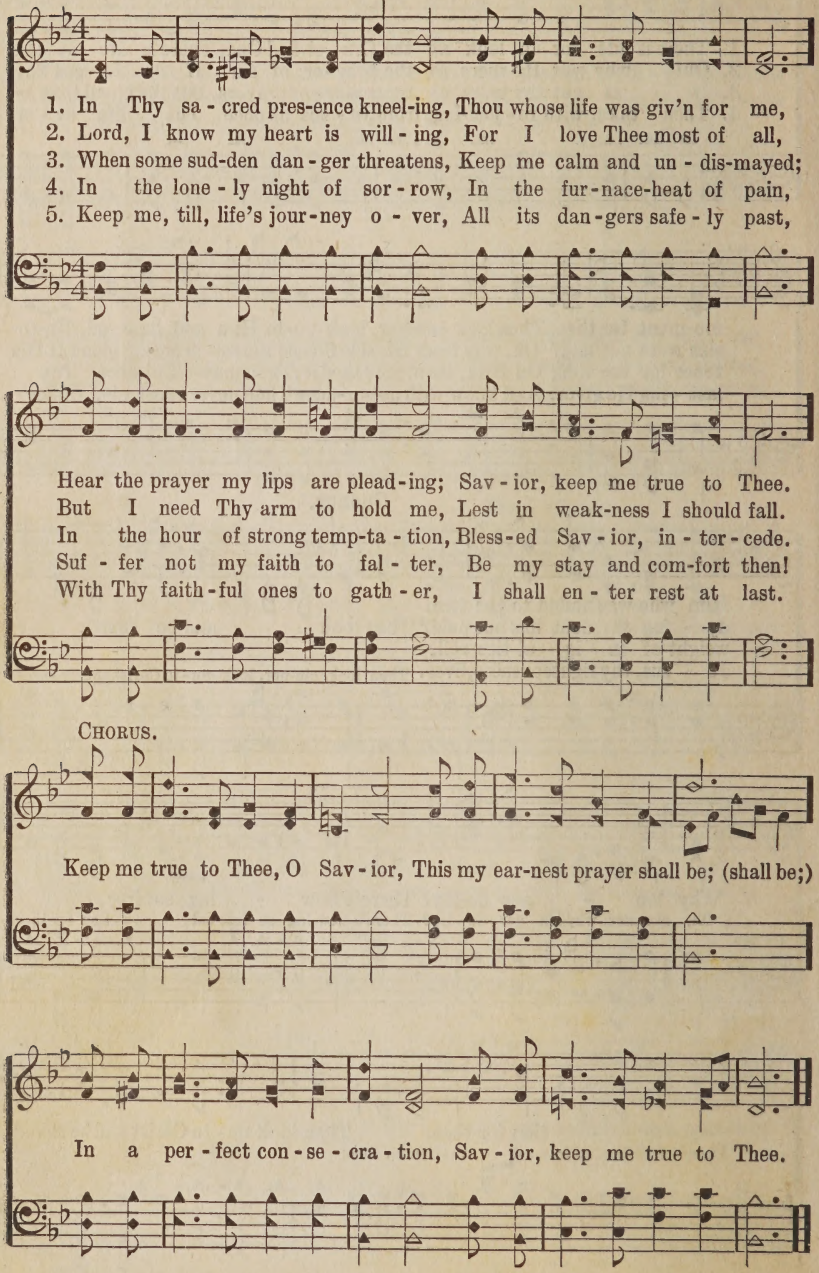
T. O. Chisholm. Samuel W. Beazley.


1. In Thy sa - cred pres-ence kneel-ing, Thou whose life was giv'n for me,
2. Lord, I know my heart is will - ing, For I love Thee most of all,
3. When some sud-den dan - ger threatens, Keep me calm and un - dis-mayed;
4. In the lone - ly night of sor - row, In the fur - nace-heat of pain,
5. Keep me, till, life's jour - ney o - ver, All its dan - gers safe - ly past,
Hear the prayer my lips are plead - ing; Sav - ior, keep me true to Thee.
But I need Thy arm to hold me, Lest in weak-ness I should fall.
In the hour of strong temp-ta - tion, Bless - ed Sav - ior, in - ter - cede.
Suf - fer not my faith to fal - ter, Be my stay and com-fort then!
With Thy faith - ful ones to gath - er, I shall en - ter rest at last.
CHORUS.
Keep me true to Thee, O Sav - ior, This my ear-nest prayer shall be; (shall be;)
In a per - fect con - se - cra - tion, Sav - ior, keep me true to Thee.

No. 13. Glory Be to God.

G. L. LINDSEY, OWNER.

G. L. Lindsey.

1. Glo - ry be to God, Yes, glo - ry be to God, And peace on earth, good-
2. For be-hold I bring you ti - dings of great joy, Of One who died on
3. Glo - ry be to God, Yes, glo - ry be to God; Oh, praise His name, His
CHORUS.
will to men, For-ev - er, ev - er-more.
Cal - va - ry that sin-ners might be free.
ho - ly name, For-ev - er, ev - er-more.
Yes, glo-ry be,
Glo-ry be,..... the an - gels
the an - gels sing,
And on earth, peace,
sing,..... And on earth, peace,..... good-will to
good-will to men;
Good-will to men
men;..... Peace on earth..... for - ev - er-
for - ev - er-more; Spread the news for - ev - er - more....
more;..... Spread the news for-ev - er - more....

No. 14. Behold the Man.

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T. O. Chisholm. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Be - hold the Man Christ Je - sus, God's well - be - lov - ed Son,
2. Be - hold Him as He la - bors A - mong the sons of men,
3. Be - hold Him as He ut - ters The words that glow and burn,—
4. Be - hold Him as He suf - fers Men's cru - el - ty and hate,
Tho' all di - vine, yet hu - man, Two na - tures joined in one;
Health, light and glad - ness bring - ing Where pain and want had been!
The truth the wise were seek - ing, But sought in vain to learn;
As lamb un - to the slaugh - ter, Goes meek - ly to His fate;
All things by Him cre - at - ed, His word up - hold - ing all,
He stills the cries of an - guish, Of sor - row and un - rest,
Blest words of hope and prom - ise, Of life and peace and pow'r,
Be - hold Him pierced and dy - ing! Be - hold His pre - cious blood!
poco rit.
The might - y King of Glo - ry, Yet born in low - ly stall!
E'en as a lov - ing moth - er The babe up - on her breast.
That, sound - ing down the a - ges, Are might - y till this hour!
'Twas spilt for us! Ah! tru - ly "This was the Son of God."

Behold the Man.

CHORUS.

Be - hold Him, God's A-noint-ed One, Whom prophets did fore - tell,
did fore-tell,
rit.
A Light to light - en all the earth, The Hope of Is - ra - el;.....
poco rit.
The name He bears is "Won - der-ful," The might - y "Prince of Peace,"
The "King of kings..... and Lord of lords," His reign shall never cease.
The "King of kings..... and Lord of lords,".....

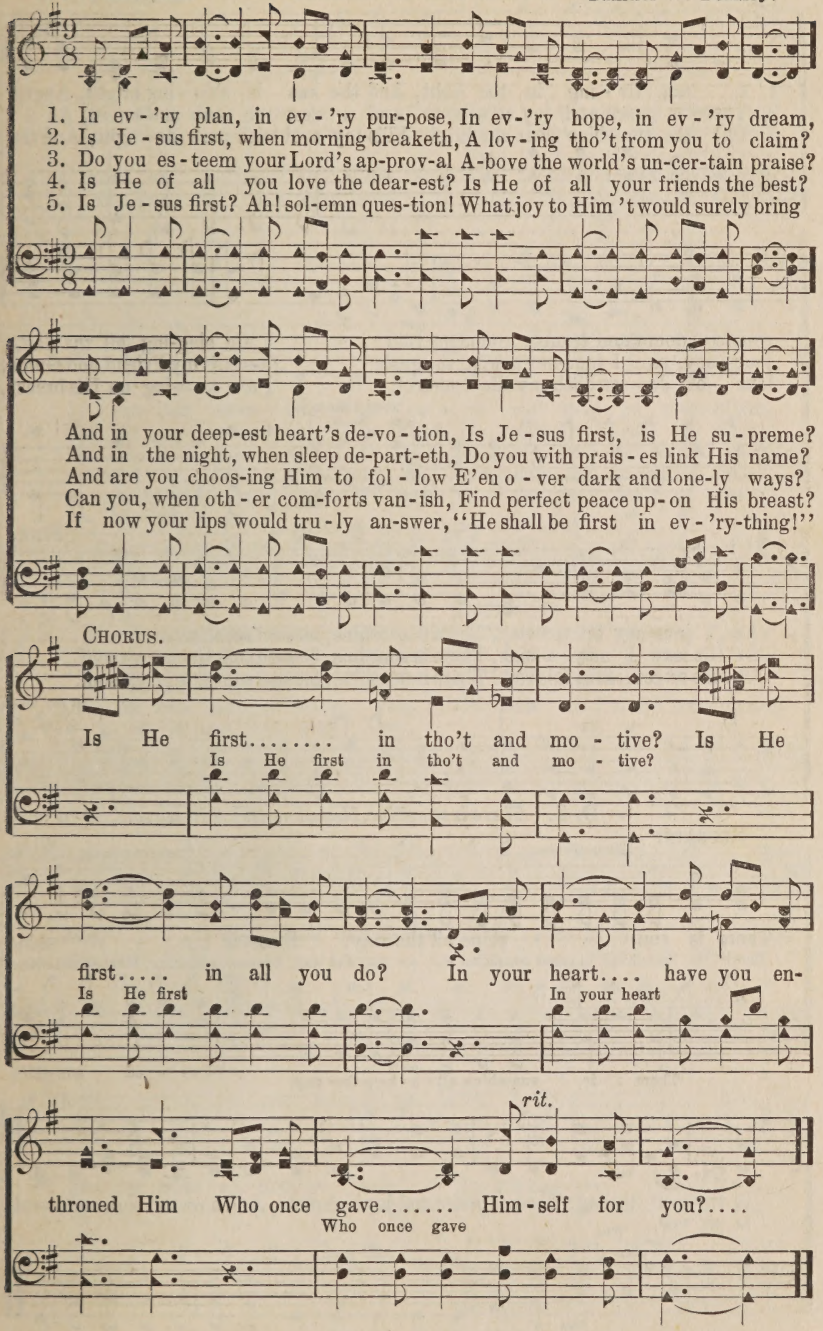
No. 15. Beautiful Land of Rest.

L. E. E. L. E. EDMONDS, OWNER. L. E. Edmonds.

1. There's a land where Je - sus the Sav - ior reigns, 'Tis a land where
2. 'Tis a land where chil-dren of God shall dwell, 'Tis a land where
3. Oh, to be with Je - sus in that fair clime, Where the streets are
love is su - preme; And the Fa - ther welcomes His chil-dren there, To a
sin is un - known; And His love so pre-cious no tongue can tell, Oh, that
paved with pure gold; And to sing His prais-es in joy sub-lime, Oh, His
REFRAIN.
home by the crys - tal stream.
beau - ti - ful home, sweet home. O glo - rious land, where an - gel bands
good-ness can ne'er be told.
Shout the prais-es of Je - sus, for - ev - er blest, And dwell with Him at
God's right hand, 'Tis a beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful land of rest.

No. 16. Is Jesus First?

T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.


1. In ev-'ry plan, in ev-'ry pur-pose, In ev-'ry hope, in ev-'ry dream,
2. Is Je-sus first, when morning breaketh, A lov-ing tho't from you to claim?
3. Do you es-teem your Lord's ap-prov-al A-bove the world's un-cer-tain praise?
4. Is He of all you love the dear-est? Is He of all your friends the best?
5. Is Je-sus first? Ah! sol-emn ques-tion! What joy to Him 't would surely bring
And in your deep-est heart's de-vo-tion, Is Je-sus first, is He su-preme?
And in the night, when sleep de-part-eth, Do you with prais-es link His name?
And are you choos-ing Him to fol-low E'en o-ver dark and lone-ly ways?
Can you, when oth-er com-forts van-ish, Find perfect peace up-on His breast?
If now your lips would tru-ly an-swer, "He shall be first in ev-'ry-thing!"
CHORUS.
Is He first..... in tho't and mo-tive? Is He
Is He first in tho't and mo-tive?
first..... in all you do? In your heart.... have you en-
Is He first
In your heart
rit.
throned Him Who once gave..... Him-self for you?....
Who once gave

No. 17. There is Sunshine in My Soul.

N. S. W. PROPERTY OF N. S. WIDDERS. N. S. Widders.

1. I am liv - ing in the light, And the sun is shin - ing bright, Angry
2. There is peace and joy com-plete, And a rest so sure and sweet, As I
3. Oh! the sun-shine clear and bright Fills my soul with pure de - light, And the

clouds of doubt and trouble 'round me roll; I am sing-ing all the day,
jour - ney, as I jour-ney tow'rd the goal; Je-sus is my Friend and Guide,
love of Je - sus doth my life con-trol; I am lean-ing on His breast,

'round me roll;

FINE.

As I jour-ney on the way, There is sunshine, blessed sunshine in my soul.
In His love I now a-bide, There is sunshine, blessed sunshine in my soul.
Oh! the sweetness of this rest! There is sunshine, blessed sunshine in my soul.

in my soul.

D. S.—*There is sunshine, blessed sunshine in my soul.* (*in my soul.*)

REFRAIN.

There is sun - - shine all the way, Bless-ed sun - - shine
There is sunshine, blessed sunshine all a - long the way, Blessed sunshine, blessed sunshine

There is sun-shine all a - long the way, Bless - ed sun-shine

D. S.

in my soul to-day; There is peace and joy complete, And a rest so sure and sweet,
in my soul,

No. 18. Jesus Can Save You.

T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Ye souls that wan - der in the night, Je - sus can save you,
2. You may have wan-dered far and long, Yet He can save you,
3. O be not hope - less or a - fraid, Je - sus can save you,
4. From all the pow - ers that en - slave, Je - sus can save you,
5. Come back to God, why will you wait? Je - sus can save you,
Je - sus can save you; How - ev - er sad may be your plight,
yes, He can save you; The hand He reach - es out is strong,
won-drous-ly save you; Your debt by Him was full - y paid,—
bless-ed - ly save you; From sin, from death and from the grave,
in - stant-ly save you; O trust His love and pow'r so great,
CHORUS.
Je - sus can save, save you. Be - hold the Lamb "for sin - ners
save, save, save you.
slain!" His blood will cleanse the dark - est stain; None
sin - ners slain! dark - est stain;
ev - er trust - ed Him in vain,... Je - sus can save, save you.
save, save, save you.

No. 19.

Burst With Praise.

PROPERTY OF G. L. LINDSEY, SPRINGFIELD, MO.

Myrtle Fillmore. G. L. Lindsey.

1. Burst with praise, O gate of song, Flow, O voice, from sor - row free;
2. Break thy bonds, O child of might, Claim the free - dom of thy birth;
Let thy cur-rents pure and strong, Roll in sweet - est mel - o - dy,
Joy and wis-dom shall u - nite, Peace and plen - ty crown the earth,
Till in one har - mo-nious voice, Ev - 'ry crea-ture shall re - joice;
Love and peace one cir-cling sea, Com - pass man in har - mo - ny;
Till in one har - mo-nious voice, Ev - 'ry crea-ture shall re - joice.
Love and peace one cir - cling sea, Com - pass man in har - mo - ny.
Burst with praise, O gate of song, O gate of song,
Burst with praise,..... O gate of song,..... Flow, O

Burst With Praise.

Flow, O voice from sorrow free, from sorrow free, Let the cur-rents
voice,..... from sor-row free,..... Let thy cur - - rents
pure and strong, pure and strong, Roll in sweetest mel-o-dy, in mel-o-dy.
pure and strong,..... Roll in sweet - - est mel-o-dy.....
Burst with praise,..... O gate of song,..... Flow, O
Burst with praise, O gate of song,
voice,..... from sor-row free,..... Let thy cur-rents
Flow, O voice from sor-row free, Let thy cur - - rents
pure and strong, pure and strong, Roll in accents pure and strong.....
pure and strong,..... Roll in ac-cents pure and strong, pure and strong.

No. 20. Send the News.

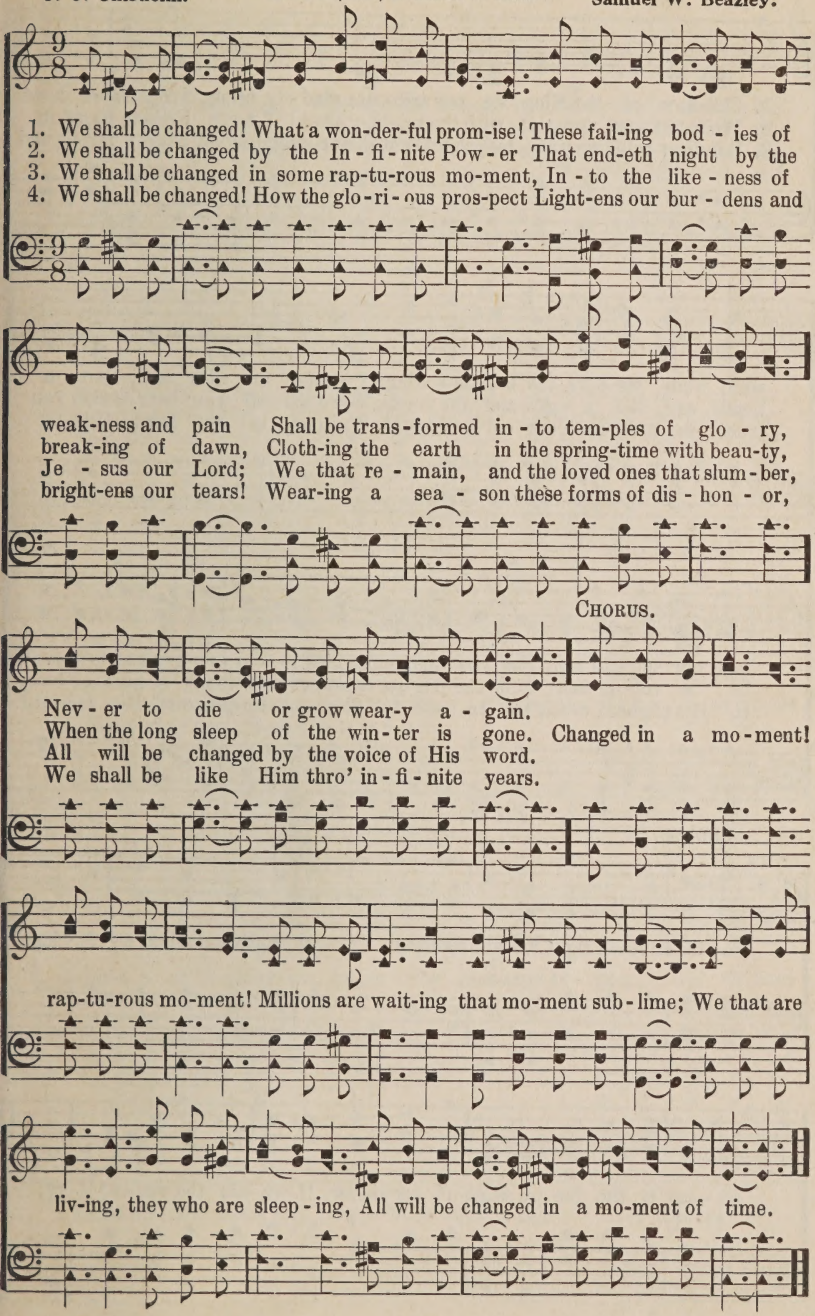
G. L. Lindsey. USED BY PERMISSION, 1915. Scott Crotts.

1. There's a call from the lands far away, Send the news, Send the news;
2. Will you help send the news far a-way?
3. Let us help send the news to the lost,
4. If we help send this news all around,
Send the news, send the news;
Where lost souls there in sin have gone astray, Send the news, send the news.
Pre - cious souls ev - er sinking day by day,
Who a-lone on life's billows now are tossed,
With the bless-ings of heav-en we'll be crowned,
Send the news,
REFRAIN.
Send the news, . . the gos-pel news, Send the news o'er land and
Send the news, the gos - pel news, blessed news,
sea, Je - sus died on Cal - va - ry. Send the news, . . the blessed
Send the news,
news; . . . . He died that they might be made free.
the bless - ed news,
be made free.

No. 21. We Shall Be Changed.

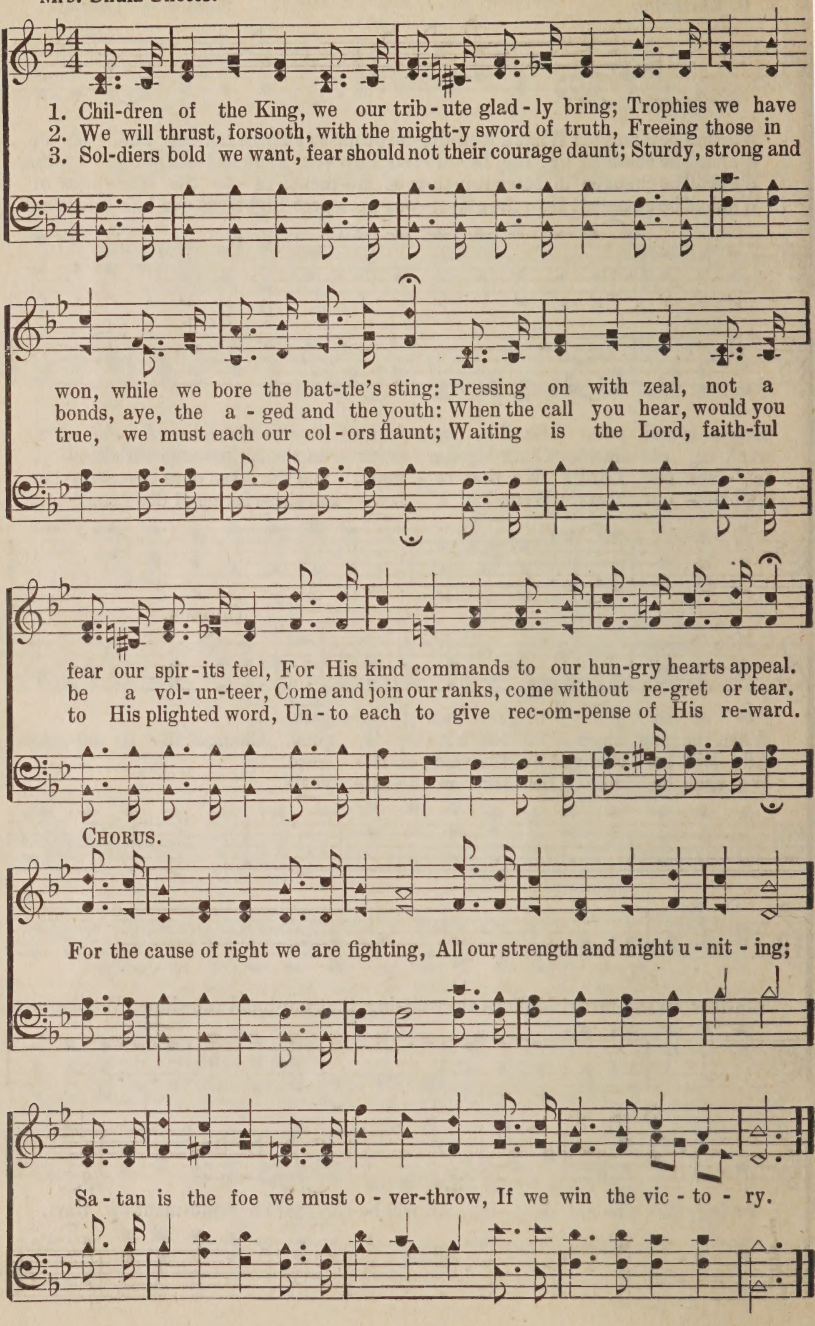
"We shall be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye."—1 Cor. 15: 51, 52.

T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY Samuel W. Beazley.


1. We shall be changed! What a won-der-ful prom-ise! These fail-ing bod - ies of
2. We shall be changed by the In - fi - nite Pow - er That end-eth night by the
3. We shall be changed in some rap-tu-rous mo-ment, In - to the like - ness of
4. We shall be changed! How the glo - ri - ous pros-pect Light-ens our bur - dens and
weak-ness and pain Shall be trans-formed in - to tem-ples of glo - ry,
break-ing of dawn, Cloth-ing the earth in the spring-time with beau-ty,
Je - sus our Lord; We that re - main, and the loved ones that slum - ber,
bright-ens our tears! Wear-ing a sea - son these forms of dis - hon - or,
Chorus.
Nev - er to die or grow wear-y a - gain.
When the long sleep of the win-ter is gone. Changed in a mo-ment!
All will be changed by the voice of His word.
We shall be like Him thro' in - fi - nite years.
rap-tu-rous mo-ment! Millions are wait-ing that mo-ment sub - lime; We that are
liv-ing, they who are sleep - ing, All will be changed in a mo-ment of time.

No. 22. The King's Army.

Mrs. Shula Shotts. S. J. SPENCER, OWNER. USED BY PERMISSION. Samuel J. Spencer.


1. Chil-dren of the King, we our trib-ute glad-ly bring; Trophies we have won, while we bore the bat-tle's sting: Pressing on with zeal, not a fear our spir-its feel, For His kind commands to our hun-gry hearts appeal.
2. We will thrust, forsooth, with the might-y sword of truth, Freeing those in bonds, aye, the a-ged and the youth: When the call you hear, would you be a vol-un-teer, Come and join our ranks, come without re-gret or tear.
3. Sol-diers bold we want, fear should not their courage daunt; Sturdy, strong and true, we must each our col-ors flaunt; Waiting is the Lord, faith-ful to His plighted word, Un-to each to give rec-om-pense of His re-ward.
CHORUS.
For the cause of right we are fighting, All our strength and might u-nit-ing;
Sa-tan is the foe we must o-ver-throw, If we win the vic-to-ry.

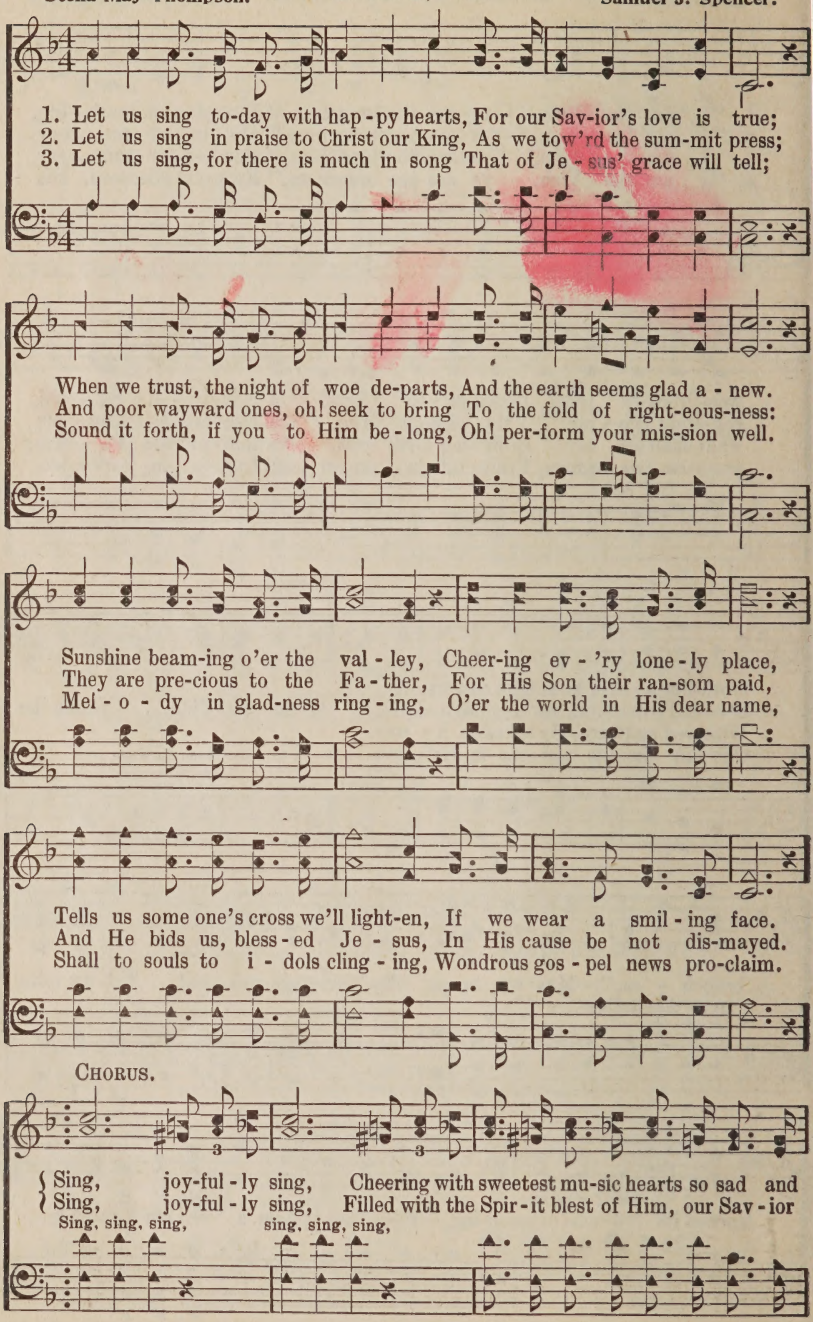
No. 23. "I Am the Vine, Ye Are the Branches."

T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

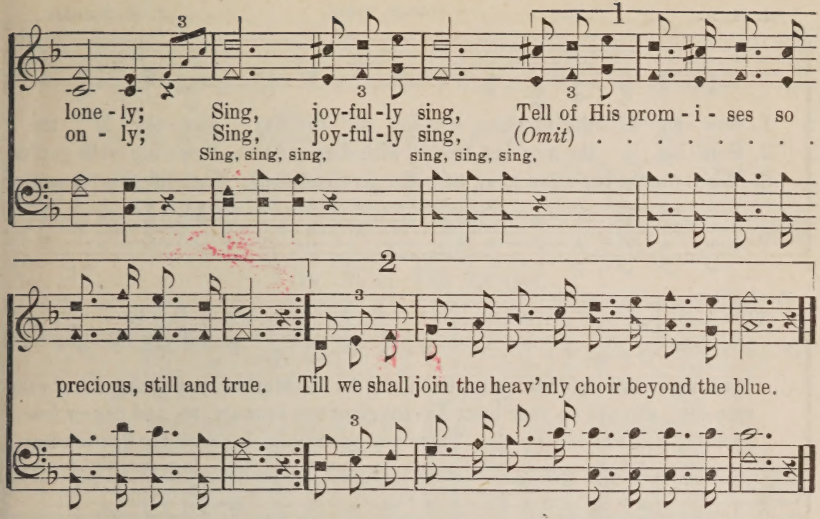
1. "I am the Vine, ye are the branch-es," Won-der-ful teach-ing,
2. "I am the Vine, ye are the branch-es," He is of life our
3. "I am the Vine, ye are the branch-es," Bar-ren or fruit-ful
4. "I am the Vine, ye are the branch-es," Keep-ing His word, His
won-drous-ly true! Joined un-to Christ in mys-tic-al un-ion,
con-stant sup-ply; Vain, without Him, our high-est en-deav-or;
what shall we say? Bring-ing forth fruit, we hon-or the Fa-ther;
prom-ise we prove, Fruit-ful in prayer and fruit-ful in serv-ice,
CHORUS.
Noth-ing a-part from Him can we do.
Sev-ered from Him, we languish and die.
Withered and bare, He takes us a-way.
One in His life and one in His love.
"I am the Vine,... ye are the
"I am the Vine,
branch-es,"—Mas-ter, to us Thy mes-sage re-peat, Till we have
ye are the branch-es,"—
learned its full-ness of mean-ing,—With Thee at-tain a un-ion com-plete.

No. 24. Let Us Sing.

Stella May Thompson. S. J. SPENCER, OWNER. Samuel J. Spencer.

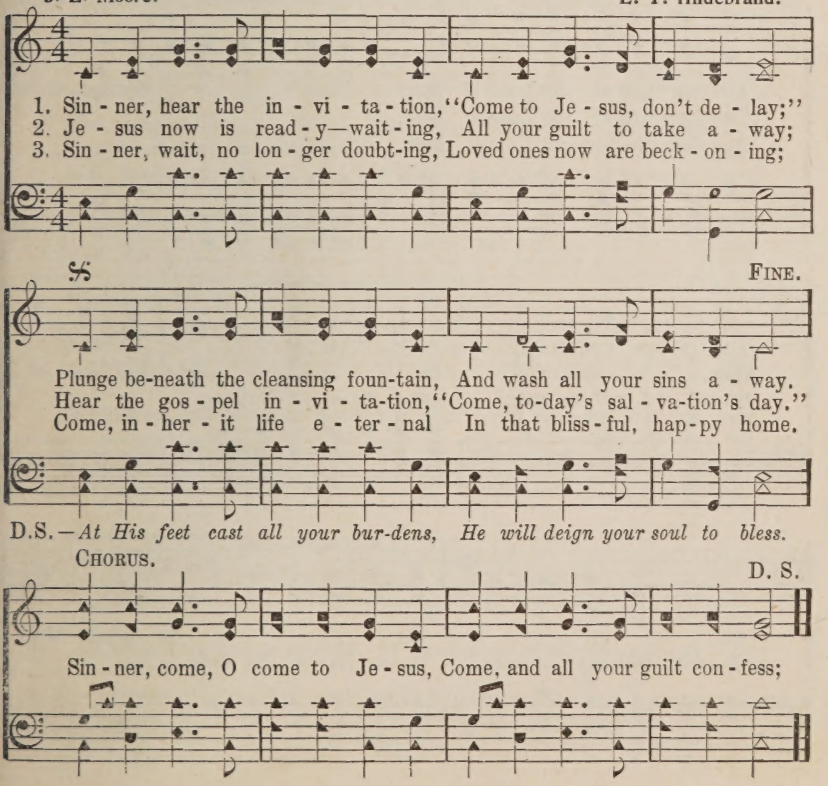

1. Let us sing to-day with hap - py hearts, For our Sav-ior's love is true;
2. Let us sing in praise to Christ our King, As we tow'rd the sum-mit press;
3. Let us sing, for there is much in song That of Je - sus' grace will tell;
When we trust, the night of woe de-parts, And the earth seems glad a - new.
And poor wayward ones, oh! seek to bring To the fold of right-eous-ness:
Sound it forth, if you to Him be - long, Oh! per-form your mis-sion well.
Sunshine beam-ing o'er the val - ley, Cheer-ing ev - 'ry lone - ly place,
They are pre-cious to the Fa - ther, For His Son their ran-som paid,
Mel - o - dy in glad-ness ring - ing, O'er the world in His dear name,
Tells us some one's cross we'll light-en, If we wear a smil - ing face.
And He bids us, bless - ed Je - sus, In His cause be not dis-mayed.
Shall to souls to i - dols cling - ing, Wondrous gos - pel news pro-claim.
CHORUS.
Sing, joy-ful - ly sing, Cheering with sweetest mu-sic hearts so sad and
Sing, joy-ful - ly sing, Filled with the Spir - it blest of Him, our Sav - ior
Sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing,

Let Us Sing.


lone - ly; Sing, joy-ful-ly sing, Tell of His prom - i - ses so
on - ly; Sing, joy-ful-ly sing, (Omit) . . . . . .
Sing, sing, sing, sing, sing, sing,
precious, still and true. Till we shall join the heav'nly choir beyond the blue.

No. 25. Come to Jesus.

J. L. Moore. E. T. Hildebrand.

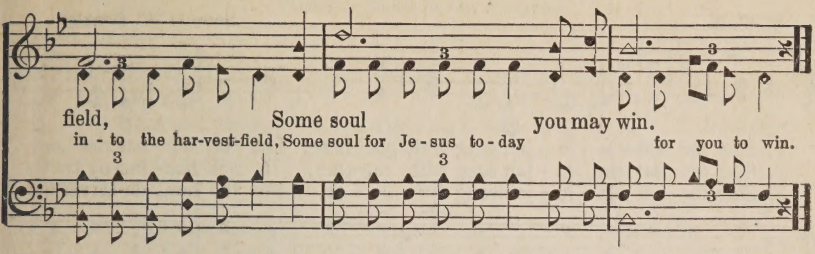

1. Sin - ner, hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Come to Je - sus, don't de - lay;"
2. Je - sus now is read - y—wait - ing, All your guilt to take a - way;
3. Sin - ner, wait, no lon - ger doubt-ing, Loved ones now are beck - on - ing;
FINE.
Plunge be-neath the cleansing foun-tain, And wash all your sins a - way.
Hear the gos - pel in - vi - ta-tion, "Come, to-day's sal - va-tion's day."
Come, in - her - it life e - ter - nal In that bliss - ful, hap - py home.
D.S.—At His feet cast all your bur-dens, He will deign your soul to bless.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Sin - ner, come, O come to Je - sus, Come, and all your guilt con - fess;

No. 26. The Harvest of the Lord is Here.

J. H. S. J. H. STANLEY, OWNER. J. H. Stanley.

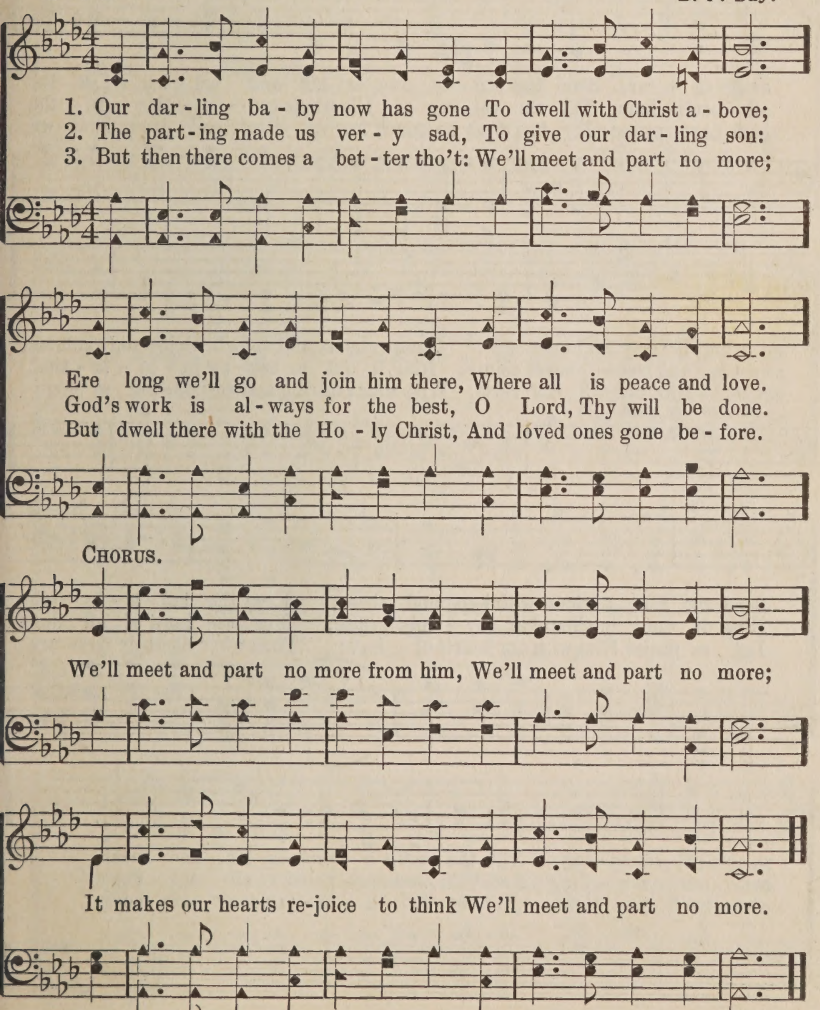
1. Sow - ing in the sunshine, sow-ing all the day, Sow - ing in the
2. Sow - ing in the morning, freshed with sleep and rest, Sow - ing while you're
3. When your la-bor's end - ed, and the har-vest done, When the sheaves you've
shadows, clearing gloom a-way; Gath'ring for the Master, you a sheaf can bear,
reap-ing, al-ways do your best; Je - sus gives you courage, go and nev-er fear,
garnered come in one by one, There will be re-joic - ing with the Sav-ior dear,
CHORUS.
The har-vest of the Lord is here. Reap . . . . the beau-ti-ful
The har-vest of the Lord is here.
And shout the har-vest-time is here. Reap the beau - ti - ful grain,
grain, In . . . . . from hed - ges of
beau - ti - ful, gold - en grain; Gath-er the beau - ti - ful grain,
sin; Go . . . . . ye in - to the
In from hed - ges of sin; Go ye in - to the field,

The Harvest of the Lord is Here.



No. 27. Thy Will Be Done.

B. F. D. B. F. Day.


1. Our dar - ling ba - by now has gone To dwell with Christ a - bove;
2. The part - ing made us ver - y sad, To give our dar - ling son:
3. But then there comes a bet - ter tho't: We'll meet and part no more;
Ere long we'll go and join him there, Where all is peace and love.
God's work is al - ways for the best, O Lord, Thy will be done.
But dwell there with the Ho - ly Christ, And loved ones gone be - fore.
CHORUS.
We'll meet and part no more from him, We'll meet and part no more;
It makes our hearts re-joice to think We'll meet and part no more.

No. 28. Ring Out the Hallelujah Song.

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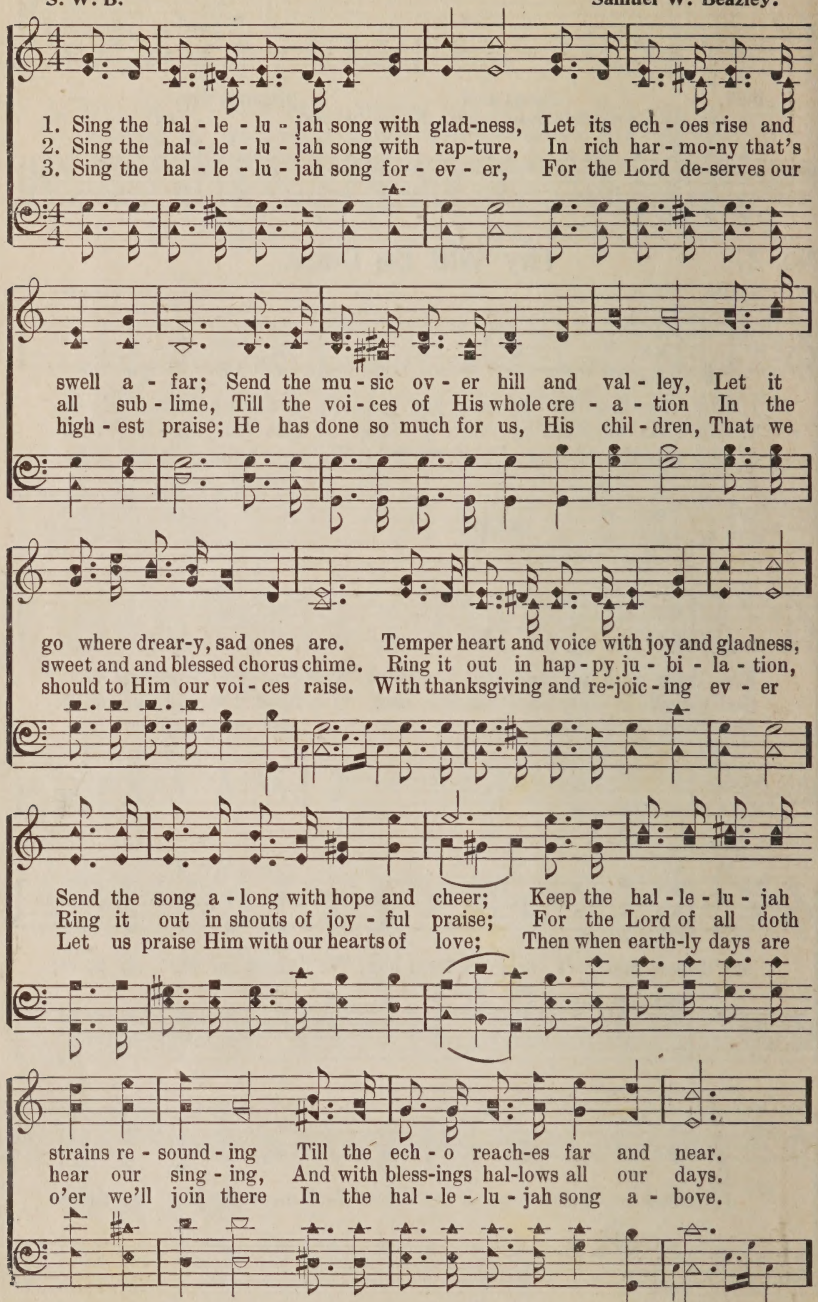
S. W. B. Samuel W. Beazley.


1. Sing the hal - le - lu - jah song with glad-ness, Let its ech - oes rise and
2. Sing the hal - le - lu - jah song with rap-ture, In rich har - mo-ny that's
3. Sing the hal - le - lu - jah song for - ev - er, For the Lord de-serves our
swell a - far; Send the mu - sic ov - er hill and val - ley, Let it
all sub - lime, Till the voi - ces of His whole cre - a - tion In the
high - est praise; He has done so much for us, His chil - dren, That we
go where drear-y, sad ones are. Temper heart and voice with joy and gladness,
sweet and and blessed chorus chime. Ring it out in hap - py ju - bi - la - tion,
should to Him our voi - ces raise. With thanksgiving and re-joic - ing ev - er
Send the song a - long with hope and cheer; Keep the hal - le - lu - jah
Ring it out in shouts of joy - ful praise; For the Lord of all doth
Let us praise Him with our hearts of love; Then when earth-ly days are
strains re - sound - ing Till the ech - o reach-es far and near.
hear our sing - ing, And with bless-ings hal-lows all our days.
o'er we'll join there In the hal - le - lu - jah song a - bove.

Ring Out the Hallelujah Song.

CHORUS.

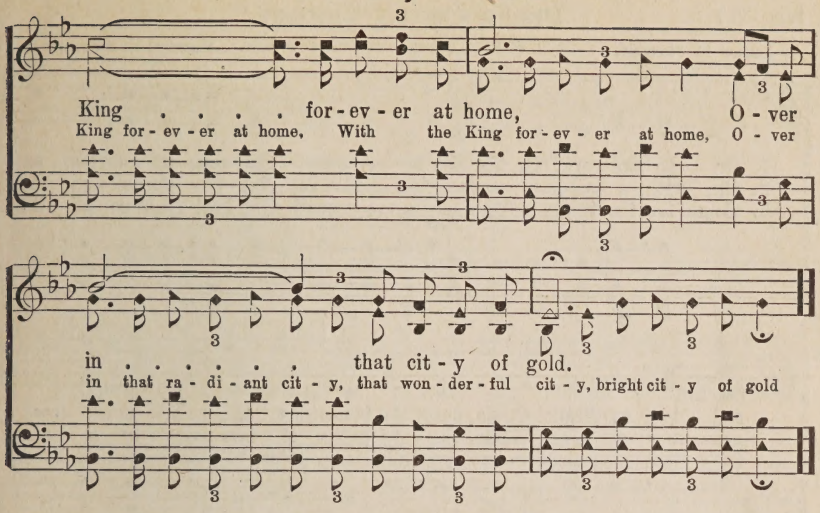
O ring out the happy song, ring, ring it out; Ring it out .....from shore to
Ring it out from
shore, Till all earth..... shall join the strain; Ring it
shore to shore, Till all earth shall join the strain;
out..... with voi-ces glad, Till no sad hearts shall re-main; Ring it
Ring it out with voi - ces glad, Till no sad hearts shall in gloom re-main;
out,..... that all may hear, And shall join..... the hap - py song;
Ring it out, that all may hear, And shall join the hap - py song;
Ring it out..... with voi-ces clear,—Waft the glad, new strains a - long.
Ring it out with voi - ces clear,—

No. 29. That City of Gold.

T. J. L. THOMAS J. LANEY, ANNISTON, ALA., OWNER. Thomas J. Laney.

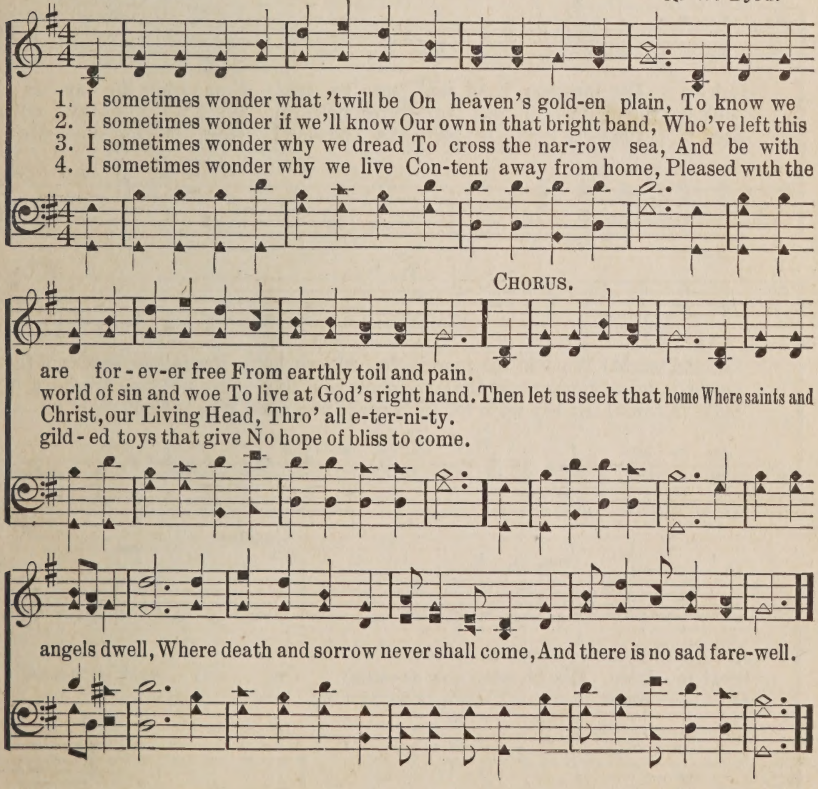
1. O what sights shall greet mine eyes, When I wake in Par - a - dise, O - ver
2. Where the saints and an - gels dwell, Where the chor-al anthems swell, O - ver
3. I shall stand be-fore the King, With the an - gels I shall sing, O - ver
in that cit - y of gold; Long gone loved ones for me wait, Just be-
in that cit - y of gold; 'Twill be glo - ry all the time, Loved ones
in that cit - y of gold; While the prais - es on-ward roll, Heav'nly
yond the pearl-y gate, O - ver in that cit - y of gold. (that cit-y of gold.)
like the stars shall shine, O - ver in that cit - y of gold. (that cit-y of gold.)
joys en-rapt the soul, O - ver in that cit - y of gold. (that cit-y of gold.)
REFRAIN.
O - ver in . . . . . that cit - y of gold, O what
in that cit - y of gold, O - ver in that cit - y of gold,
sights . . . . . mine eyes shall be-hold; With the
mine eyes shall be-hold, O what sights mine eyes shall be - hold;

That City of Gold.


King . . . . for-ev-er at home, O-ver
King for-ev-er at home, With the King for-ev-er at home, O-ver
in . . . . . that cit-y of gold.
in that ra-di-ant cit-y, that won-der-ful cit-y, bright cit-y of gold

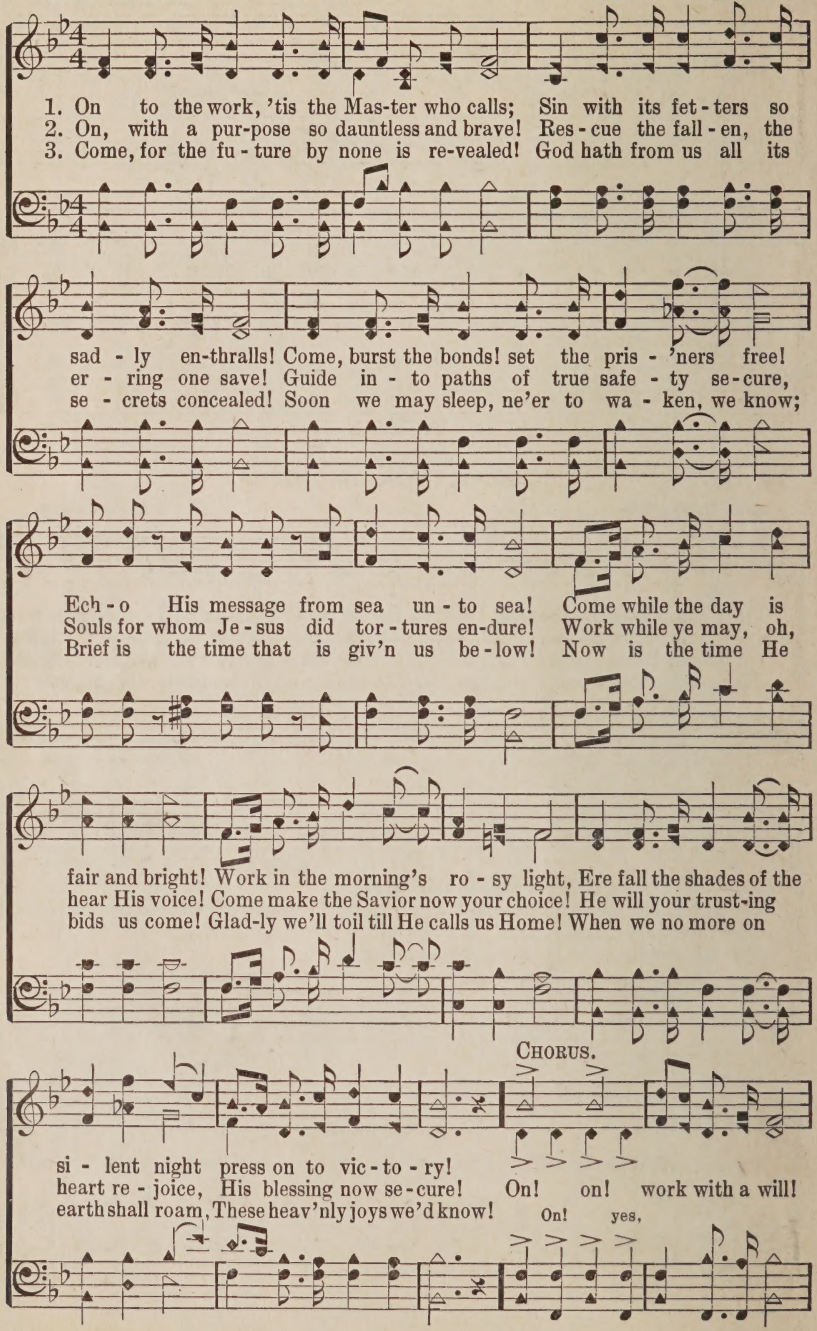
No. 30. What Will It Be?

Rev. R. B. Cole. R. W. Byrd.

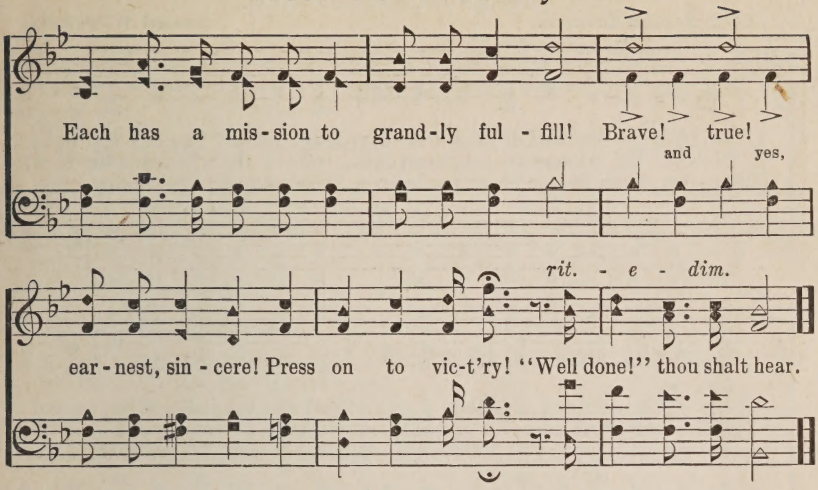

1. I sometimes wonder what 'twill be On heaven's gold-en plain, To know we
2. I sometimes wonder if we'll know Our own in that bright band, Who've left this
3. I sometimes wonder why we dread To cross the nar-row sea, And be with
4. I sometimes wonder why we live Con-tent away from home, Pleased with the
CHORUS.
are for-ev-er free From earthly toil and pain.
world of sin and woe To live at God's right hand. Then let us seek that home Where saints and
Christ, our Living Head, Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.
gild-ed toys that give No hope of bliss to come.
angels dwell, Where death and sorrow never shall come, And there is no sad fare-well.

No. 31. Press On to Victory!

Laura E. Newell. S. J. SPENCER, OWNER. USED BY PERMISSION. Samuel J. Spencer.


1. On to the work, 'tis the Mas-ter who calls; Sin with its fet-ters so
2. On, with a pur-pose so dauntless and brave! Res-cue the fall-en, the
3. Come, for the fu-ture by none is re-vealed! God hath from us all its
sad-ly en-thralls! Come, burst the bonds! set the pris-'ners free!
er-ring one save! Guide in-to paths of true safe-ty se-cure,
se-crets concealed! Soon we may sleep, ne'er to wa-ken, we know;
Ech-o His message from sea un-to sea! Come while the day is
Souls for whom Je-sus did tor-tures en-dure! Work while ye may, oh,
Brief is the time that is giv'n us be-low! Now is the time He
fair and bright! Work in the morning's ro-sy light, Ere fall the shades of the
hear His voice! Come make the Savior now your choice! He will your trust-ing
bids us come! Glad-ly we'll toil till He calls us Home! When we no more on
CHORUS.
si-lent night press on to vic-to-ry!
heart re-joice, His blessing now se-cure! On! on! work with a will!
earth shall roam, These heav'nly joys we'd know! On! yes,

Press On to Victory!


Each has a mis-sion to grand-ly ful-fill! Brave! and true! yes,
rit. - e - dim.
ear-nest, sin-cere! Press on to vic-t'ry! "Well done!" thou shalt hear.

No. 32. There is Rest in Jesus.

Anon. S. J. SPENCER, OWNER S. J. Spencer.

1. Come with all thy sor-row, wear-y, wand'ring soul; Come to Him who
2. He, thy strength in weak-ness, will thy ref-uge be; Cast on Him thy
3. Come in faith be-liev-ing, To His will re-signed; Ask, and He will
4. See the door of mer-cy, Wouldst thou en-ter there? Knock, and He will
CHORUS.
loves thee, He will make thee whole.
bur-den, He will care for thee. There is rest in Je-sus,
give thee; Seek, and thou shalt find.
o-pen; Lo! the key is prayer.
rit.
Sweet rest, sweet rest; There is rest in Je-sus, Sweet rest, sweet rest.

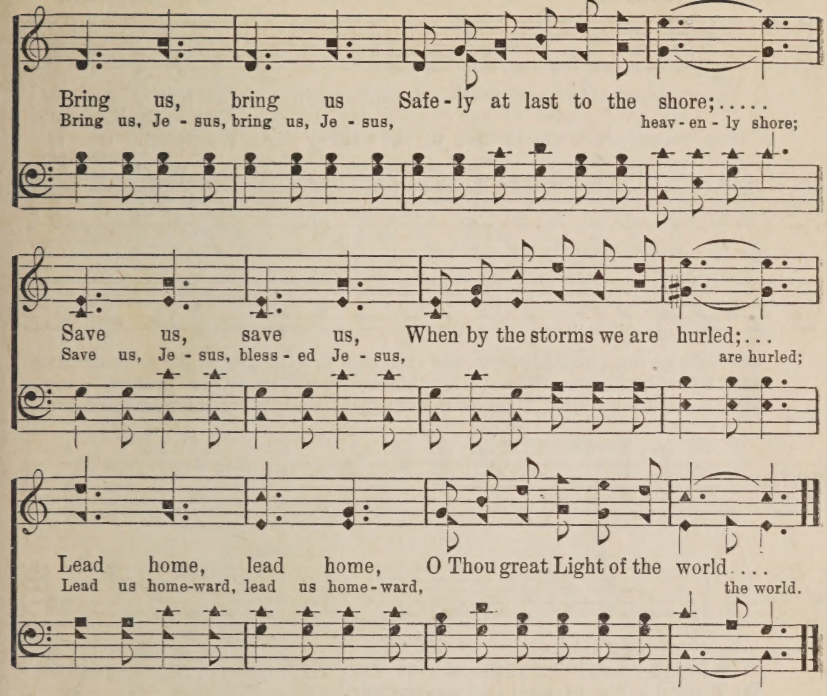
No. 33. Jesus, the Light of the World.

COPYRIGHT 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. Samuel W. Beazley.

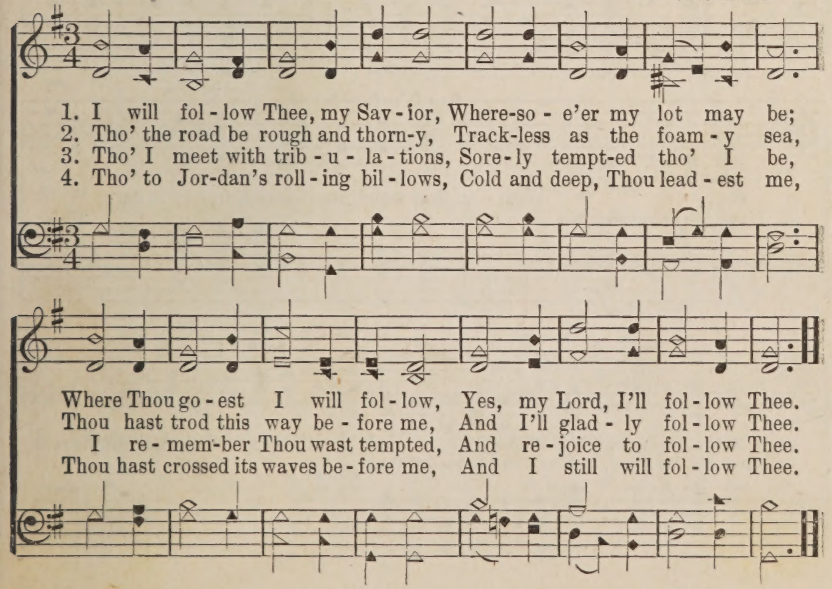
1. Lo, from the headland of heav'n to-day Shines out a ra-di-ant light,
2. Oft-en the wa-ters are rough and dark, Oft-en the wild tempests blow,
3. Je-sus, Thou Beacon of Light to me, Shine with that life-giv-ing ray,
Shines with a clear and a stead-y ray, Scatt'ring the gloom of the night.
Still thro' the storm shines the golden spark, Guid-ing me safe-ly, I know:
Lead-ing me onward o'er life's rough sea, Near-er my ha-ven each day.
Bea-con of Hope on the heav'n-ly strand, Flashing out o-ver life's sea,
Call-ing me on-ward, as once a-bove Shone forth a star in the night,
And may I nev-er for-get to show Oth-ers that sig-nal di-vine,
Safe thro' the dan-gers on ev-'ry hand Guide Thou my ves-sel for me.
Lead-ing the kings on their search of love, On to the Giv-er of light.
But let me aid them, and bid them go Straight where the harbor lights shine.
CHORUS.
Je-sus, Je-sus, Light of the world ev-er-more,
Je-sus, Je-sus, pre-cious Je-sus, Light of the world ev-er, ev-er-more.

Jesus, the Light of the World.


Bring us, bring us Safe-ly at last to the shore;.....
Bring us, Je-sus, bring us, Je-sus, heav-en-ly shore;
Save us, save us, When by the storms we are hurled;...
Save us, Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus, are hurled;
Lead home, lead home, O Thou great Light of the world....
Lead us home-ward, lead us home-ward, the world.

No. 34. I Will Follow Thee.

Anon. L. E. Edmonds.


1. I will fol-low Thee, my Sav-ior, Where-so-e'er my lot may be;
2. Tho' the road be rough and thorn-y, Track-less as the foam-y sea,
3. Tho' I meet with trib-u-la-tions, Sore-ly tempt-ed tho' I be,
4. Tho' to Jor-dan's roll-ing bil-lows, Cold and deep, Thou lead-est me,
Where Thou go-est I will fol-low, Yes, my Lord, I'll fol-low Thee.
Thou hast trod this way be-fore me, And I'll glad-ly fol-low Thee.
I re-mem-ber Thou wast tempted, And re-joice to fol-low Thee.
Thou hast crossed its waves be-fore me, And I still will fol-low Thee.

No. 35. We'll Rest Beyond the Sky.

Stella May Thompson. J. G. HENDERSON, OWNER. J. G. Henderson.

1. The path-way oft seems dreary as we jour-ney on, And heav-y are the
2. If we are faith-ful to our Sav-ior day by day, With-in the home ne'er
3. 'Tis, wondrous con-so-la-tion to the wear-y soul, Whene'er by cru-el
bur-dens we must bear; But we will turn our fa-ces tow'rd the glorious dawn,
seen by mor-tal eye; When gloomy shadows here for-ev-er pass a-way,
sor-row sore oppressed, To know this changeful world is not its cher-ished goal,
CHORUS.
With hope for rest be-yond the sky so fair. We'll rest..... be-yond the
We'll sweetly rest be-yond the az-ure sky.
And in that land be-yond the sky there's rest. We'll rest, yes, we'll rest, yes, we'll
sky, With-in that wondrous mansion free from care; We'll
rest be-yond the sky, We'll
rest..... be-yond the sky,..... And with the saved eternal glory share.
rest, yes, we'll rest, yes, we'll rest be-yond the sky,

No. 36. One Day At a Time.

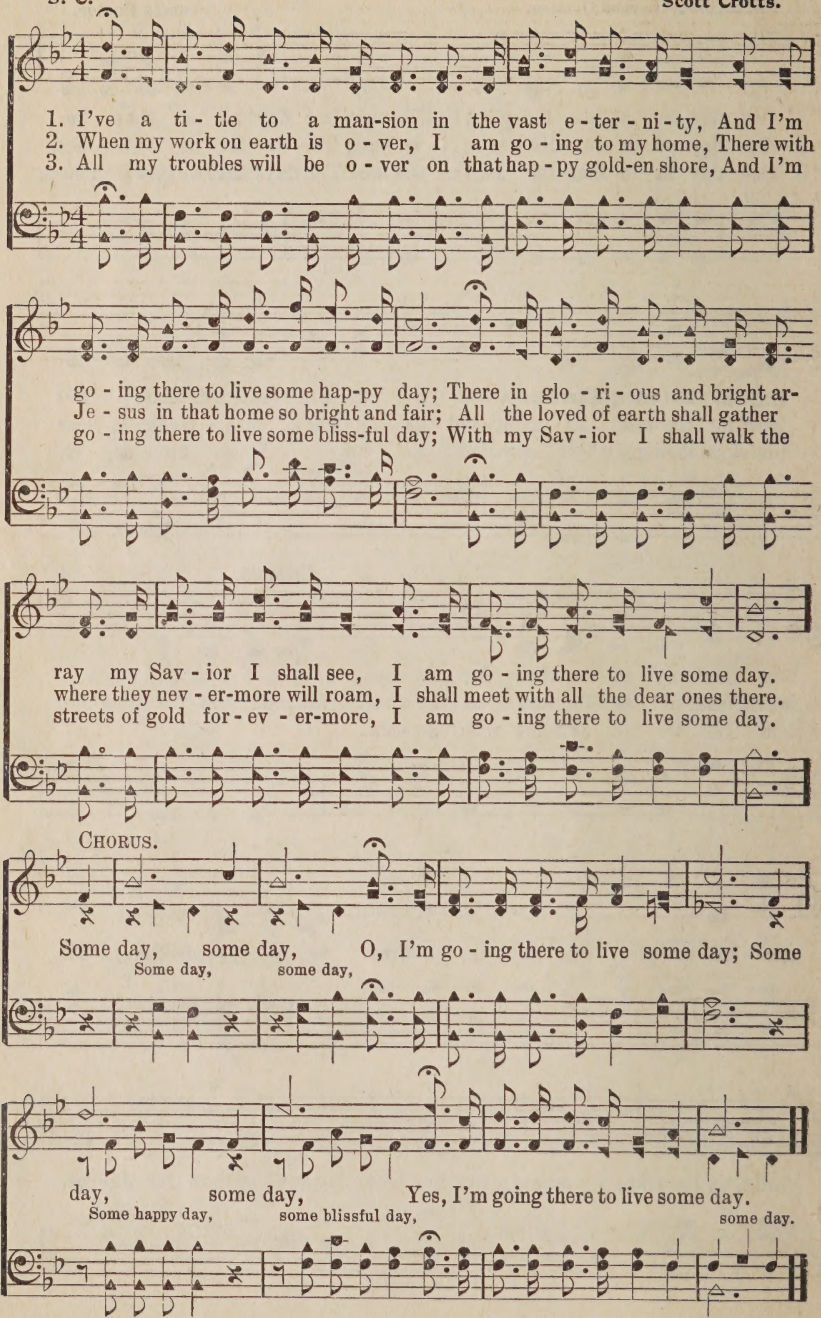
COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Katharine Atherton Grimes. Francis Foster.

1. One day at a time God gives us the year; One day at a time to
2. One day at a time–He knows it is best; To - day let us la-bor, and
3. One day at a time–the Fa-ther will hold The days that we give Him more
trust in His care; There's nev - er a bur - den that we can - not
trust for the rest; At night - fall 'tis fin - ished, each troub - le con-
pre-cious than gold; One day at a time life's sto - ry is
CHORUS.
bear One day at a time for Je - sus.
fessed, And laid at the feet of Je - sus. One day at a time our
told Till we are at home with Je - sus.
serv - ice to give; One day at a time to tru - ly be-lieve; 'Tis
all that He asks—we sure - ly can live One day at a time for Je - sus.

No. 37. Some Day.

S. C. Scott Crotts.


1. I've a ti - tle to a man-sion in the vast e - ter - ni - ty, And I'm
2. When my work on earth is o - ver, I am go - ing to my home, There with
3. All my troubles will be o - ver on that hap - py gold-en shore, And I'm
go - ing there to live some hap-py day; There in glo - ri - ous and bright ar-
Je - sus in that home so bright and fair; All the loved of earth shall gather
go - ing there to live some bliss-ful day; With my Sav - ior I shall walk the
ray my Sav - ior I shall see, I am go - ing there to live some day.
where they nev - er-more will roam, I shall meet with all the dear ones there.
streets of gold for - ev - er-more, I am go - ing there to live some day.
CHORUS.
Some day, some day, O, I'm go - ing there to live some day; Some
Some day, some day,
day, some day, Yes, I'm going there to live some day.
Some happy day, some blissful day, some day.

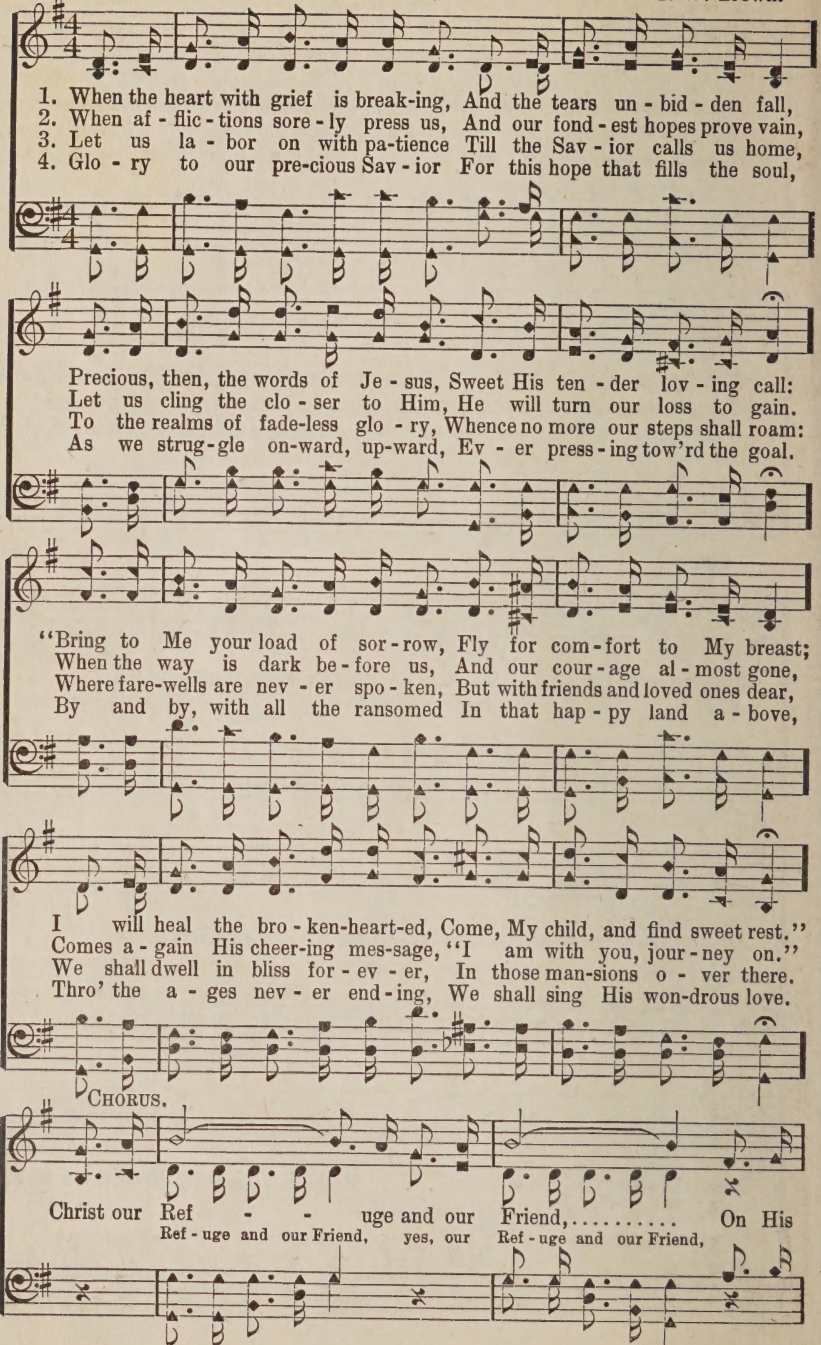
No. 38. Christmas Bells.

Eldridge Murphy. LINDSEY AND MURPHY, OWNERS. G. L. Lindsey.

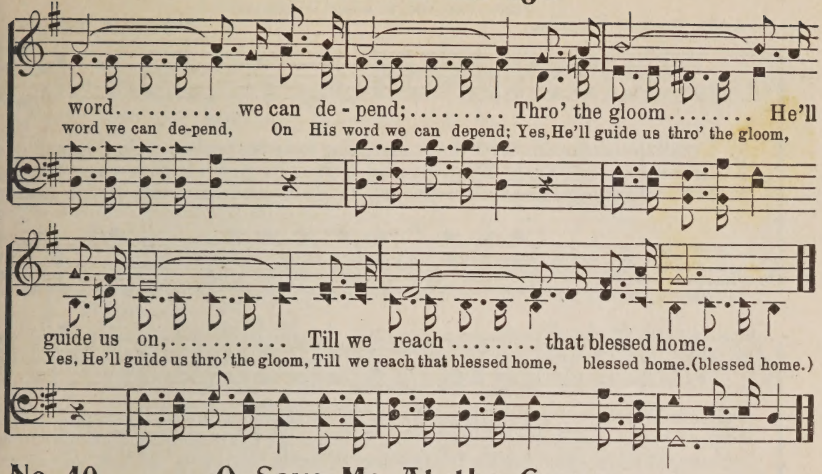
1. Start the sweet song of glad Christmas bells, Sending sweet echoes o'er hills and dells,
2. Keep the bells ringing thro'-out the earth! Gladly they tell of a Savior's birth;
3. Keep the song ringing, O sing a-gain! Man-y will join in the sweet refrain,
Tell-ing the sto-ry of Beth-le-hem, Guiding the world to the blessed Lamb.
Je-sus was born on a Christmas day, Low-ly with-in an ox-man-ger lay.
Praising the Fa-ther who reigns a-bove, For His dear Son, and His wondrous love.
REFRAIN.
Ring the sweet Christmas bells, . . . Ring the sweet Christmas bells, . . .
Ring, ring, ring the sweet bells, Ring, ring, ring Christmas bells,
Glad-ly the message of love they send; Ring the sweet Christmas bells, . .
Ring, ring, ring the sweet bells,
Ring the sweet Christmas bells, . . . Peace and good-will on earth to men.
Ring, ring, ring Christmas bells,

No. 39. Christ Our Refuge.

Rev. Lee Carson. G. W. BROWN, OWNER. G. W. Brown.


1. When the heart with grief is break-ing, And the tears un - bid - den fall,
2. When af - flic - tions sore - ly press us, And our fond - est hopes prove vain,
3. Let us la - bor on with pa-tience Till the Sav - ior calls us home,
4. Glo - ry to our pre-cious Sav - ior For this hope that fills the soul,
Precious, then, the words of Je - sus, Sweet His ten - der lov - ing call:
Let us cling the clo - ser to Him, He will turn our loss to gain.
To the realms of fade-less glo - ry, Whence no more our steps shall roam:
As we strug-gle on-ward, up-ward, Ev - er press - ing tow'rd the goal.
"Bring to Me your load of sor - row, Fly for com - fort to My breast;
When the way is dark be - fore us, And our cour - age al - most gone,
Where fare-wells are nev - er spo - ken, But with friends and loved ones dear,
By and by, with all the ransomed In that hap - py land a - bove,
I will heal the bro - ken-heart-ed, Come, My child, and find sweet rest."
Comes a - gain His cheer-ing mes-sage, "I am with you, jour - ney on."
We shall dwell in bliss for - ev - er, In those man-sions o - ver there.
Thro' the a - ges nev - er end - ing, We shall sing His won-drous love.
CHORUS.
Christ our Ref - - uge and our Friend,..... On His
Ref - uge and our Friend, yes, our Ref - uge and our Friend,

Christ Our Refuge.


word..... we can de - pend;..... Thro' the gloom..... He'll
word we can de-pend, On His word we can depend; Yes, He'll guide us thro' the gloom,
guide us on,..... Till we reach ..... that blessed home.
Yes, He'll guide us thro' the gloom, Till we reach that blessed home, blessed home. (blessed home.)

No. 40. O Save Me At the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby. Arr.

1. Lov - ing Sav-ior, hear my cry, hear my cry, hear my cry; Trembling,
2. I have sinned, but Thou hast died, Thou hast died, Thou hast died; In Thy
3. Tho' I per - ish, I will pray, I will pray, I will pray; Thou of
4. Thou hast said Thy grace is free, grace is free, grace is free; Have com-
5. Wash me in Thy cleansing blood, cleansing blood, cleansing blood; Plunge me
6. On - ly faith will par-don bring, par-don bring, par-don bring; In that
CHORUS.
to Thy arms I fly, O save me at the cross.
mer - cy let me hide, O save me at the cross.
life the liv - ing way, O save me at the cross. Dear Jesus, receive me,
pas - sion, Lord, on me, O save me at the cross.
now beneath the flood, O save me at the cross.
faith to Thee I cling, O save me at the cross.
No more would I grieve Thee; Now, blessed Redeemer, O save me at the cross.

No. 41. Let All the People Sing.

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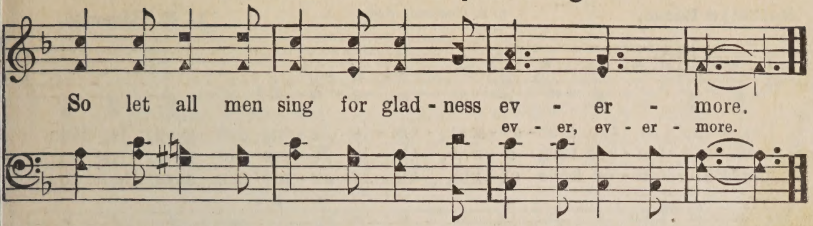
Edith Sanford Tillotson. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Let all the people sing forth the praises, Sing forth the praises of God's great name;
2. Let all the people tell of His great-ness, Tell of His pow'r in heav-en and earth,
3. Let all the peo-ple sing with re-joic-ing, Gather with-in His tem-ple of praise;
Give to Him honor, tell of His goodness, Till earth resounds with His wondrous fame.
Speak of the won-ders of His creation, Sound forth His boundless, glorious worth.
Come, at His al - tar ask for His blessing, Worship Him on-ly all thro' our days.
CHORUS.
Let the peo - ple sing,.... Till the heav'ns shall ring;....
Let all the peo-ple in glad-ness sing, Till up to heav-en the strain shall ring;
Let the sound of earth's re-joic-ing ring from shore to shore;...
Keep ring-ing; great
Hon - or be giv'n... The Fa - ther in heav'n;..
Glo-ry and hon-or and praise be giv'n The Fa-ther and Son, both in earth and heav'n;

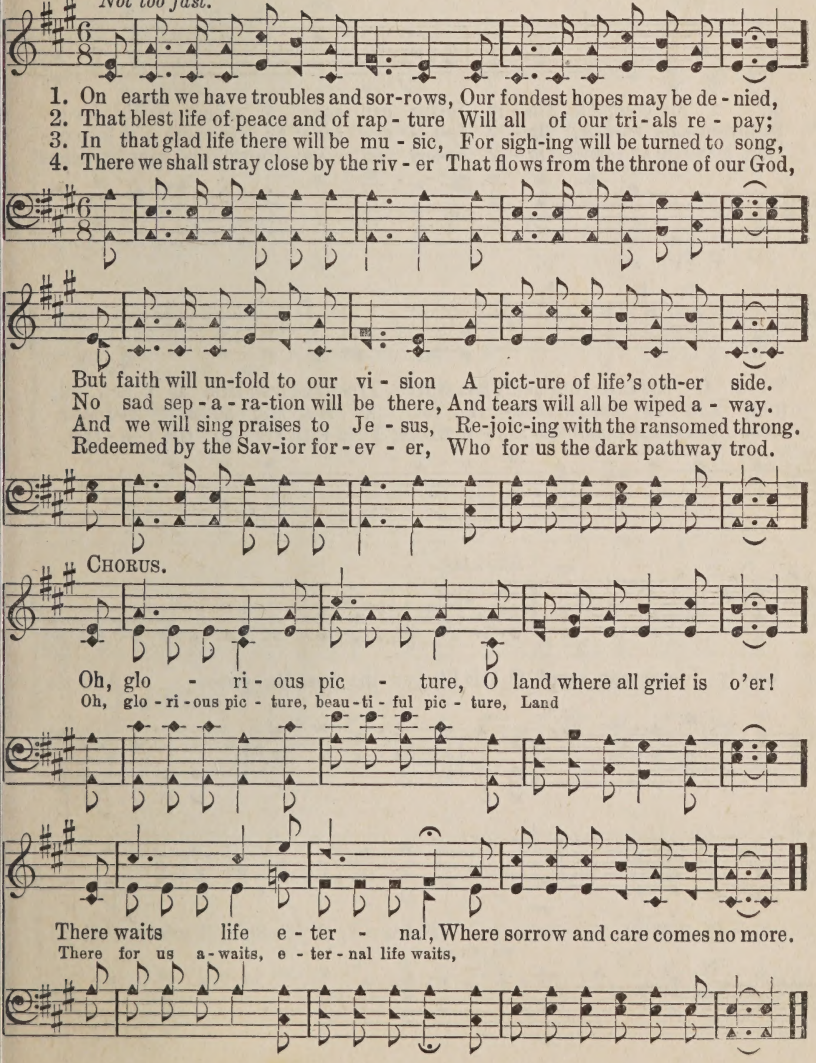
Let All the People Sing.



No. 42. A Picture of Life's Other Side.

Arr. by G. L. L. USED BY PERMISSION. Everett H. Holland.

Not too fast.

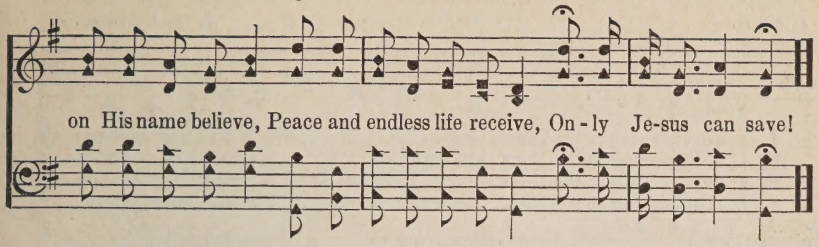

1. On earth we have troubles and sor-rows, Our fondest hopes may be de - nied,
2. That blest life of peace and of rap - ture Will all of our tri - als re - pay;
3. In that glad life there will be mu - sic, For sigh-ing will be turned to song,
4. There we shall stray close by the riv - er That flows from the throne of our God,
But faith will un-fold to our vi - sion A pict-ure of life's oth-er side.
No sad sep - a - ra-tion will be there, And tears will all be wiped a - way.
And we will sing praises to Je - sus, Re-joic-ing with the ransomed throng.
Redeemed by the Sav-ior for - ev - er, Who for us the dark pathway trod.
CHORUS.
Oh, glo - ri - ous pic - ture, O land where all grief is o'er!
Oh, glo - ri - ous pic - ture, beau - ti - ful pic - ture, Land
There waits life e - ter - nal, Where sorrow and care comes no more.
There for us a - waits, e - ter - nal life waits,

No. 43. Only Jesus Can Save.

Katharyn Bacon. L. E. EDMONDS, OWNER. L. E. Edmonds.

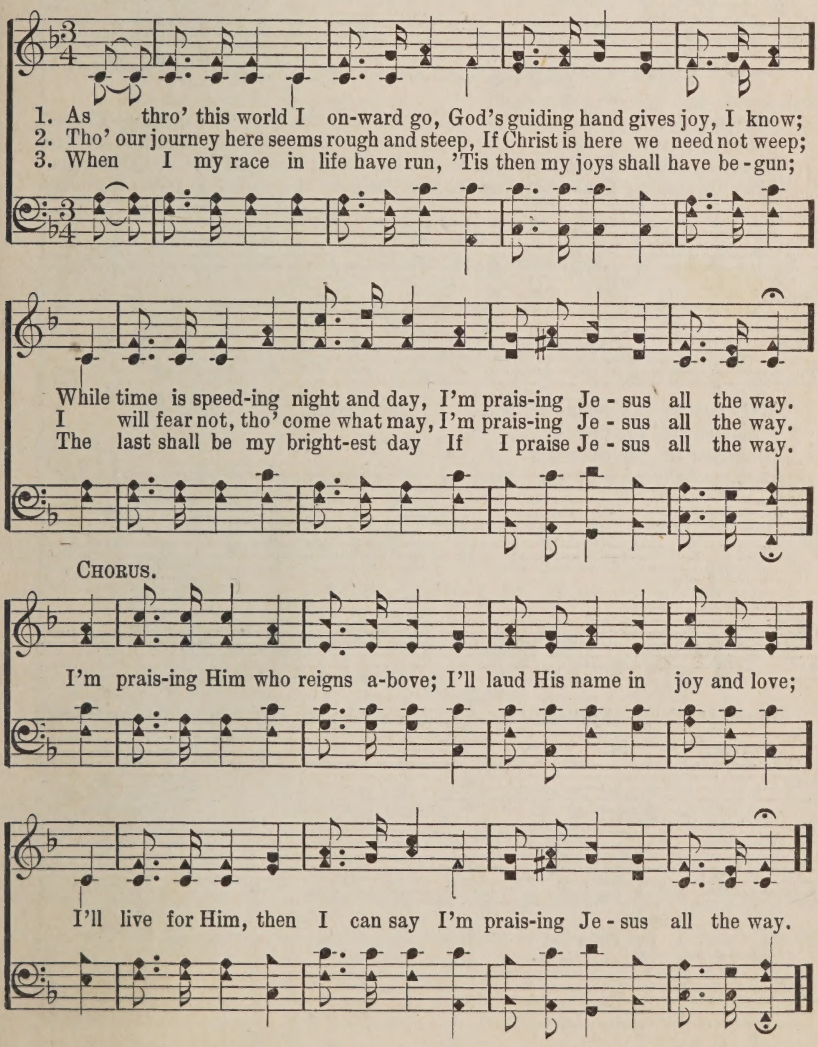
1. Come un - to the mer - cy - seat, On - ly Je - sus can save; In Him
2. Soul, no lon - ger turn a - way, On - ly Je - sus can save; Cast on
3. There's no oth - er hope of life, On - ly Je - sus can save; Come to
find a joy complete, On - ly Je-sus can save; It is nigh—faith's ho-ly
Him your sins to-day, On - ly Je-sus can save; Lo! He waits with love un-
Him, leave sin and strife, On - ly Je-sus can save; He will free your burdened
Word: If His love your heart has stirred, Trust and own Him as your Lord,
told, You to wel-come to His fold; As His child be now en-rolled,
soul, Cleanse and make you full - y whole; Yield with joy to His con - trol,
REFRAIN.
On - ly Je-sus can save! O His life on the cross He gave, And He
cross He gave,
on - ly from sin can save; Ne'er a - gain His Spir - it grieve, Full-y
sin can save;

Only Jesus Can Save.



No. 44. Praising Jesus All the Way.

J. Allen Edwards. G. L. Lindsey.


1. As thro' this world I on-ward go, God's guiding hand gives joy, I know;
2. Tho' our journey here seems rough and steep, If Christ is here we need not weep;
3. When I my race in life have run, 'Tis then my joys shall have be - gun;
While time is speed-ing night and day, I'm prais-ing Je - sus all the way.
I will fear not, tho' come what may, I'm prais-ing Je - sus all the way.
The last shall be my bright-est day If I praise Je - sus all the way.
CHORUS.
I'm prais-ing Him who reigns a-bove; I'll laud His name in joy and love;
I'll live for Him, then I can say I'm prais-ing Je - sus all the way.

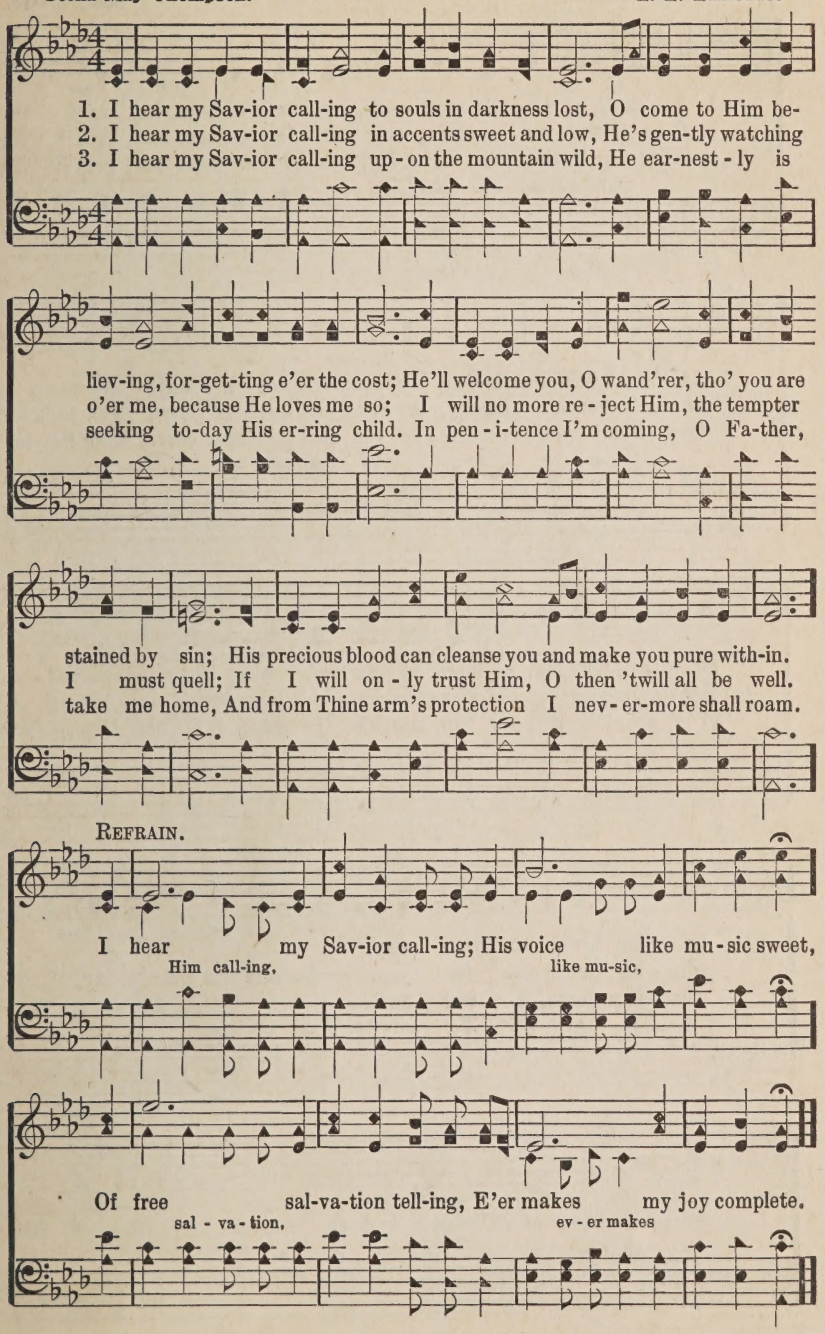
No. 45. I Am Clinging to the Rock.

J. M. B. J. M. BOWMAN, OWNER. J. M. Bowman.

1. I am cling-ing to the Rock, blessed saving Rock, While the angry storms may
2. I am cling-ing to the Rock, blessed Rock of Faith,—There I see my Savior's
3. I am cling-ing to the Rock, blessed Rock of Hope, Keeping near the Savior's
4. I am cling-ing to the Rock, blessed Rock of Love, Let me, Lord, up-on Thy
o'er me roll; I am sheltered 'neath the cleft from the tempest's shock,—Blessed
lov - ing form; I am look-ing un - to Him while my fleeting breath Wafts His
bleed-ing side; I am anchored to the Rock that was cleft for me, Near the
bos - om rest; I am wait-ing for the time to be called a - bove, With the
REFRAIN.
Ref - uge to my wear - y soul. I am cling-ing, cling-ing,
prais-es thro' the pierc-ing storm.
foun-tain of the crim-son tide.
ransomed there for-ev - er blest. I am cling-ing, ev - er cling-ing, I am
cling-ing to the Rock; Blessed Refuge, Thou art dear to me; I am clinging, ev-er
cling-ing, I am cling-ing to the Rock, Blessed Sav-ior, I will cling to Thee.

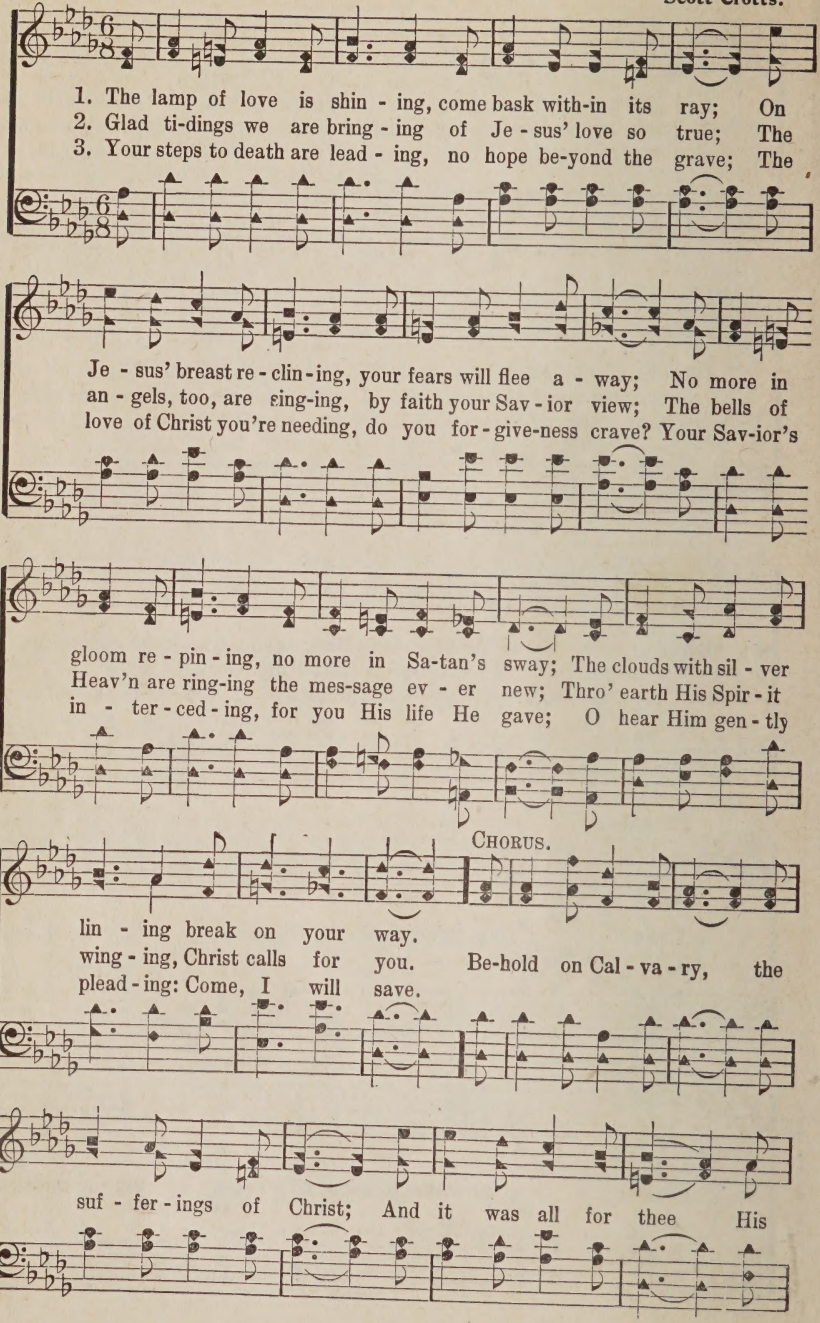
No. 46. I Hear My Savior Calling.

Stella May Thompson. L. E. EDMONDS, OWNER. L. E. Edmonds.

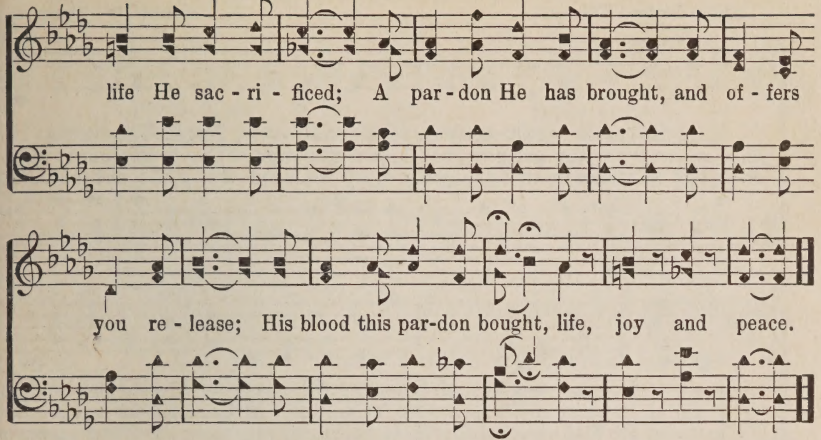

1. I hear my Sav-ior call-ing to souls in darkness lost, O come to Him be-
2. I hear my Sav-ior call-ing in accents sweet and low, He's gen-tly watching
3. I hear my Sav-ior call-ing up-on the mountain wild, He ear-nest-ly is
liev-ing, for-get-ting e'er the cost; He'll welcome you, O wand'rer, tho' you are
o'er me, because He loves me so; I will no more re-ject Him, the tempter
seeking to-day His er-ring child. In pen-i-tence I'm coming, O Fa-ther,
stained by sin; His precious blood can cleanse you and make you pure with-in.
I must quell; If I will on-ly trust Him, O then 'twill all be well.
take me home, And from Thine arm's protection I nev-er-more shall roam.
REFRAIN.
I hear my Sav-ior call-ing; His voice like mu-sic sweet,
Him call-ing, like mu-sic,
Of free sal-va-tion tell-ing, E'er makes my joy complete.
sal-va-tion, ev-er makes

No. 47. "Come, I Will Save."

Mrs. Shula Shotts. USED BY PERMISSION. 1915. Scott Crotts.


1. The lamp of love is shin - ing, come bask with-in its ray; On
2. Glad ti-dings we are bring - ing of Je - sus' love so true; The
3. Your steps to death are lead - ing, no hope be-yond the grave; The
Je - sus' breast re - clin - ing, your fears will flee a - way; No more in
an - gels, too, are sing-ing, by faith your Sav - ior view; The bells of
love of Christ you're needing, do you for - give-ness crave? Your Sav-ior's
gloom re - pin - ing, no more in Sa-tan's sway; The clouds with sil - ver
Heav'n are ring-ing the mes-sage ev - er new; Thro' earth His Spir - it
in - ter - ced - ing, for you His life He gave; O hear Him gen - tly
CHORUS.
lin - ing break on your way.
wing - ing, Christ calls for you. Be-hold on Cal - va - ry, the
plead - ing: Come, I will save.
suf - fer - ings of Christ; And it was all for thee His

"Come, I Will Save."



No. 48. Shall We Meet?

W. H. C. W. C. HILLME, OWNER, 1913. Wm. C. Hillme.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, On that bright e - ter - nal shore,
2. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, In that clime where Je - sus dwells,
3. Shall we meet our friends and loved ones, Who be-fore us long have gone
4. Best of all we'll meet our Sav - ior, When all bat - tles have been fought,
FINE.
Where in all that blest for - ev - er, Sor-rows ne'er shall troub-le more?
Where the bonds of friend-ship nev - er Sad-dest tale of sor - row tells?
In the Par - a - dise of heav - en, Shall we meet around God's throne?
And we'll know why all the heart-aches And the tears our sor - row bro't.
D.S.1-2. Shall we know each oth - er bet - ter When we meet to part no more?
D.S.3-4. Yes, we'll know each oth - er bet - ter When we meet to part no more.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
1-2. Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet on the evergreen shore;
3-4. Yes, we'll meet, yes, we'll meet, Yes, we'll meet on the evergreen shore;
in heav'n,
in heav'n,

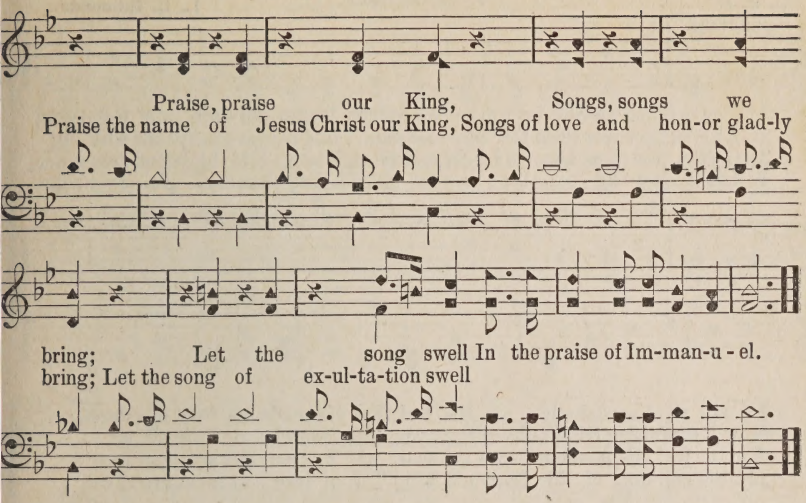
No. 49. Praising Immanuel's Name.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. More than earth-ly rich - es, more than worldly fame, This shall be our glo - ry—
2. No un-wor-thy pur-pose, no in-con-stant aim, On - ly this am-bi - tion—
3. When in realms im-mor-tal hymns of joy we frame, Still shall sound the anthem,
prais-ing Im-man - u-el's name; This our great-est ef-fort, this our highest claim,
prais-ing Im-man - u-el's name; Ev-'ry word and ac-tion shall our love proclaim,
prais-ing Im-man - u-el's name; Heav'n shall ring with music, everywhere the same,
CHORUS.
Tell-ing of His wonders, praising Im-man-u-el's name.
Ev-'ry deed shall prove us praising Im-man-u-el's name.
Tell - ing Je-sus' glo - ry, praising Im-man-u-el's name.
Praise, praise
Praise the name of
our King, Praise, praise, all sing;
Jesus Christ our King, Praise His name, let all the peo-ple sing; With all
The word we share, Spread His glo-ry ev-'ry-where.
lands the gos-pel blessing share,
ev'rywhere.

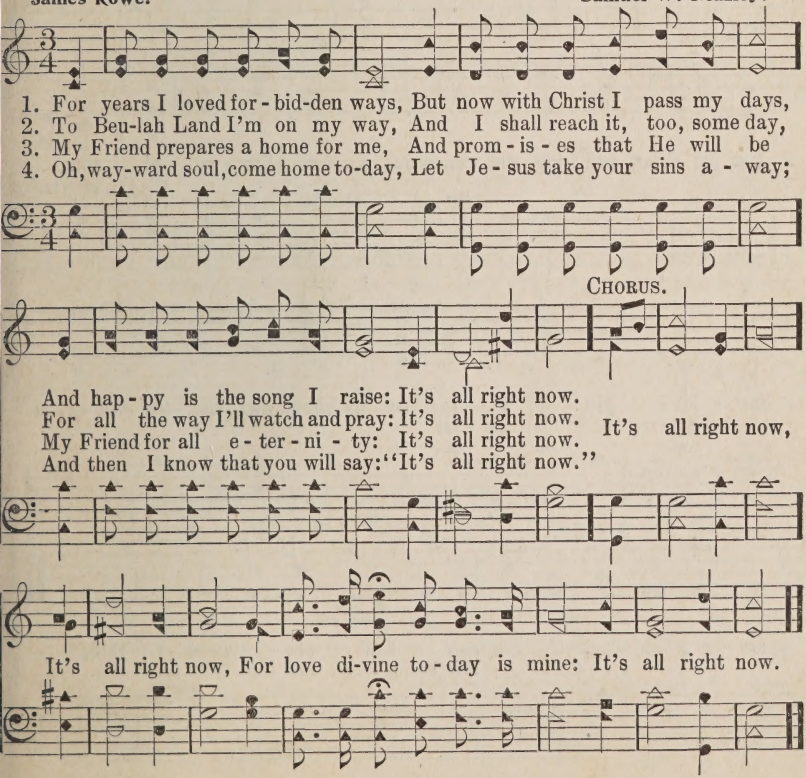
Praising Immanuel's Name.


Praise, praise our King, Songs, songs we
Praise the name of Jesus Christ our King, Songs of love and hon-or glad-ly
bring; Let the song swell In the praise of Im-man-u-el.
bring; Let the song of ex-ul-ta-tion swell

No. 50. It's All Right Now.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

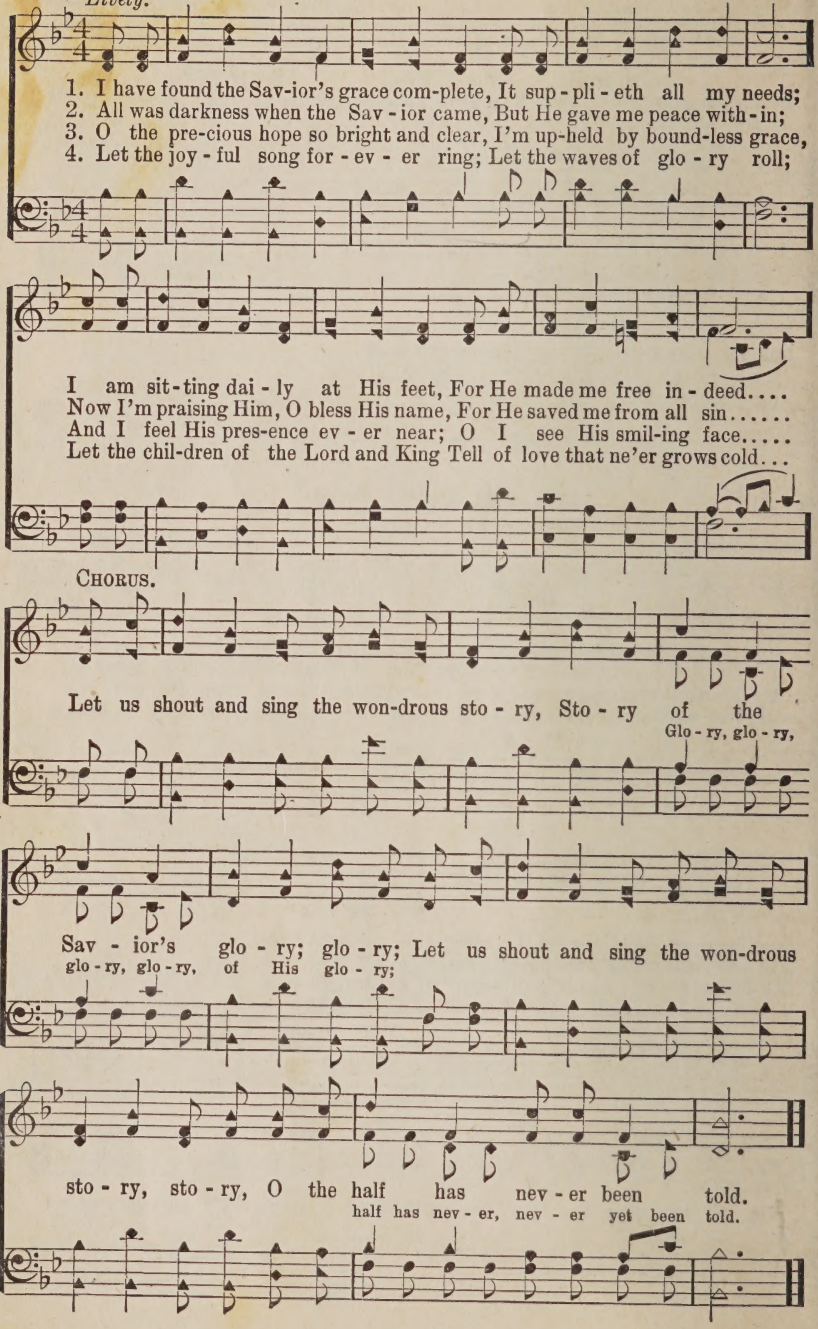
James Rowe. Samuel W. Beazley.


1. For years I loved for-bid-den ways, But now with Christ I pass my days,
2. To Beu-lah Land I'm on my way, And I shall reach it, too, some day,
3. My Friend prepares a home for me, And prom-is-es that He will be
4. Oh, way-ward soul, come home to-day, Let Je-sus take your sins a-way;
CHORUS.
And hap-py is the song I raise: It's all right now.
For all the way I'll watch and pray: It's all right now.
My Friend for all e-ter-ni-ty: It's all right now.
And then I know that you will say: "It's all right now."
It's all right now,
It's all right now, For love di-vine to-day is mine: It's all right now.

No. 51. Sing the Wondrous Story.

L. E. E. L. E. EDMONDS, OWNER. L. E. Edmonds.

Lively.


1. I have found the Sav-ior's grace com-plete, It sup-pli-eth all my needs;
2. All was darkness when the Sav-ior came, But He gave me peace with-in;
3. O the pre-cious hope so bright and clear, I'm up-held by bound-less grace,
4. Let the joy-ful song for-ev-er ring; Let the waves of glo-ry roll;
I am sit-ting dai-ly at His feet, For He made me free in-deed....
Now I'm praising Him, O bless His name, For He saved me from all sin.....
And I feel His pres-ence ev-er near; O I see His smil-ing face.....
Let the chil-dren of the Lord and King Tell of love that ne'er grows cold...
CHORUS.
Let us shout and sing the won-drous sto-ry, Sto-ry of the
Glo-ry, glo-ry,
Sav-ior's glo-ry; glo-ry; Let us shout and sing the won-drous
glo-ry, glo-ry, of His glo-ry;
sto-ry, sto-ry, O the half has nev-er been told.
half has nev-er, nev-er yet been told.

No. 52. Glorify His Name.

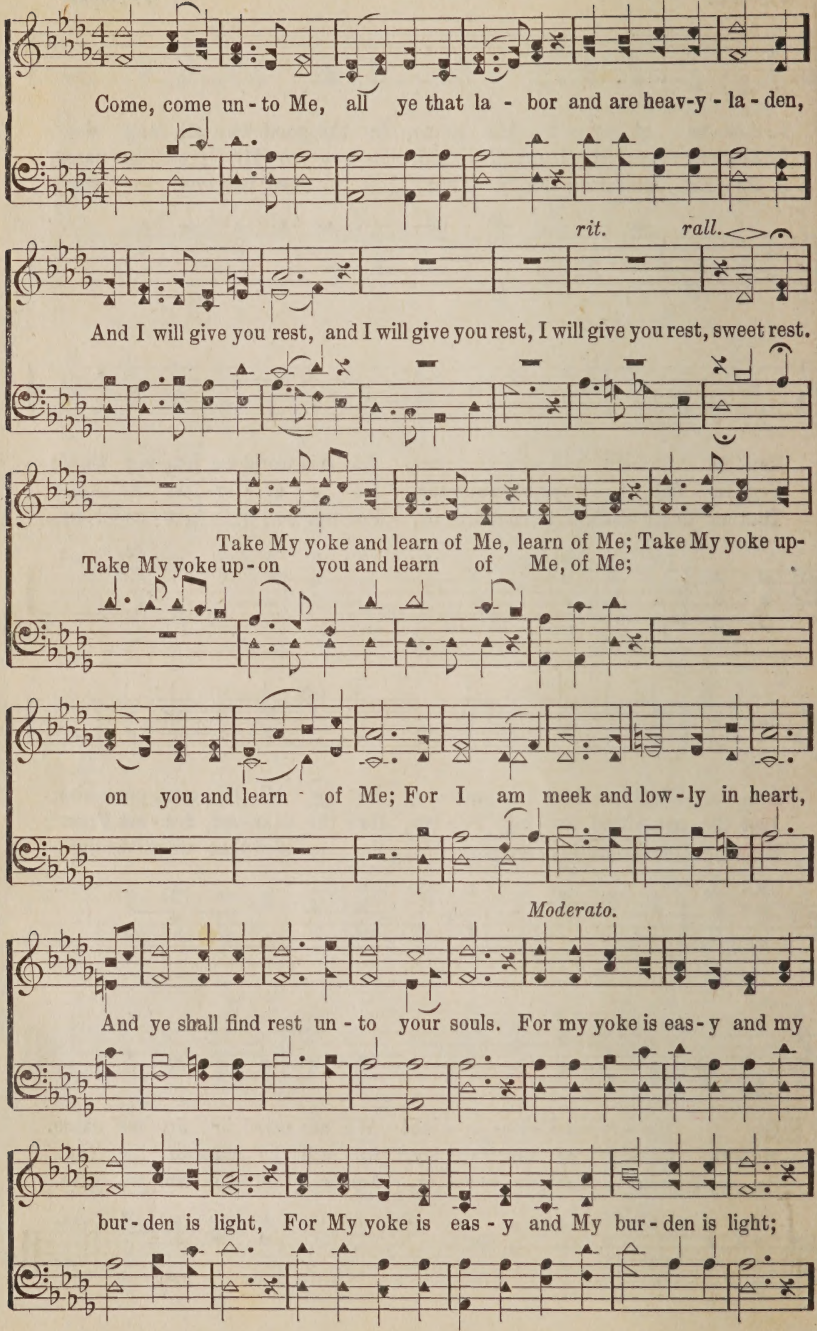
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY WILLIE W. COMBS.

W. W. C. W. W. Combs.

1. Let us glo - ri - fy His name, In the good we all may do;
2. Glo - ry to the Lamb of God, Glo - ry to His pre-cious name,
3. Je - sus came down from a - bove Just to save us from the woe
Let us do His will with glad-ness, As this world we jour-ney thro';
Yes - ter - day, to - day, to - mor-row, He is ev - er just the same;
That at death would have engulfed us, For our sins while here be - low;
Let us shout a - loud His prais - es, Let us all His word pro-claim;
Just the same kind, lov - ing Je - sus, He's the dear - est, tru - est Friend;
He's our pre-cious, lov - ing Sav - ior, For He died that we might live;
Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! We are saved in Je - sus' name.
He's the Lil - y of the Val - ley, And will be un - to the end.
So we'll praise His name for - ev - er, And our all to Him we give.

No. 53. Come Unto Me.

Andantino. G. L. LINDSEY, OWNER. **G. L. Lindsey.**


Come, come un-to Me, all ye that la - bor and are heav-y - la - den,
rit.
rall.
And I will give you rest, and I will give you rest, I will give you rest, sweet rest.
Take My yoke and learn of Me, learn of Me; Take My yoke up-
Take My yoke up-on you and learn of Me, of Me;
on you and learn of Me; For I am meek and low-ly in heart,
Moderato.
And ye shall find rest un-to your souls. For my yoke is eas-y and my
bur-den is light, For My yoke is eas-y and My bur-den is light;

Come Unto Me.

For.... My yoke is eas-y and My bur - den is light,
For My yoke is eas-y and My bur-den is light, My burden is light,
For.... My yoke is eas-y and My bur - den is light.
For My yoke is eas-y and My bur-den is light, My bur-den is light.
Andante.
Come un-to Me, Come un-to Me, Come un-to
Come un-to Me, Come un-to Me, un-to
Come un-to Me, un-to Me, un-to
Come un-to Me,
Me, And I will give you rest, And I will give you rest,
p rit.
pp rit.
I will give you rest, I will give you rest, I will give you rest.

No. 54. Love is the Keynote.

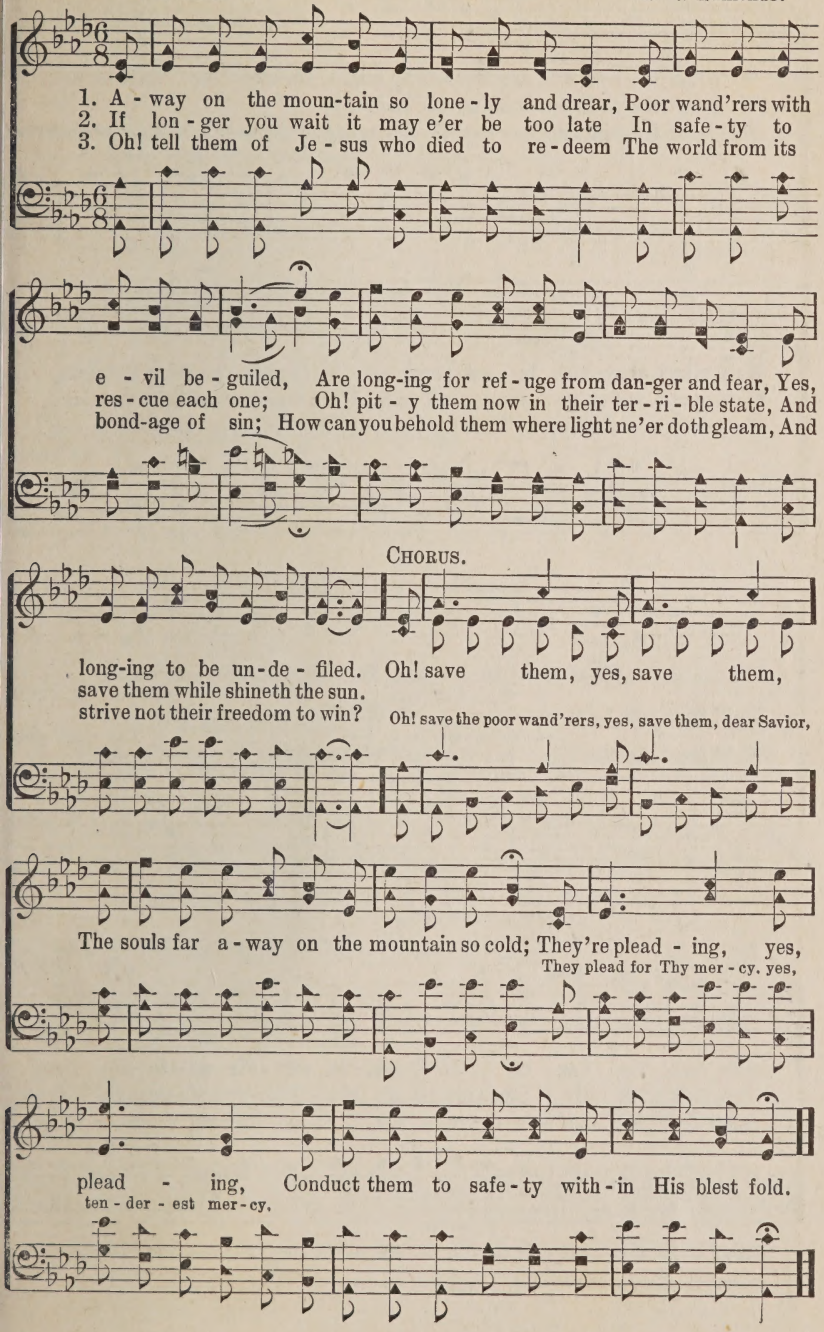
COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Francis McKinnon Morton. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. In ev - 'ry heart there is a chord In tune with all that's
2. It may - be that the gold - en chord Lies bur - ied deep 'neath
3. It may - be that the chord is hid By sin's dark shad - ows
4. The breath of God in ev - 'ry soul Is trem-bling up - ward
good and true, And if you touch the gold-en string, 'T will sing its
toil and care, But if your own heart glows with love, You'll find re-
thick and black, But love can pierce the deep - est gloom, And bring the
pure and strong, And love's the key - note God has giv'n, To blend the
CHORUS.
an - swer back to you.
spon - sive ech - oes there. Love is the key - note, sweet and strong,
gold - en mu - sic back!
dis - cord in - to song!
Love is the key-note, sweet and strong, and strong,
rit.
Wak-ing the world to joy and song!..... Love is the key-
Wak-ing the world to joy and song, and song!
Love is the
note, pure and true, Bring-ing love's an - swer back to you.
key - note, pure and true, and true,
Bring-ing love's an - swer back to you.

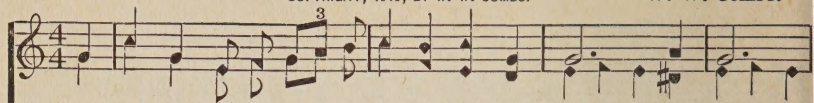
No. 55. Oh! Save Them To-day.

Stella May Thompson. L. E EDMONDS, OWNER. L. E. Edmonds.

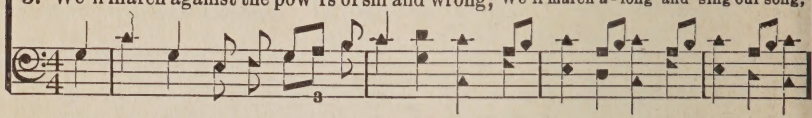

1. A - way on the moun-tain so lone - ly and drear, Poor wand'rers with
2. If lon - ger you wait it may e'er be too late In safe - ty to
3. Oh! tell them of Je - sus who died to re - deem The world from its
e - vil be - guiled, Are long-ing for ref - uge from dan-ger and fear, Yes,
res - cue each one; Oh! pit - y them now in their ter - ri - ble state, And
bond-age of sin; How can you behold them where light ne'er doth gleam, And
CHORUS.
long-ing to be un-de - filed. Oh! save them, yes, save them,
save them while shineth the sun.
strive not their freedom to win?
Oh! save the poor wand'rers, yes, save them, dear Savior,
The souls far a - way on the mountain so cold; They're plead - ing, yes,
They plead for Thy mer - cy, yes,
plead - ing, Conduct them to safe - ty with - in His blest fold.
ten - der - est mer - cy.

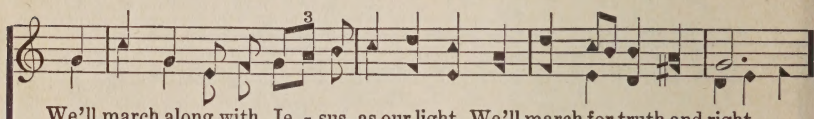
No. 56. We'll March.

W. W. C. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY W. W. COMBS. W. W. Combs.



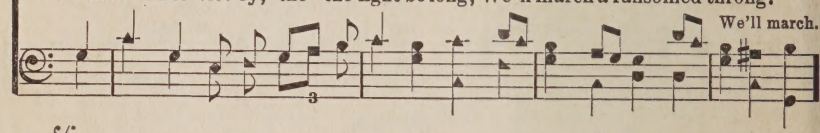
1. We'll march a-long with ar - mor shining bright, We'll march, we'll march;
2. We'll march with Je-sus lead-ing all the way,
3. We'll march against the pow'rs of sin and wrong, We'll march a - long and sing our song;

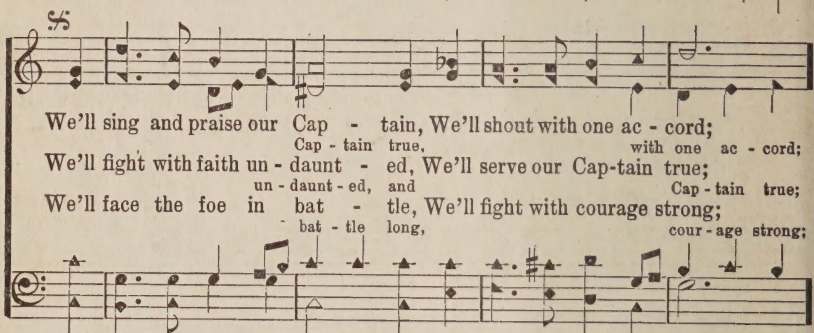




We'll march along with Je - sus as our light, We'll march for truth and right.
We'll march, and ev'ry ear-nest call obey, We'll march with Christ each day.
We'll march to vict'ry, tho' the fight be long, We'll march a ransomed throng.

We'll march.

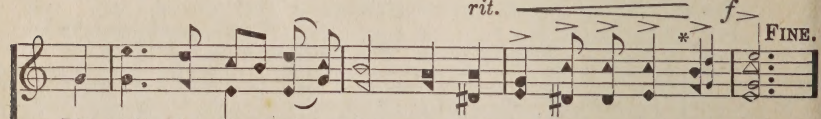




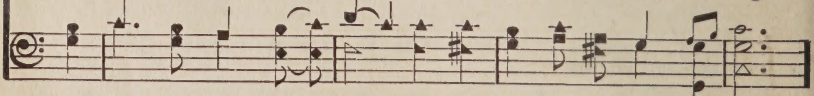
We'll sing and praise our Cap - tain, We'll shout with one ac - cord;
Cap - tain true, with one ac - cord;
We'll fight with faith un - daunt - ed, We'll serve our Cap-tain true;
un - daunt - ed, and Cap - tain true;
We'll face the foe in bat - tle, We'll fight with courage strong;
bat - tle long, cour - age strong;

D.S.—*For Christ our great Com-mand - er Will lead His ar - my on,*
Com-mand-er strong, ar - my on,

rit. *f*



Lift high the flag of Je - sus, As serv - ice un - to our Lord.
What-ev - er He com - mands us, With all pow'r and might we'll do.
And when the bat - tle is o - ver, We'll sing then the vic-tor's song.

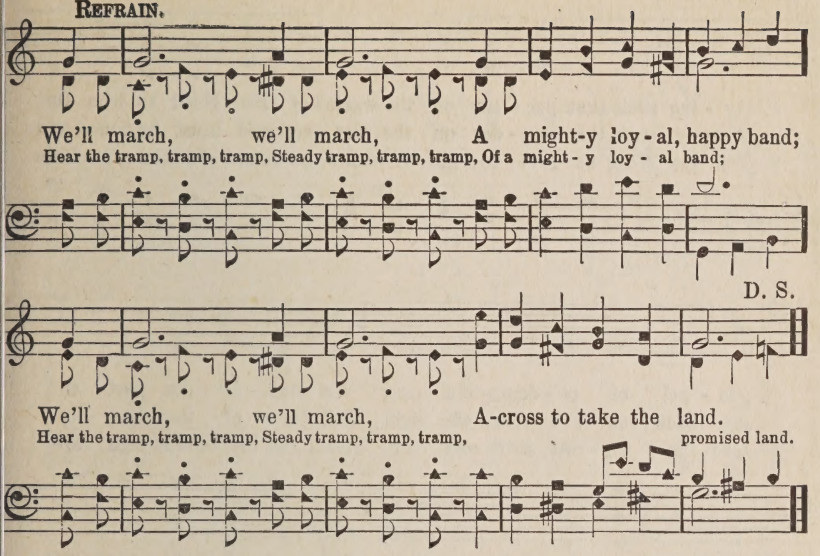


And when the bat - tle is o - ver, We'll sing then the vic - tor's song.

NOTE: Small notes may be used, if preferred, as close.

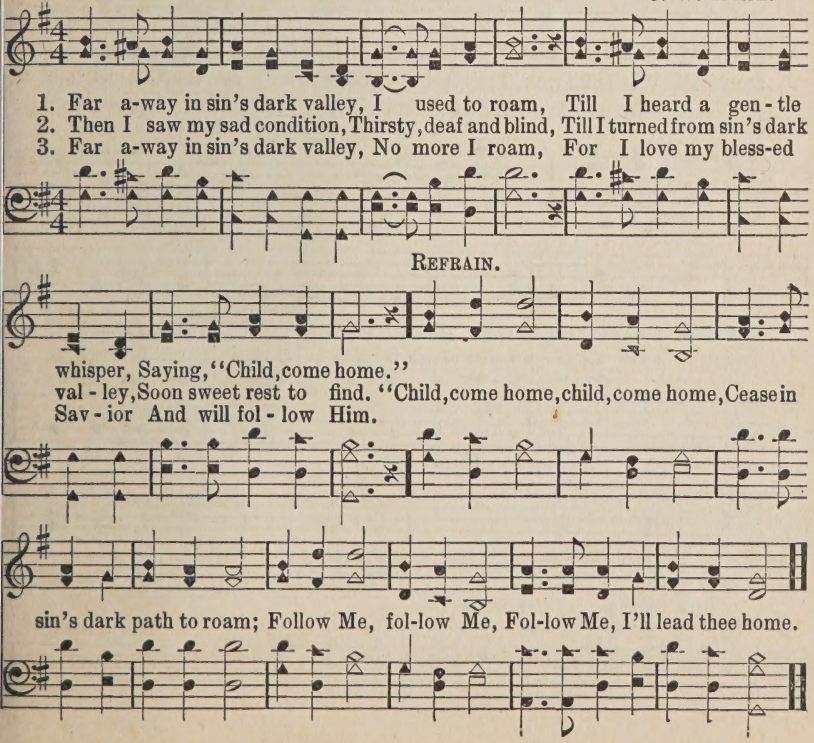
We'll March.

REFRAIN.


We'll march, we'll march, A might-y loy-al, happy band;
Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp, Steady tramp, tramp, tramp, Of a might-y loy-al band;
D. S.
We'll march, we'll march, A-cross to take the land.
Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp, Steady tramp, tramp, tramp, promised land.

No. 57. "Child, Come Home."

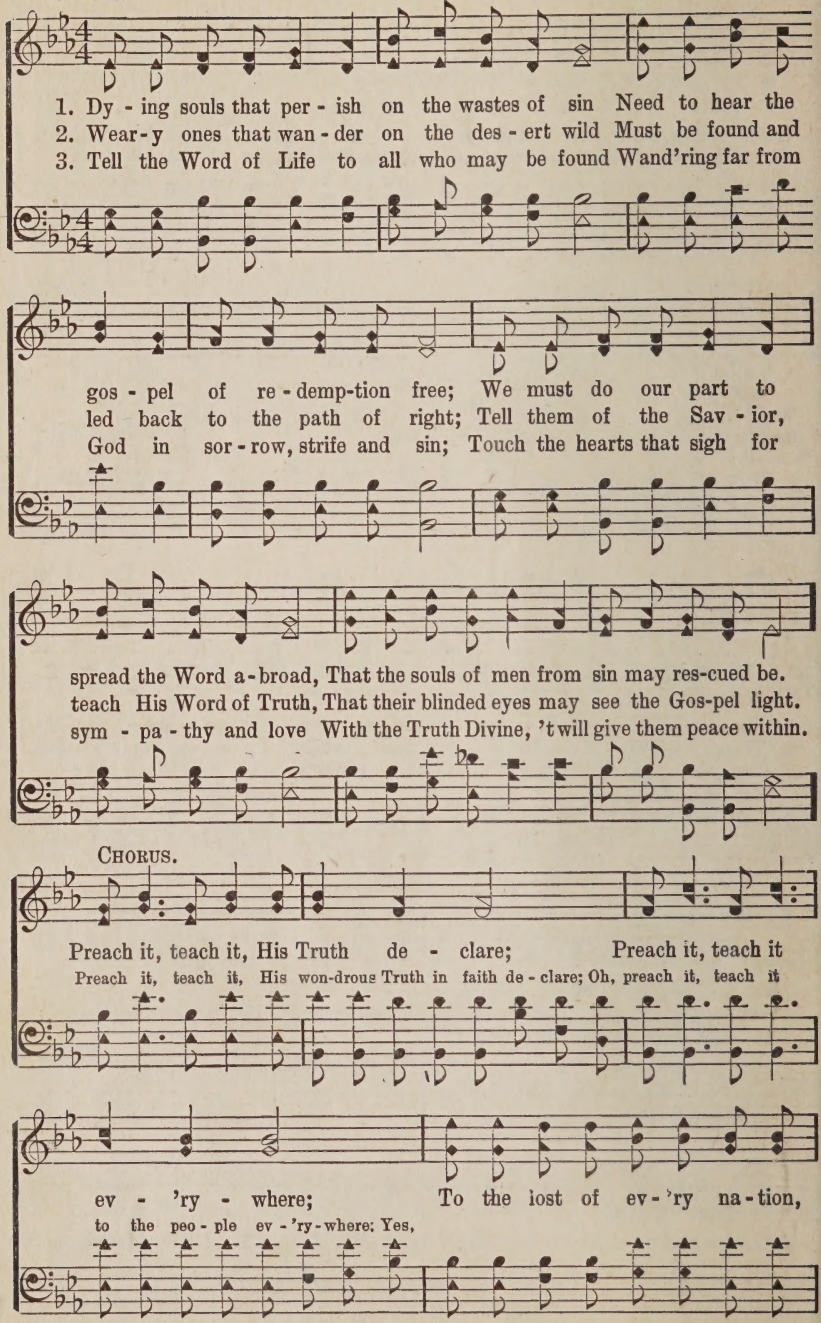
C. W. W. C. W. Welsh.


1. Far a-way in sin's dark valley, I used to roam, Till I heard a gen-tle
2. Then I saw my sad condition, Thirsty, deaf and blind, Till I turned from sin's dark
3. Far a-way in sin's dark valley, No more I roam, For I love my bless-ed
REFRAIN.
whisper, Saying, "Child, come home."
val-ley, Soon sweet rest to find. "Child, come home, child, come home, Cease in
Sav-ior And will fol-low Him.
sin's dark path to roam; Follow Me, fol-low Me, Fol-low Me, I'll lead thee home.

No. 58. The Gospel News.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

S. W. B. Samuel W. Beazley.


1. Dy - ing souls that per - ish on the wastes of sin Need to hear the
2. Wear - y ones that wan - der on the des - ert wild Must be found and
3. Tell the Word of Life to all who may be found Wand'ring far from
gos - pel of re - demp-tion free; We must do our part to
led back to the path of right; Tell them of the Sav - ior,
God in sor - row, strife and sin; Touch the hearts that sigh for
spread the Word a - broad, That the souls of men from sin may res-cued be.
teach His Word of Truth, That their blinded eyes may see the Gos-pel light.
sym - pa - thy and love With the Truth Divine, 't will give them peace within.
CHORUS.
Preach it, teach it, His Truth de - clare; Preach it, teach it
Preach it, teach it, His won-drous Truth in faith de - clare; Oh, preach it, teach it
ev - 'ry - where; To the lost of ev - 'ry na - tion,
to the peo - ple ev - 'ry - where; Yes,

The Gospel News.

To the bounds of all cre - a - tion, Tell out the Gos - pel
news;
Preach it, teach it, that all may
news that shall free the peo - ple; Preach it, teach it, that all may know Him,
know
Je - sus the Sav - ior, who loves them so;
tru - ly know Him, Je - sus the Sav - ior, who in His mer - cy loves them so; Oh,
Keep the ti - dings go - ing,
Life e - ter - nal
keep the ti - dings go - ing, Life e-
show-ing,
Spread a - broad the Gos - pel news. (the Gos - pel news.)
ter - nal show - ing.

No. 59. Glory to His Name.

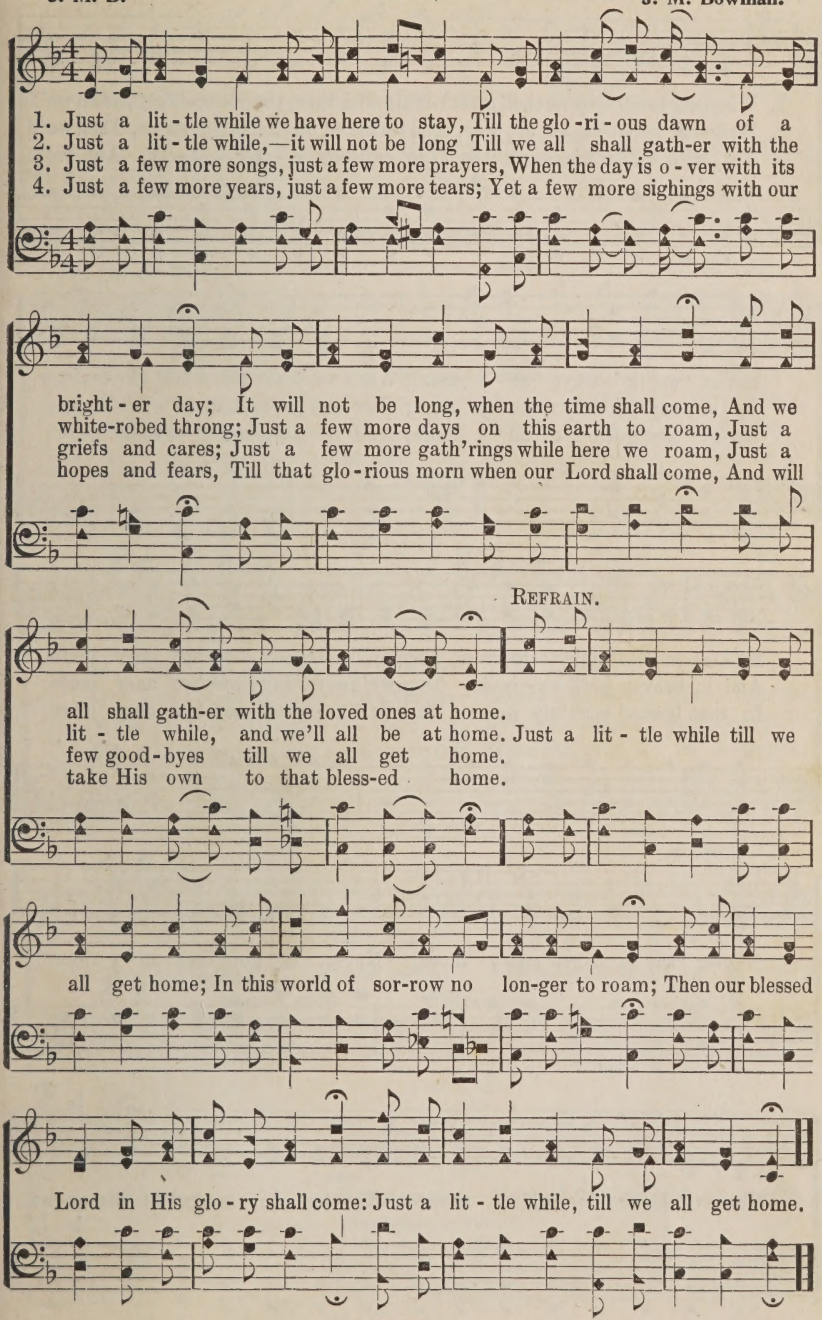
Rev. E. A. Hoffman. G. L. LINDSEY, OWNER. G. L. Lindsey.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous - ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet-ly a-
3. O pre-cious foun-tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this foun-tain so rich and sweet, Cast Thy poor soul at the
sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap - plied;
bides with - in, There at the cross where He took me in;
en - tered in, There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean;
Sav - ior's feet, Plunge in to - day and be made com - plete;
CHORUS.
Glo - - - ry to His name. Glo-ry to His name,
Glo - ry to His name, Glo-ry to His name.
Glo - - ry to His
Glo - ry to His name, Glo-ry to His name, Glo-ry to His name; There to my
name, Glo - - ry to His name; . . .
heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to His name, Glo-ry to His name.
Glo - - ry to His name.

No. 60. Just a Little While.

(Dedicated to my daughter, Mrs. Florence Combs, of Locust Grove, Ga.)

J. M. B. J. M. BOWMAN, OWNER. J. M. Bowman.

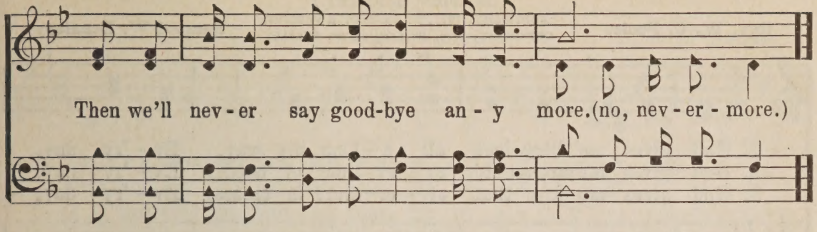

1. Just a lit - tle while we have here to stay, Till the glo - ri - ous dawn of a
2. Just a lit - tle while,—it will not be long Till we all shall gath-er with the
3. Just a few more songs, just a few more prayers, When the day is o - ver with its
4. Just a few more years, just a few more tears; Yet a few more sighings with our
bright - er day; It will not be long, when the time shall come, And we
white-robed throng; Just a few more days on this earth to roam, Just a
griefs and cares; Just a few more gath'rings while here we roam, Just a
hopes and fears, Till that glo - rious morn when our Lord shall come, And will
REFRAIN.
all shall gath-er with the loved ones at home.
lit - tle while, and we'll all be at home. Just a lit - tle while till we
few good - byes till we all get home.
take His own to that bless-ed home.
all get home; In this world of sor-row no lon-ger to roam; Then our blessed
Lord in His glo - ry shall come: Just a lit - tle while, till we all get home.

No. 61. Never Say Good-bye Any More.

W. E. Scivaly. J. M. COPELAND, OWNER. J. M. Copeland.

1. When our loved ones we shall meet! Walk with them the gold-paved streets, Then we'll
2. When our sor-rows all are o'er, And we stand on that bright shore, Then we'll
3. Yes, with all our friends we'll be Thro' one long e - ter - ni - ty, And we'll
nev-er say good-bye an - y more; When we leave this world of sor-row,
nev-er say good-bye an - y more; Joy and peace shall ev - er reign,
nev-er say good-bye an - y more; And no part-ings e'er shall come,
En - ter in that bright to-morrow, Then we'll never say good-bye an-y more.
And in heaven we'll re - main, Then we'll never say good-bye an-y more.
In that blessed heav'nly home, Then we'll never say good-bye an-y more.
CHORUS.
Nev-er say good-bye an - y more, Nev-er say good-bye an - y more;
When we leave this world of sor-row, En - ter in that bright to-mor-row,

Never Say Good-bye Any More.



No. 62. The Precious Name.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY W. H. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
3. Oh! the pre-cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall-ing pros-trate at His feet,
It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then, where'er you go.
If temp-ta-tions 'round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues em-ploy!
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is complete.
CHORUS.
Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!
Precious name, O how sweet— Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet,

No. 63. Something New Each Day.

(LADIES' QUARTET.)

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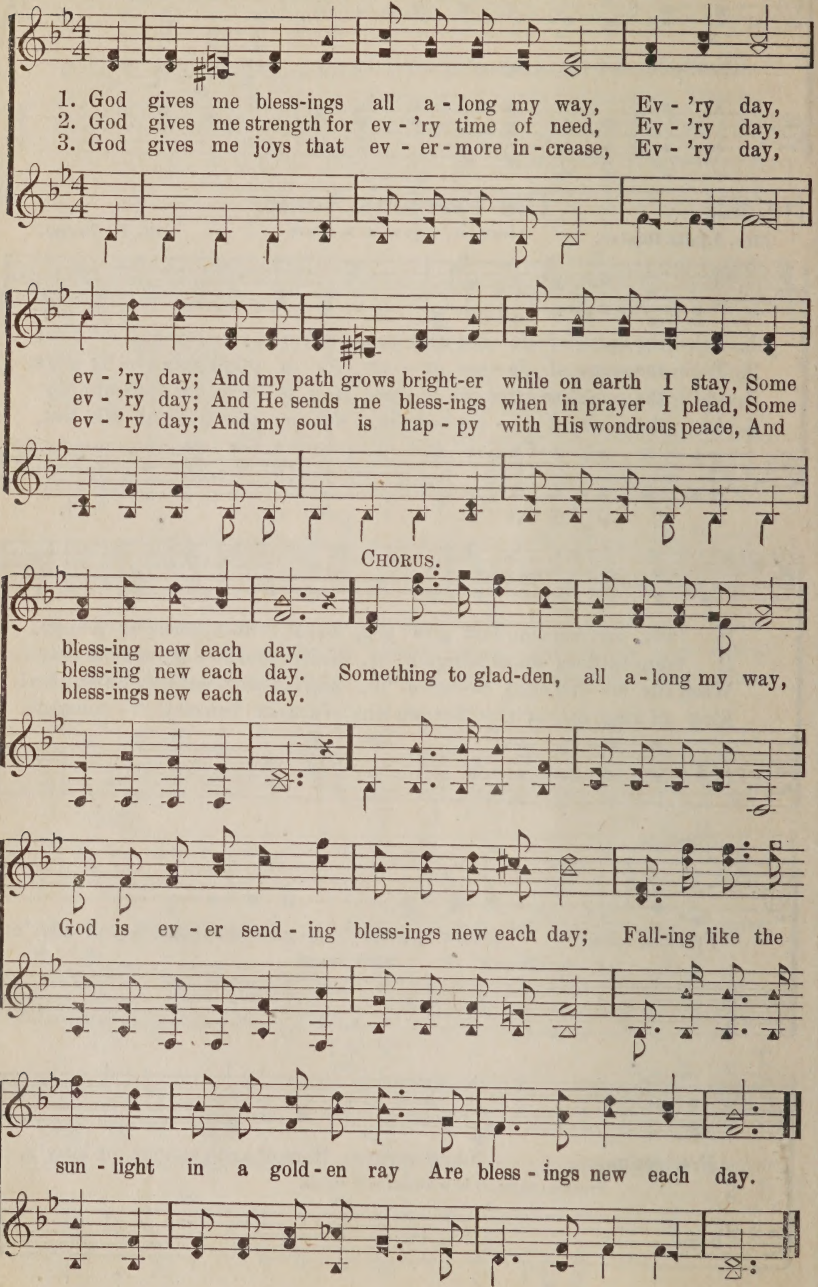
Rev. W. C. Poole. Samuel W. Beazley.

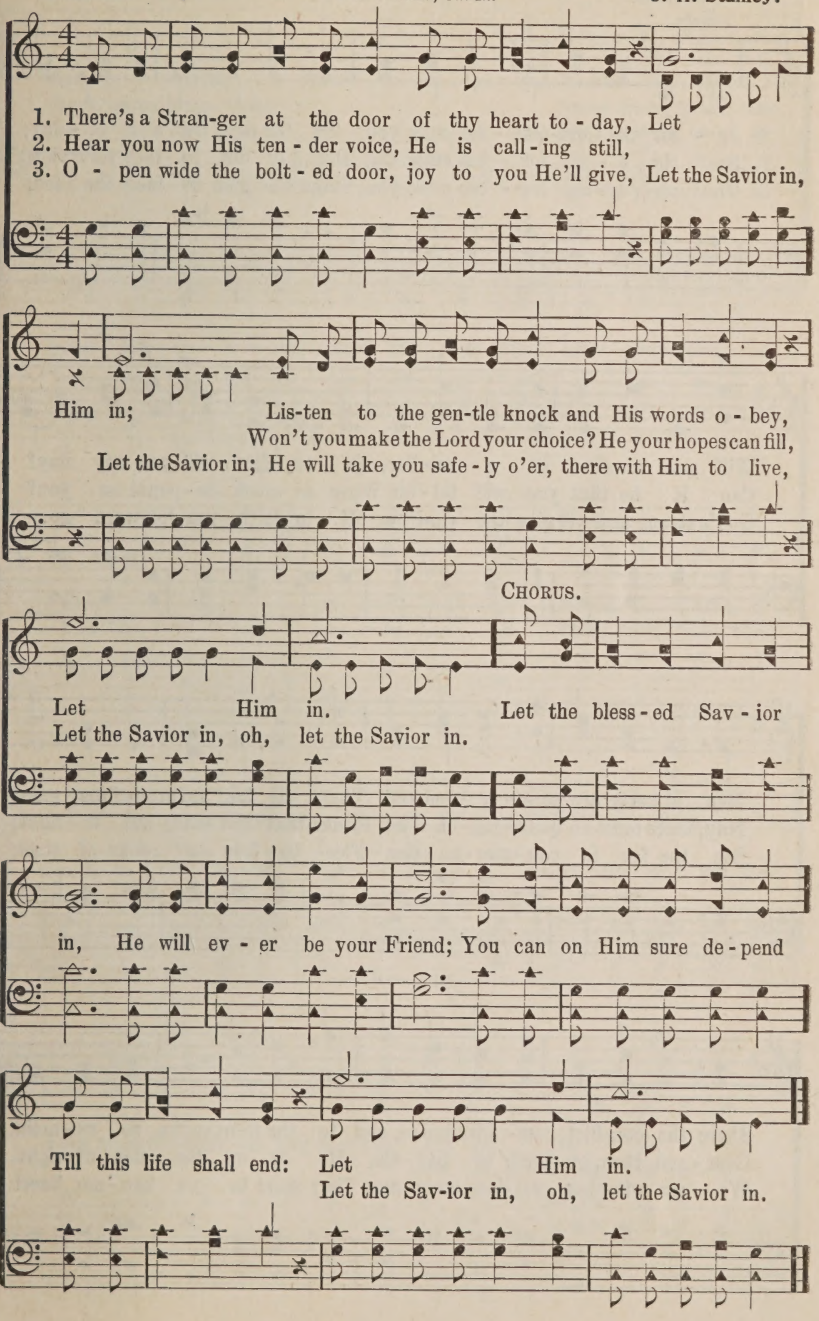

1. God gives me bless-ings all a - long my way, Ev - 'ry day,
2. God gives me strength for ev - 'ry time of need, Ev - 'ry day,
3. God gives me joys that ev - er - more in - crease, Ev - 'ry day,
ev - 'ry day; And my path grows bright-er while on earth I stay, Some
ev - 'ry day; And He sends me bless-ings when in prayer I plead, Some
ev - 'ry day; And my soul is hap - py with His wondrous peace, And
CHORUS.
bless-ing new each day.
bless-ing new each day. Something to glad-den, all a - long my way,
bless-ings new each day.
God is ev - er send - ing bless-ings new each day; Fall-ing like the
sun - light in a gold - en ray Are bless - ings new each day.

No. 64.

Let Him In.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

J. H. S. J. H. STANLEY, OWNER. J. H. Stanley.

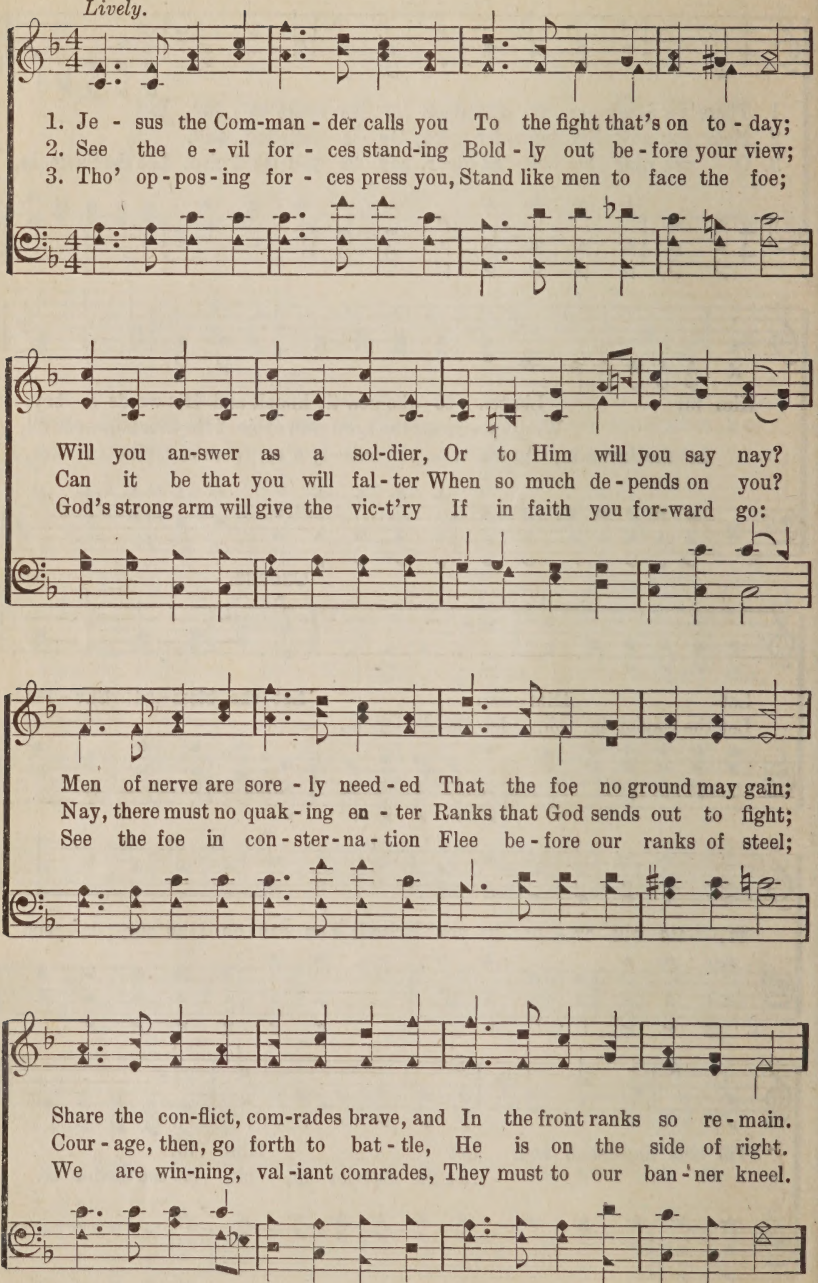

1. There's a Stran-ger at the door of thy heart to - day, Let
2. Hear you now His ten - der voice, He is call - ing still,
3. O - pen wide the bolt - ed door, joy to you He'll give, Let the Savior in,
Him in; Lis-ten to the gen-tle knock and His words o - bey,
Won't you make the Lord your choice? He your hopes can fill,
Let the Savior in; He will take you safe - ly o'er, there with Him to live,
CHORUS.
Let Him in. Let the bless - ed Sav - ior
Let the Savior in, oh, let the Savior in.
in, He will ev - er be your Friend; You can on Him sure de - pend
Till this life shall end: Let Him in.
Let the Sav-ior in, oh, let the Savior in.

No. 65. March to Victory.

COPYRIGHT, 1915. BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

S. W. Beazley. Samuel W. Beazley.

Lively.


1. Je - sus the Com-man - der calls you To the fight that's on to - day;
2. See the e - vil for - ces stand-ing Bold - ly out be - fore your view;
3. Tho' op - pos - ing for - ces press you, Stand like men to face the foe;
Will you an-swer as a sol-dier, Or to Him will you say nay?
Can it be that you will fal - ter When so much de - pends on you?
God's strong arm will give the vic-t'ry If in faith you for-ward go:
Men of nerve are sore - ly need - ed That the foe no ground may gain;
Nay, there must no quak - ing en - ter Ranks that God sends out to fight;
See the foe in con - ster - na - tion Flee be - fore our ranks of steel;
Share the con-flict, com-rades brave, and In the front ranks so re - main.
Cour - age, then, go forth to bat - tle, He is on the side of right.
We are win-ning, val - iant comrades, They must to our ban - ner kneel.

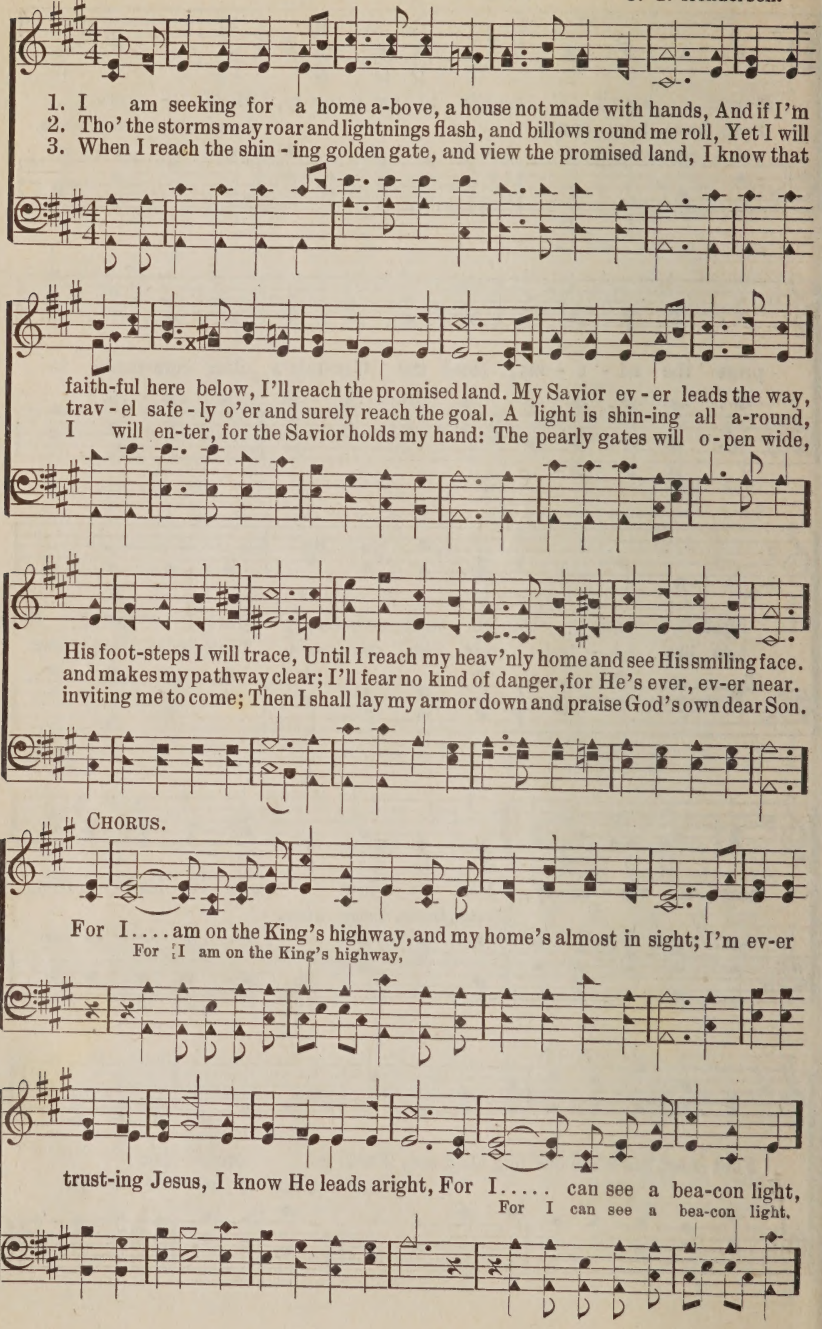
March to Victory.

CHORUS.

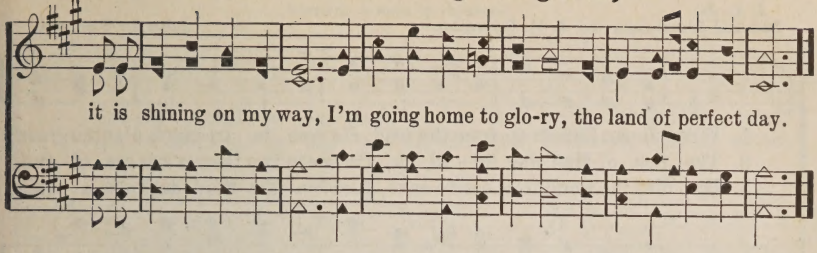
March, march, march to vic - to - ry, Hard - er
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
press the en - e - my; Heed the Cap-tain's clear com-mand to
fight on, on with cour - age; March, march
fight like val - iant men with cour - age;
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
march to vic - to - ry, Fol - low where He lead - eth thee;
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
Foes must flee when our flag they see, Then go on, on.
Then on, go on to vic - to - ry.

No. 66. I Am On the King's Highway.

J. G. H. J. G. HENDERSON, OWNER, PURDY, MO. J. G. Henderson.

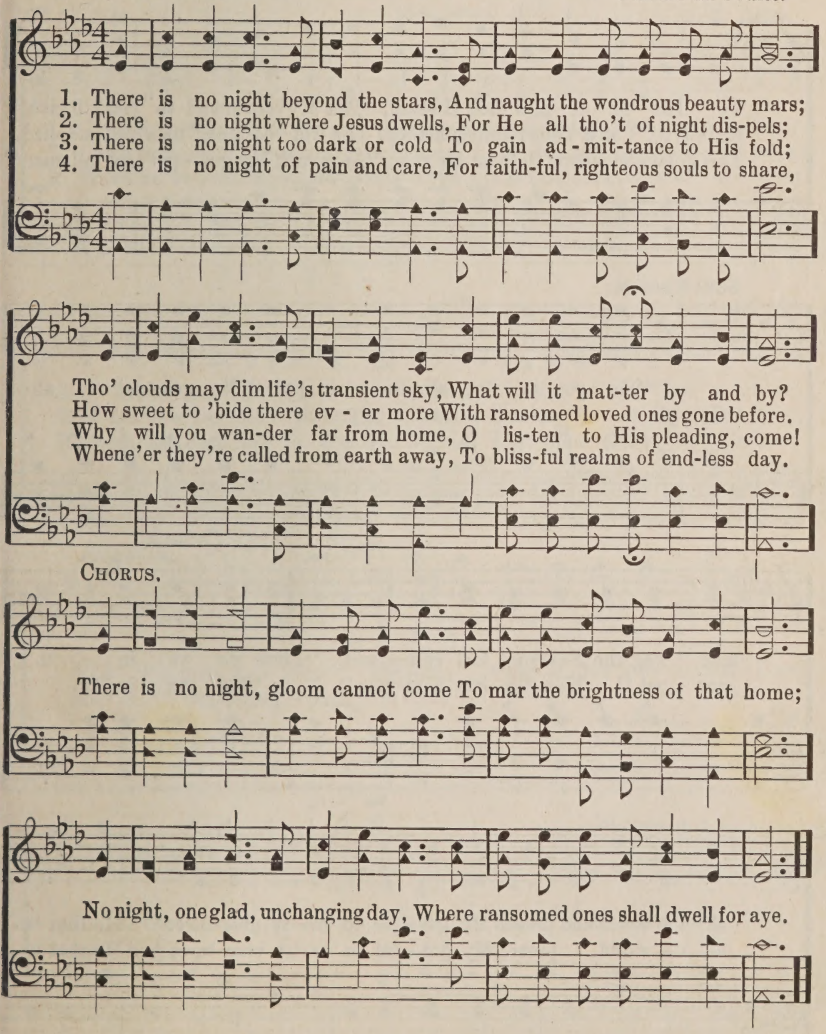

1. I am seeking for a home a-bove, a house not made with hands, And if I'm
2. Tho' the storms may roar and lightnings flash, and billows round me roll, Yet I will
3. When I reach the shin - ing golden gate, and view the promised land, I know that
faith-ful here below, I'll reach the promised land. My Savior ev - er leads the way,
trav - el safe - ly o'er and surely reach the goal. A light is shin-ing all a-round,
I will en-ter, for the Savior holds my hand: The pearly gates will o - pen wide,
His foot-steps I will trace, Until I reach my heav'nly home and see His smiling face.
and makes my pathway clear; I'll fear no kind of danger, for He's ever, ev-er near.
inviting me to come; Then I shall lay my armor down and praise God's own dear Son.
CHORUS.
For I.... am on the King's highway, and my home's almost in sight; I'm ev-er
For I am on the King's highway,
trust-ing Jesus, I know He leads aright, For I..... can see a bea-con light,
For I can see a bea-con light.

I Am On the King's Highway.



No. 67. There Is No Night.

Stella May Thompson. COMMIE A. PRUITT, OWNER. Commie A. Pruitt.


1. There is no night beyond the stars, And naught the wondrous beauty mars;
2. There is no night where Jesus dwells, For He all tho't of night dis-pels;
3. There is no night too dark or cold To gain ad-mit-tance to His fold;
4. There is no night of pain and care, For faith-ful, righteous souls to share,
Tho' clouds may dim life's transient sky, What will it mat-ter by and by?
How sweet to 'bide there ev - er more With ransomed loved ones gone before.
Why will you wan-der far from home, O lis-ten to His pleading, come!
Whene'er they're called from earth away, To bliss-ful realms of end-less day.
CHORUS.
There is no night, gloom cannot come To mar the brightness of that home;
No night, one glad, unchanging day, Where ransomed ones shall dwell for aye.

No. 68. Go Ye Into All the World.

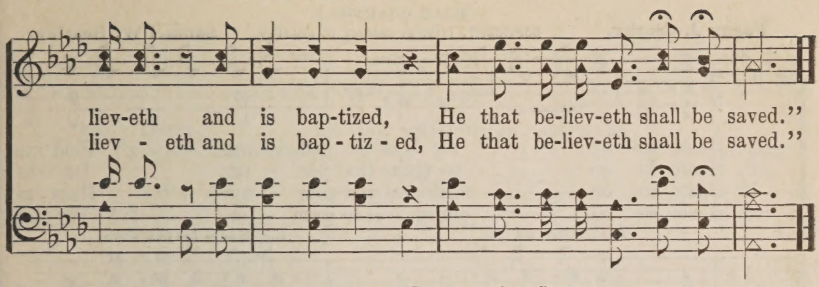
J. L. S.
2nd and 3rd stanzas by J. M. Bowman.

PROPERTY OF JOHN L. STEWART.

John L. Stewart.

1. When Je-sus Christ rose from the dead, He rose in tri-umph o'er the grave;
2. The Son of Man was lift - ed up, Be-tween two thieves was cru - ci - fied;
3. He died the world from sin to save, And on the third day rose a - gain;
To His dis - ci - ples then He said, "This My com-mand to you I'll give."
He prayed, "Canst Thou remove this cup? Thy will be done," then bled and died.
This great com-mand to them He gave, "Go, preach My gos - pel to all men."
Semi-Chorus.
"Go ye in - to all the world, preach My gos - pel to all
"Go ye and preach My
Full Chorus.
men," was the Sav-ior's last com-mand; "Then go ye in - to
gos - pel," Was His last com-mand; "Go ye in - to
all the world and preach My gos - pel to ev-'ry crea-ture; He that be-
all the world, preach My gos - pel to ev-'ry crea-ture; And He that be-

Go Ye Into All the World.



No. 69. Sing of our Savior's Love.

E. C. D. E. C. DEVIN, OWNER. E. C. Devin.

1. Christian, come join in our gos - pel song, Come sing of God's wonderful love;
2. Come then, dear brother, and join our song, A trib-ute of praise we should bring;
3. When we've been singing ten thousand years In mansions in Heav-en a - bove;
Sing to the world as you journey a - long, O sing of our God a - bove.
We are now ear-nest - ly bidding you come And sing to our God and King.
We've no less days then to sing God's praise Than when we first knew His love.
REFRAIN.
Sing His love, sing His love, Sing of the love of our Lord;
Sing of His wonderful, won-der-ful love,
Tell of that Heaven, that world of love, O tell of those mansions a - bove.

No. 70

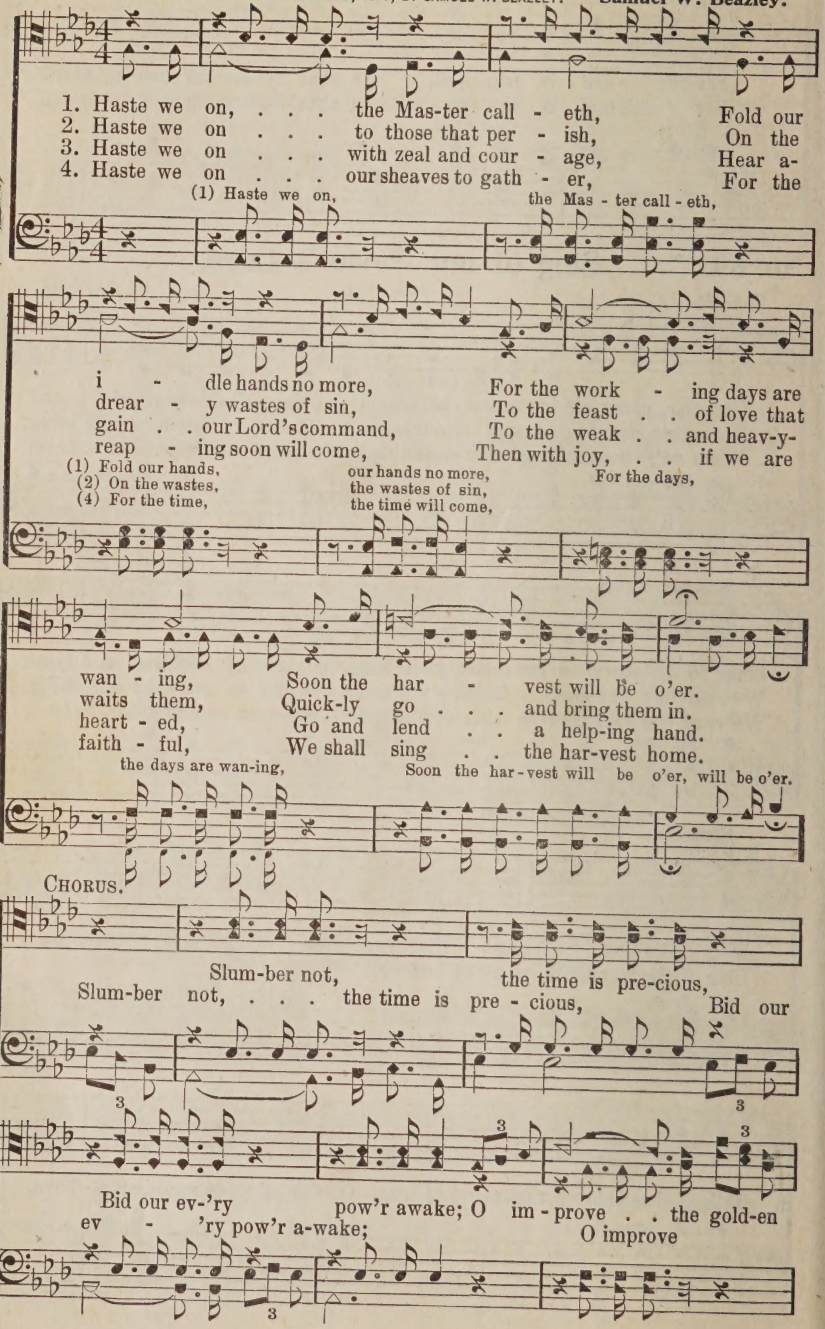
For Jesus' Sake.

(MALE QUARTET.)

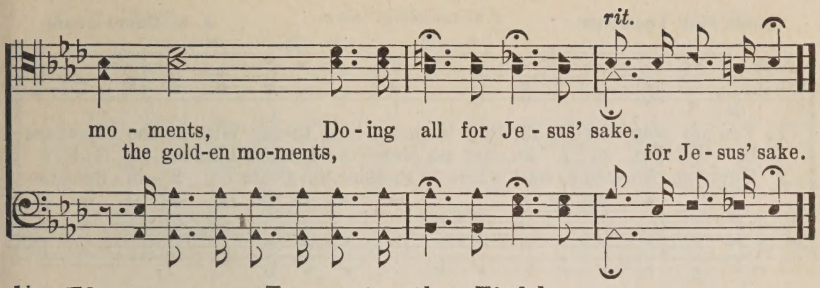
Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

Samuel W. Beazley.


1. Haste we on, . . . the Mas-ter call - eth, Fold our
2. Haste we on . . . to those that per - ish, On the
3. Haste we on . . . with zeal and cour - age, Hear a-
4. Haste we on . . . our sheaves to gath - er, For the
(1) Haste we on, the Mas - ter call - eth,
i - dle hands no more, For the work - ing days are
drear - y wastes of sin, To the feast . . of love that
gain . . our Lord's command, To the weak . . and heav-y-
reap - ing soon will come, Then with joy, . . if we are
(1) Fold our hands, our hands no more, For the days,
(2) On the wastes, the wastes of sin,
(4) For the time, the time will come,
wan - ing, Soon the har - vest will be o'er.
waits them, Quick-ly go . . . and bring them in.
heart - ed, Go and lend . . a help-ing hand.
faith - ful, We shall sing . . the har-vest home.
the days are wan-ing, Soon the har-vest will be o'er, will be o'er.
CHORUS.
Slum-ber not, the time is pre-cious,
Slum-ber not, . . . the time is pre - cious, Bid our
Bid our ev-'ry pow'r awake; O im - prove . . the gold-en
ev - 'ry pow'r a-wake; O improve

For Jesus' Sake.



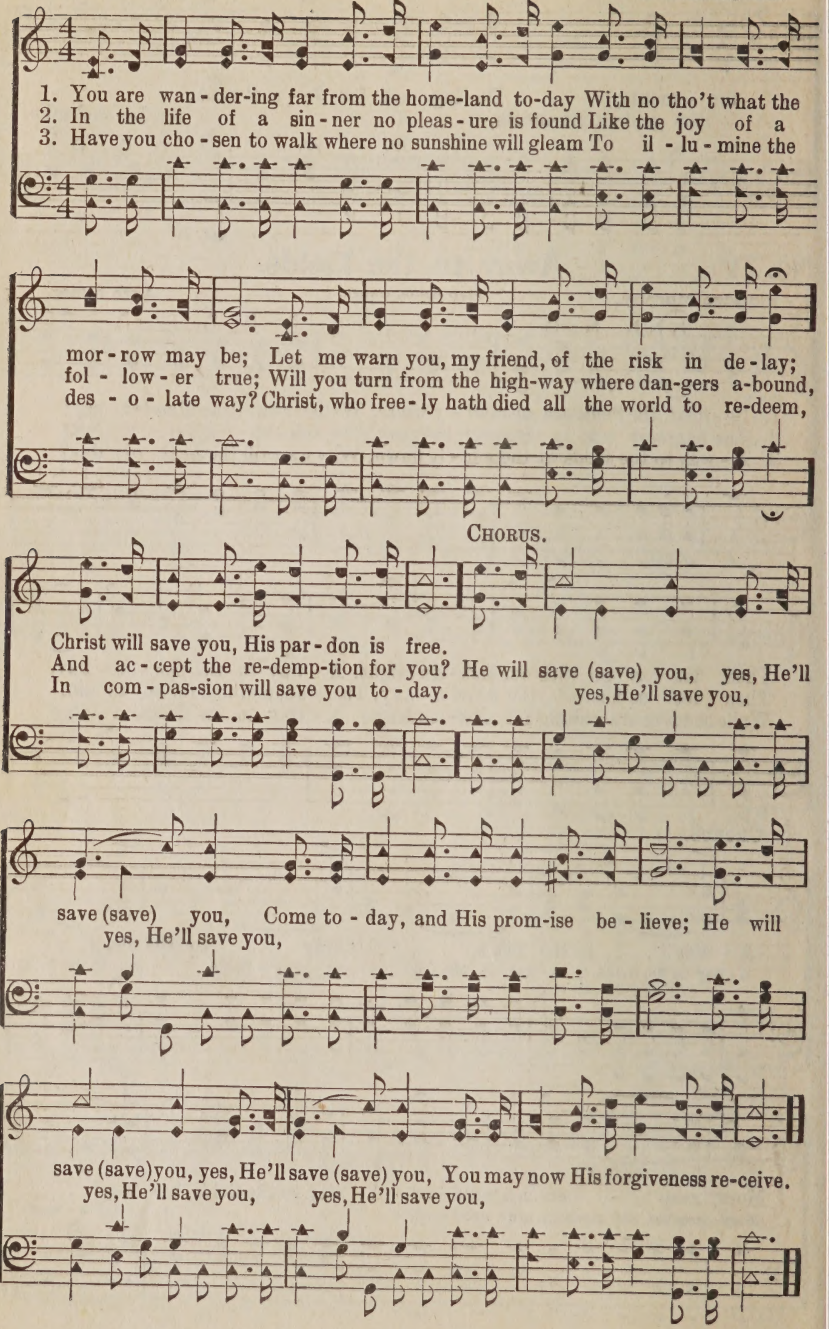
No. 71 Away to the Fields.

Eldridge Murphy. AZZO MINOR, OWNER. Azzo Minor.

1. Be - hold, the fields are al-read - y white, We hear the dear Mas-ter say;
2. The har-vest tru - ly is great, they say, The lab - or - ers ver - y few;
3. A - way to the fields at the ear - ly dawn, Why wait till the heat of day?
Then let us go with our sick - les bright, A - way to the fields to - day.
Then let us haste to the fields a - way, There's something for all to do.
While sheaves are waiting for sick - les drawn, A - way to the fields, a - way!
CHORUS.
A - way . . to the fields, . . A - way . . to the fields, . .
A - way to the fields, a - way to the fields, A - way to the fields, a - way to the fields,
More reap - ers are need - ed, A - way to the fields, a - way! . .
More reap-ers and gleaners are need - ed, a - way!

No. 72. He Will Save You.

Stella May Thompson. J. G. CUNNINGHAM OWNER. J. G. Cunningham.


1. You are wan - der-ing far from the home-land to-day With no tho't what the
2. In the life of a sin - ner no pleas - ure is found Like the joy of a
3. Have you cho - sen to walk where no sunshine will gleam To il - lu - mine the
mor - row may be; Let me warn you, my friend, of the risk in de - lay;
fol - low - er true; Will you turn from the high-way where dan-gers a-bound,
des - o - late way? Christ, who free - ly hath died all the world to re-deem,
CHORUS.
Christ will save you, His par - don is free.
And ac - cept the re-demp-tion for you? He will save (save) you, yes, He'll
In com - pas-sion will save you to - day.
yes, He'll save you,
save (save) you, Come to - day, and His prom-ise be - lieve; He will
yes, He'll save you,
save (save) you, yes, He'll save (save) you, You may now His forgiveness re-ceive.
yes, He'll save you, yes, He'll save you,

No. 73. The Lord is My Shepherd.

H. W. Elliott. J. H. STANLEY, OWNER. J. H. Stanley.

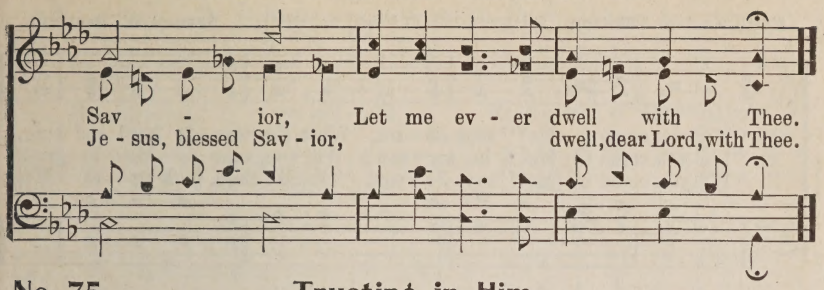
1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, I shall not want, He lead-eth me
2. The ta - ble is spread and my soul doth feast, And nev - er know
3. When to the dark val - ley of death I come No e - vil then
4. For - ev - er to dwell in the house of God, The shad-ows all
night and day; In pas-tures of green, by wa-ters so sweet,
want or care; A-noint-ed with oil my head it shall be,
will I fear; Thy rod and Thy staff will com-fort me there,
past and gone; To Je - sus my King glad prais-es I'll sing,
REFRAIN.
He guides me in wis-dom's way.
My cup filled with pleas-ures there.
And make my way bright and clear.
While a - ges roll on and on.
O Shep - herd di-
Shep-herd di-vine,
vine,..... O Shep - herd of mine,..... O
Shep-herd of mine, Lead me with Thee heav - en a - bove;
lead..... me to Thee,..... Where there is e - ter - nal day.....
Lead me to Thee, lead me to Thee, Where there is a bright, e - ter - nal day.

No. 74. Thou Art All the World to Me.

Rev. W. C. Martin. R. L. HAMIL, OWNER, 1915. R. L. Hamil.

1. Let me, Lord, at Thy side Sweetly ev - er-more a - bide; Let me ease all the
2. Let me sit at Thy feet, For Thy presence, Lord, is sweet, And Thy voice softly
3. Let me lean on Thy heart, For in Thee a - lone is rest; Draw me close to the
sor - rows of my heart in Thy love; And I pray Thee impart Grace to
speak-ing to my heart I would hear; And Thy hand I would see, Pointing
Heart that broke for me on the cross; In the arms of Thy love Bear me
my inconstant heart, Grace to fol-low in Thy steps to my home a-bove.
out the way for me, Pointing ev - er to the land of my home so dear.
to my home a-bove, For I free - ly cast a - way as dross all the world.
REFRAIN.
Je - - sus, Sav - - ior, Thou art all
Je - sus, bless-ed Sav - ior, Je - sus, bless-ed Sav - ior,
the world to me; Je - - sus,
How I love Thee, Je - sus, bless-ed Sav - ior,

Thou Art All the World to Me.



No. 75. Trusting in Him.

J. R. S. J. R. SORRELL, OWNER. J. R. Sorrell.

Slow.

1. I do not know when the Sav-ior will come, I am trust-ing in Him;
2. O bless-ed hope that has lift-ed my soul, I am trust-ing in Him;
3. God's word hath said, and it bringeth good cheer, I am trust-ing in Him;
4. Joy at the fountain that floweth so clear, I am trust-ing in Him;
Whether in day or in night's sol-emn gloom, I am trust-ing in Him.
If I press onward I shall reach the goal, I am trust-ing in Him.
We shall be like Him when He shall ap-pear, I am trust-ing in Him.
May I be read-y His summons to hear, I am trust-ing in Him.
REFRAIN.
I am trusting in Him,..... I am trusting in Him;.....
yes, trusting in Him, yes, trusting in Him;
When o'er life's sea He will beckon to me, I'll be trust-ing in Him.

No. 76 We Will Come.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

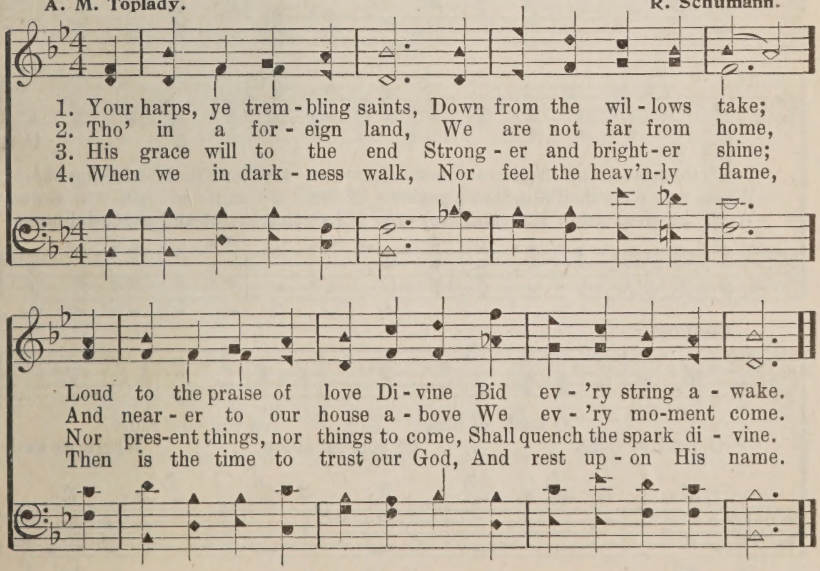
1. "Will you come to Me?" says Je - sus, When the way is hard and long,
2. "Will you come to Me in sor - row? Will you come to Me in grief?
3. "Will you come to Me?" says Je - sus, "Oh, My child, look up to Me,
"Will you let Me guide your foot-steps? Will you let Me make you strong?"
I am wait-ing to re - ceive you, I can give you sweet re - lief."
Your De-fend - er and your Shep-herd, Your Re - deem-er I would be."
And we an-swer, an-swer quick - ly, Full - y yield - ing heart and soul;
Yes, we turn to Him for com - fort, And His lov - ing care we feel;
Lord, we has - ten at Thy call - ing, Ev - 'ry world - ly bond we waive,
We will come to Him for ev - 'ry need, For He can make us whole.
We will come to Him for ev - 'ry need, For He a - lone can heal.
We will come to Thee for ev - 'ry need, For on - ly Thou canst save.
CHORUS.
We will come, we will come, With our bur-den and our care;
We will come, we will come, our care;

We Will Come.

We will come, we will come, Ev-'ry tri - al He will share.
We will come, we will come, will share.
We will come, we will come, He in-vites us one and all;
We will come, we will come, and all;
We will come, we will come, In an-swer to His call.
We will come, we will come, His call.

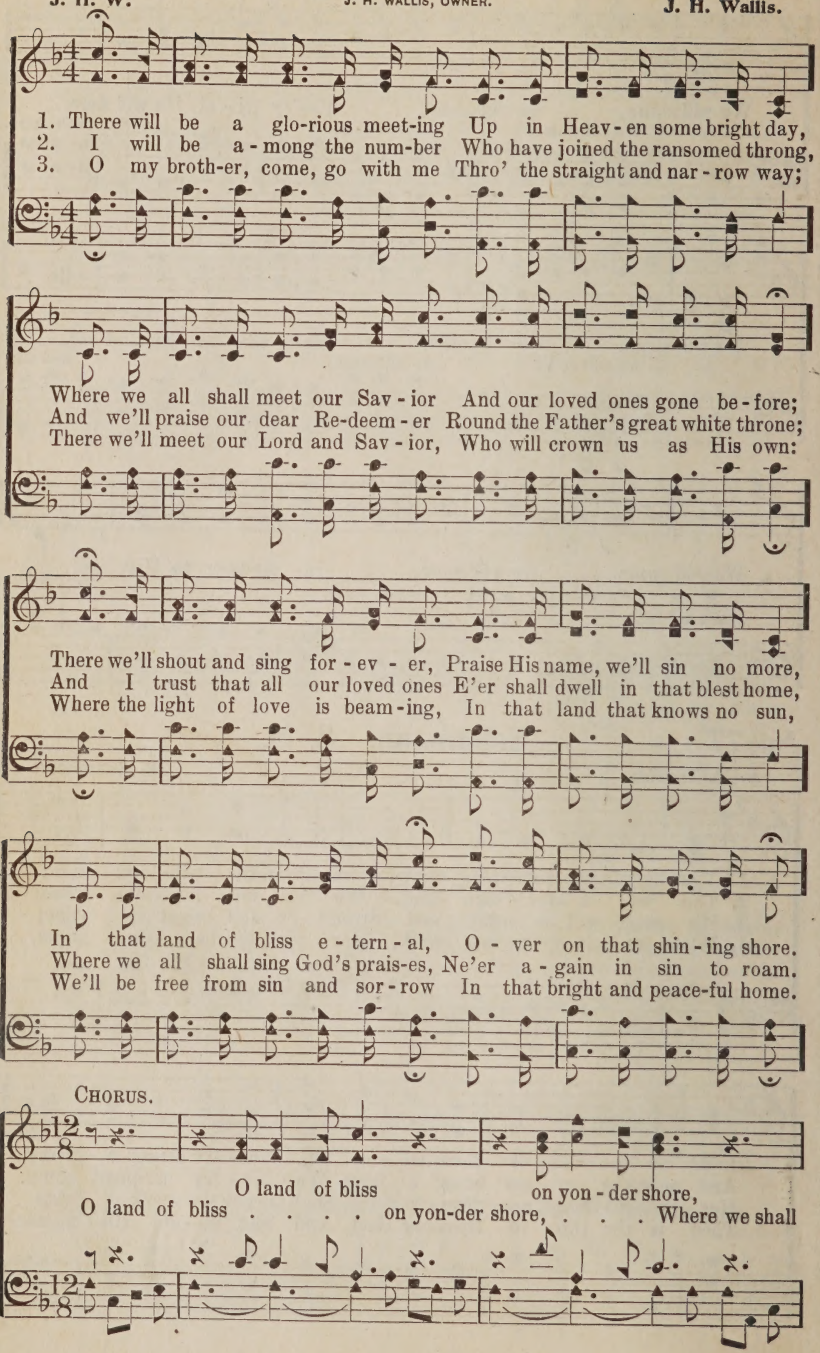
No. 77 Schumann. S. M.

A. M. Toplady. R. Schumann.

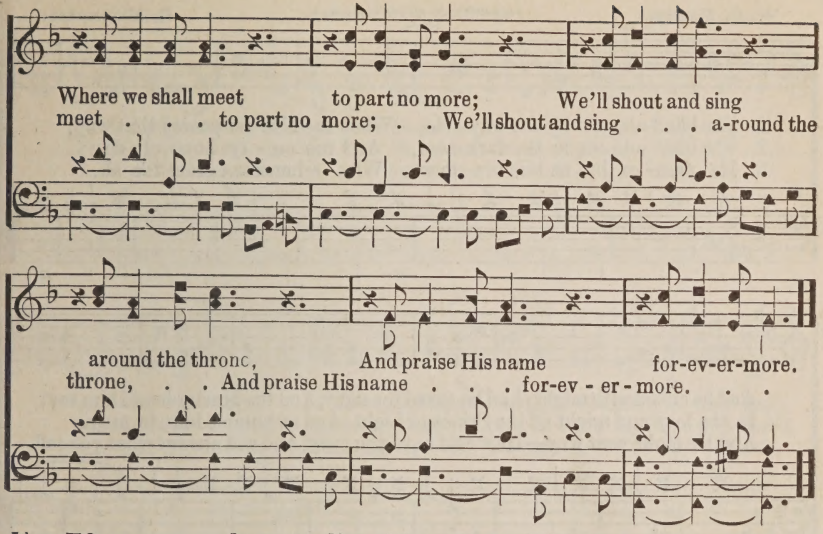

1. Your harps, ye trem - bling saints, Down from the wil - lows take;
2. Tho' in a for - eign land, We are not far from home,
3. His grace will to the end Strong - er and bright - er shine;
4. When we in dark - ness walk, Nor feel the heav'n-ly flame,
Loud to the praise of love Di - vine Bid ev - 'ry string a - wake.
And near - er to our house a - bove We ev - 'ry mo-ment come.
Nor pres-ent things, nor things to come, Shall quench the spark di - vine.
Then is the time to trust our God, And rest up - on His name.

No. 78. O Land of Bliss.

J. H. W. J. H. WALLIS, OWNER. J. H. Wallis.

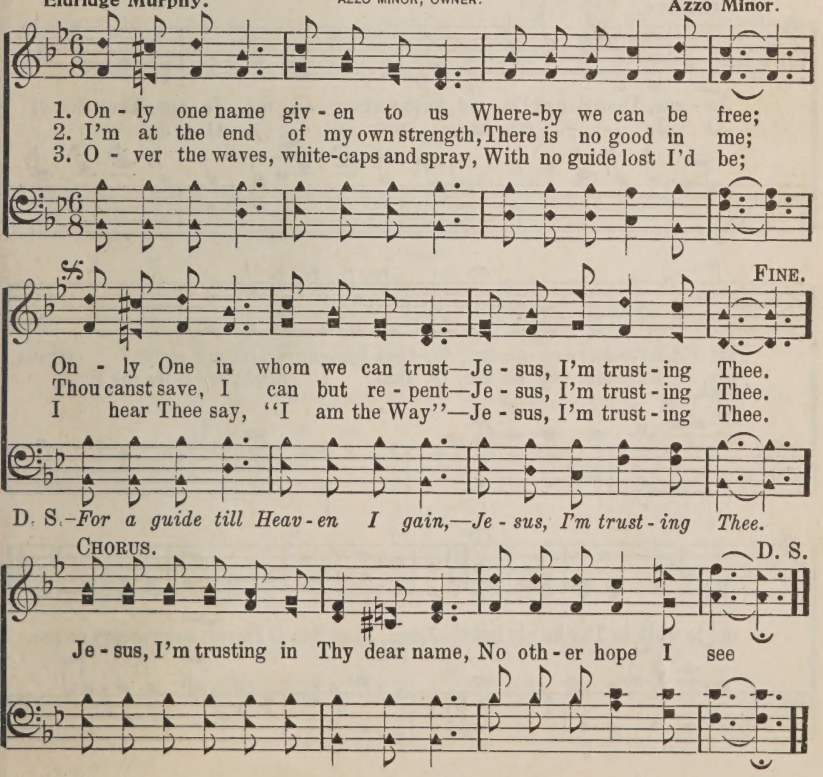

1. There will be a glo-rious meet-ing Up in Heav-en some bright day,
2. I will be a-mong the num-ber Who have joined the ransomed throng,
3. O my broth-er, come, go with me Thro' the straight and nar-row way;
Where we all shall meet our Sav-ior And our loved ones gone be-fore;
And we'll praise our dear Re-deem-er Round the Father's great white throne;
There we'll meet our Lord and Sav-ior, Who will crown us as His own:
There we'll shout and sing for-ev-er, Praise His name, we'll sin no more,
And I trust that all our loved ones E'er shall dwell in that blest home,
Where the light of love is beam-ing, In that land that knows no sun,
In that land of bliss e-tern-al, O-ver on that shin-ing shore.
Where we all shall sing God's prais-es, Ne'er a-gain in sin to roam.
We'll be free from sin and sor-row In that bright and peace-ful home.
CHORUS.
O land of bliss on yon-der shore,
O land of bliss . . . . on yon-der shore, . . . Where we shall

O Land of Bliss.


Where we shall meet to part no more; We'll shout and sing
meet . . . to part no more; . . We'll shout and sing . . . a-round the
around the throne, And praise His name for-ev-er-more.
throne, . . . And praise His name . . . for-ev - er - more. . .

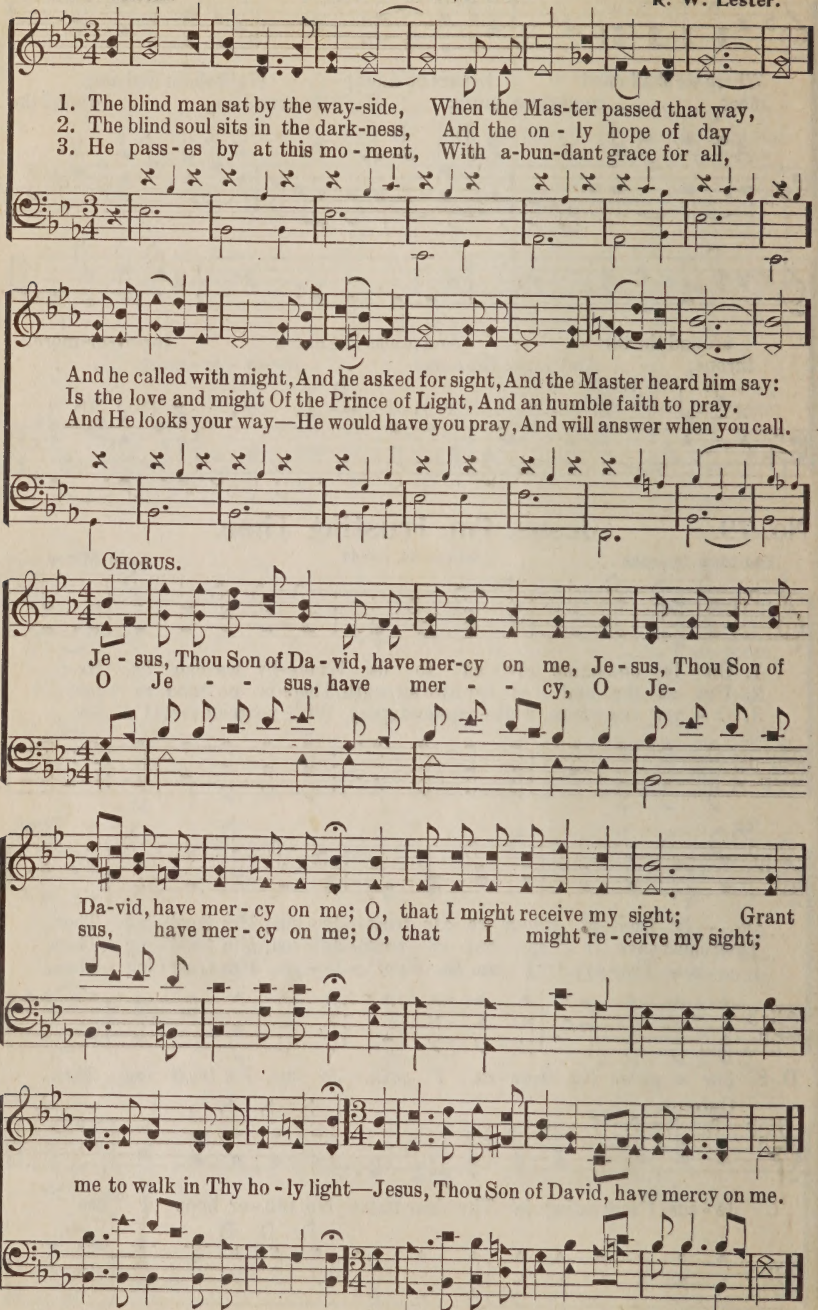
No. 79. Jesus, I'm Trusting Thee.

Eldridge Murphy. AZZO MINOR, OWNER. Azzo Minor.


1. On - ly one name giv - en to us Where-by we can be free;
2. I'm at the end of my own strength, There is no good in me;
3. O - ver the waves, white-caps and spray, With no guide lost I'd be;
FINE.
On - ly One in whom we can trust—Je - sus, I'm trust - ing Thee.
Thou canst save, I can but re - pent—Je - sus, I'm trust - ing Thee.
I hear Thee say, "I am the Way"—Je - sus, I'm trust - ing Thee.
D. S.—For a guide till Heav - en I gain,—Je - sus, I'm trust - ing Thee.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Je - sus, I'm trusting in Thy dear name, No oth - er hope I see

No. 80. Have Mercy On Me.

W. C. Martin. PROPERTY OF AUTHOR, R. W. L. R. W. Lester.


1. The blind man sat by the way-side, When the Mas-ter passed that way,
2. The blind soul sits in the dark-ness, And the on - ly hope of day
3. He pass - es by at this mo - ment, With a-bun-dant grace for all,
And he called with might, And he asked for sight, And the Master heard him say:
Is the love and might Of the Prince of Light, And an humble faith to pray.
And He looks your way—He would have you pray, And will answer when you call.
CHORUS.
Je - sus, Thou Son of Da - vid, have mer-cy on me, Je - sus, Thou Son of
O Je - - sus, have mer - - cy, O Je-
Da-vid, have mer - cy on me; O, that I might receive my sight; Grant
sus, have mer - cy on me; O, that I might re - ceive my sight;
me to walk in Thy ho - ly light—Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me.

No. 81. The Savior is Calling.

Amos Lester. CONTROLLED BY R. W. LESTER. R. W. Lester.

1. Soft - ly and gen - tly the Sav - ior is call - ing, Call - ing so
2. Sad - ly and lone - ly the Sav - ior is seek - ing, On the dark
3. High up in Glo - ry a man - sion is wait - ing, Wait - ing for
gen - tly to - day; Call - ing for those who have wandered in dark-ness,
mountain so wild; Seek - ing each one that a - far off have wan-dered,
me and for you; Wait - ing for all who ac - cept His sal - va - tion,
REFRAIN.
Far from the straight, nar-row way....
Claim-ing each one as His child... Call - ing so ten - der - ly,
Turn to His love and be true....
call - ing to - day, Come, and no lon - ger de - lay;... Je - sus the
Sav - ior is call - ing you gen - tly, Je - sus is call-ing to - day.

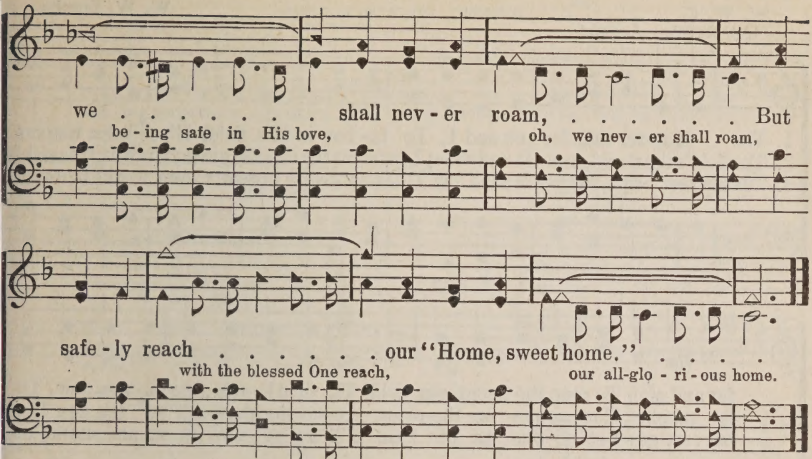
No. 82 Going Home.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

Lively.

1. What cour-age fills our hearts to-day, As we as-cend
2. His love en-folds us all the while And cheer im-parts,
3. He knows the way, for Je-sus trod This way be-fore;
4. The cit-y gates will soon un-fold, And end the night,
(1.) As we as-cend,
The hills that mark the home-ward way, With Christ our Friend!
And so no e-vil can be-guile Our trust -ing hearts.
So He will lead us to our God And His own shore.
And then our Friend we shall be-hold By Heav-en's light!
With Christ our Friend!
CHORUS.
We're go-ing home . . . . . with Christ our
yes, we're all go-ing home,
Friend, ... On whose great love . . . . . .
with our heav-en-ly Friend, whose all-glo-ri-ous
. . . our souls de-pend; . . . . . We know that
love ev-er tru-ly de-pend;

Going Home.


we . . . . . shall nev - er roam, ... But
be - ing safe in His love, oh, we nev - er shall roam,
safe - ly reach . . . . . our "Home, sweet home," . . . .
with the blessed One reach, our all-glo - ri - ous home.

No. 83 The Half Has Never Been Told.

F. R. Havergal. FROM "SONGS OF PRAISE, LOVE AND JOY." USED BY PERMISSION. R. E. Hudson.

1. I know I love Thee bet - ter, Lord, Than an - y earth - ly joy,
2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than an - y earth - ly throng,
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!
4. O Sav - ior, pre-cious Sav - ior mine! What will Thy pres-ence be
For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth-ing can de - stroy.
And sweet - er is the tho't of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.
With-out the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?
REFRAIN.
The half has nev-er yet been told, Of love so full and free;
The half has nev-er yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me.
yet been told, full and free;
yet been told, cleanseth me.

No. 84.

The Master's Call.

W. W. C.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY W. W. COMBS.

W. W. Combs.

QUARTET. *Legato.*

1. The Mas-ter calls for you and I, To la-bor in His field; He calls for reapers
2. The field's the world, so great and wide; Lost souls the ripened grain; His word the sickle,
3. The harvest's ripe, the heads bend low To ev'ry gentle breeze; Come, workers, now to
far and nigh To reap the bounteous yield! The field is wide, the lab'rers few, To
is supplied To reap-ers on the plain; All sin the show-ers of the day That
harvest go; Let no one be at ease Till ev-'ry soul in sin and shame Be
reap His harvest great; With pleading voice He's calling you; Heed! ere it be too late!
darkens grain once bright; Death is the storm chilling flood That cometh with the night.
brought un-to our Lord: Thrust in the sic-kle in His name, So great is our reward.
CHORUS.
Come, work - ers true, Come to My field so
O hear the Mas-ter's call, His call for work-ers true: Come to My har-vest-field, My
Come to My har-vest-field so
wide, There's work for you; My
har-vest-field so wide, There's work for reap-er's true, there's work for all to do; My
wide,

The Master's Call.

reap - ers are sup-plied With sick - les keen to
will - ing reap-ers are sup - plied With sickles sharp and keen to reap the golden grain from
reap the rip-ened grain, Thy serv - - ice
fields so great and wide, O har - vest in the grain; Thy serv-ice on the plain while
reap the fields of rip - ened grain,
ren - - dered Shall not be in vain.
gath-'ring in the grain, Thy serv - ice ren-dered shall not be in vain.
for Him shall not be in vain.

No. 85. Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould. MUSIC, PROPERTY OF W. W. COMBS. W. W. Combs.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh, . .
2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose; . .
3. Thro' the long night watch - es May Thine an - gels spread . .
4. When the morn-ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise, . .
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy tend'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing 'round my bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less, In Thy ho - ly eyes.

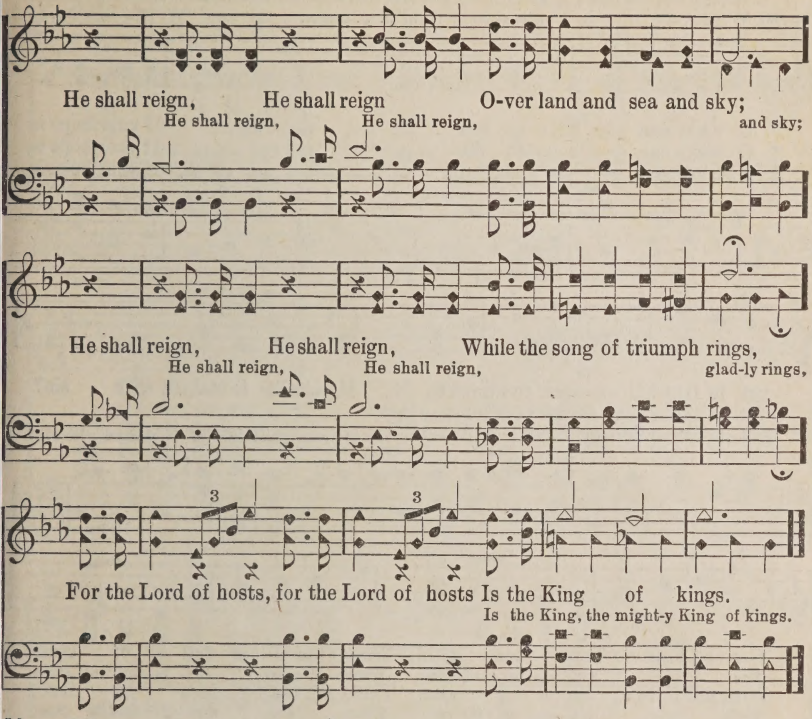
No. 86

"King of Kings."

Edith Sanford Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Christ the Lord shall reign o'er all the earth, A King di - vine and great;
2. Ev - 'ry heart shall be His roy - al throne, Made free from taint of sin;
3. Glo - ry and do - min - ion, pow'r and love Be His a - lone to - day;
He shall rule His na-tions, one and all, In roy - al pomp and state.
Ev - 'ry soul shall be a tem-ple white, And He shall dwell there-in.
On - ly His the will that rules the world, And on - ly His the sway;
In His re - gal robes shall He be clothed, And crowned with gems of light;
Ev - 'ry life shall be a gift of love, That will - ing sub-jects bring;
His a - lone, the Name that all shall speak In fer-vent praise and prayer;
He shall reign, a-dored and glo - ri - fied, In maj - es - ty and might.
He shall reign, both now and ev - er-more, Re-deem - er, Lord and King.
He shall reign, the might-y Prince of Peace, Tri-um - phant ev - 'ry-where.
CHORUS.
He shall reign, He shall reign, Enthroned in realms on high;
He shall reign, He shall reign, on high;

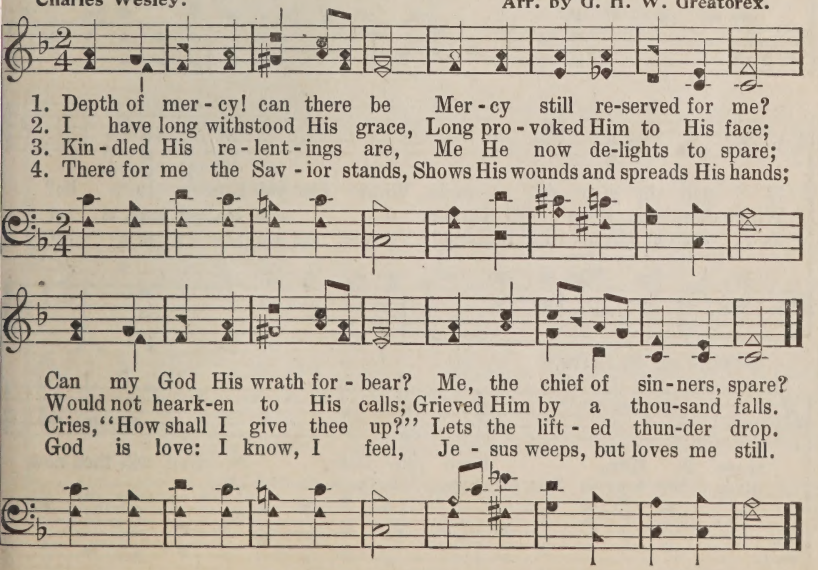
"King of Kings."


He shall reign, He shall reign O-ver land and sea and sky;
He shall reign, He shall reign, and sky;
He shall reign, He shall reign, While the song of triumph rings,
He shall reign, He shall reign, glad-ly rings,
3
3
For the Lord of hosts, for the Lord of hosts Is the King of kings.
Is the King, the might-y King of kings.

No. 87 Seymour. 7.

Charles Wesley.

C. M. von Weber.
Arr. by G. H. W. Greatorex.


1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re-served for me?
2. I have long withstood His grace, Long pro - voked Him to His face;
3. Kin - dled His re - lent - ings are, Me He now de-lights to spare;
4. There for me the Sav - ior stands, Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;
Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?
Would not heark-en to His calls; Grieved Him by a thou-sand falls.
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?" Lets the lift - ed thun-der drop.
God is love: I know, I feel, Je - sus weeps, but loves me still.

No. 88. Hope in Him.

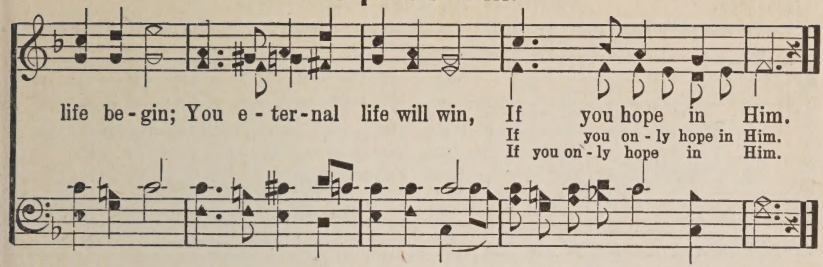
Which *Hope* we have as an anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast.—HEB. 6: 19.

W. W. C. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY W. W. COMBS. W. W. Combs.

1. O what can you hope to see In this life, If your hope is
2. O what can you hope to do In this life of sin, If your hope is
3. You are still in sin and doubt In this earth-ly life of sin, If your hope is
not in Him? O what can you hope to be, If your life is stained with sin?
not in Him? Can you see your journey thro'
not in Him; Sure-ly Christ is crowded out,
If your youth-ful life is stained with sin?
You can have no hope for gain, While your life is full of stain;
You can have no hope of gain, While your life is full of stain;
With this fall-en, sin - ful race There are man-y foes to face,
With this fall - en; sin - ful race There are man - y foes to face,
You can't see one day a - head, There's a constant care and dread,
You can't see one day a - head, There's a con-stant care and dread,
If you in your sin re - main, What can you hope to be?
Where there's sin, there's need of grace; O what can you hope to be?
You are numbered with the dead; O what can you hope to be?

CHORUS OR REFRAIN.

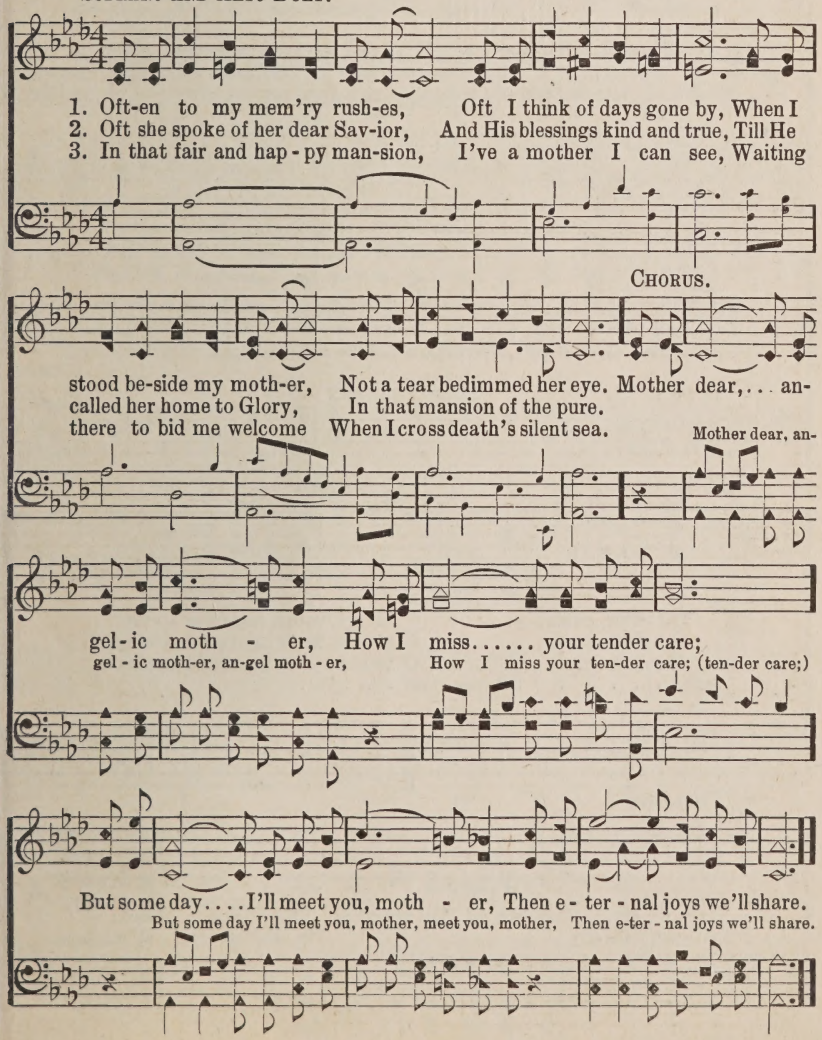
Hope in Him.



No. 89. Mother and Home.

E. T. Hood. PROPERTY OF W. C. TINSLEY. W. C. Tinsley.

SOPRANO AND ALTO DUET.


1. Oft-en to my mem'ry rush-es, Oft I think of days gone by, When I
2. Oft she spoke of her dear Sav-ior, And His blessings kind and true, Till He
3. In that fair and hap-py man-sion, I've a mother I can see, Waiting
CHORUS.
stood be-side my moth-er, Not a tear bedimmed her eye. Mother dear,... an-
called her home to Glory, In that mansion of the pure.
there to bid me welcome When I cross death's silent sea.
Mother dear, an-
gel-ic moth-er, How I miss..... your tender care;
gel-ic moth-er, an-gel moth-er, How I miss your ten-der care; (ten-der care;)
But some day....I'll meet you, moth-er, Then e-ter-nal joys we'll share.
But some day I'll meet you, mother, meet you, mother, Then e-ter-nal joys we'll share.

No. 90. Toilers in the Vineyard.

Edith Sanford Tillotson. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

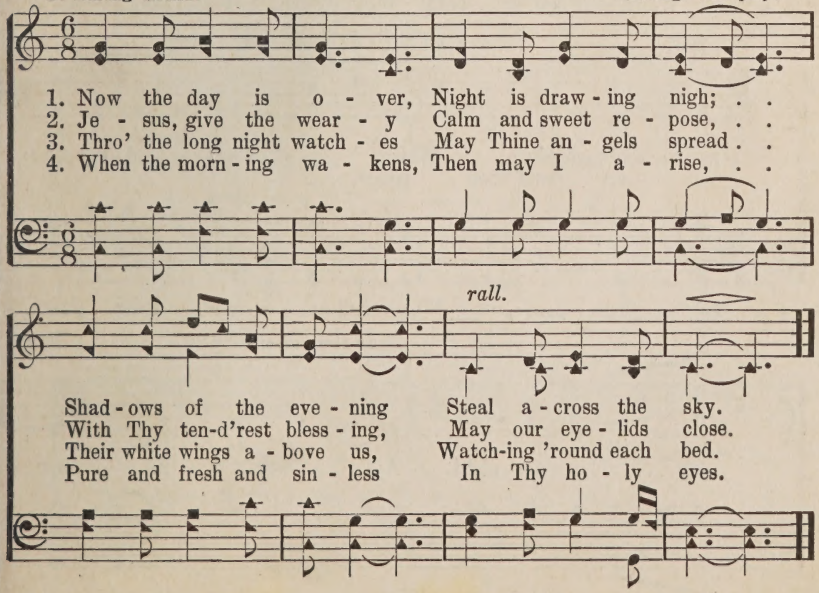
1. Toil-ers, come, the fields a - wait, The vines are ripe with har-vest great, Each
2. Toil-ers, haste, for time flies fast, The gold - en day will soon be past, The
3. Toil-ers, pray to Him a - bove, For strength to do His work of love, For
la-dened branch and fruit-ful bough a rich re-ward con - vey; With-in the
pre-cious work must all be done be - fore the last faint ray: The Mas - ter
steadfast hearts and will-ing hands and feet that nev - er stray; For pa-tience
Master's vineyard stand, With loy-al heart and ea - ger hand, So come,
now hath need of you, For loy - al workers are too few; So haste,
when the hours seem long, For faith and hope and courage strong; So pray,
(1.) O toil-ers,
O toilers, come,
O toilers, haste,
O toilers, pray,
O toilers, come, and work to-day.
O toilers, haste, and work to-day.
O toilers, pray and work to-day.
come, ... O toil - ers, come, ...
CHORUS.
Toil - ers, toil-ers in the vineyard of our Lord,
Toil - ers, toil - ers, in the vine-yard of our Lord,

Toilers in the Vineyard.

Toil - ers in His fer-tile fields and hill - sides broad;
Toil - ers, toil - ers, hill-sides, hill-sides grand and broad;
Work - ing, till the precious fruit is safe - ly stored,
Work-ing, work-ing, safe - ly stored, is safe - ly stored,
We are toil-ers in the vineyard of our Lord.
We are toil - ers, of our Lord, our Lord.

No. 91. Good-night.

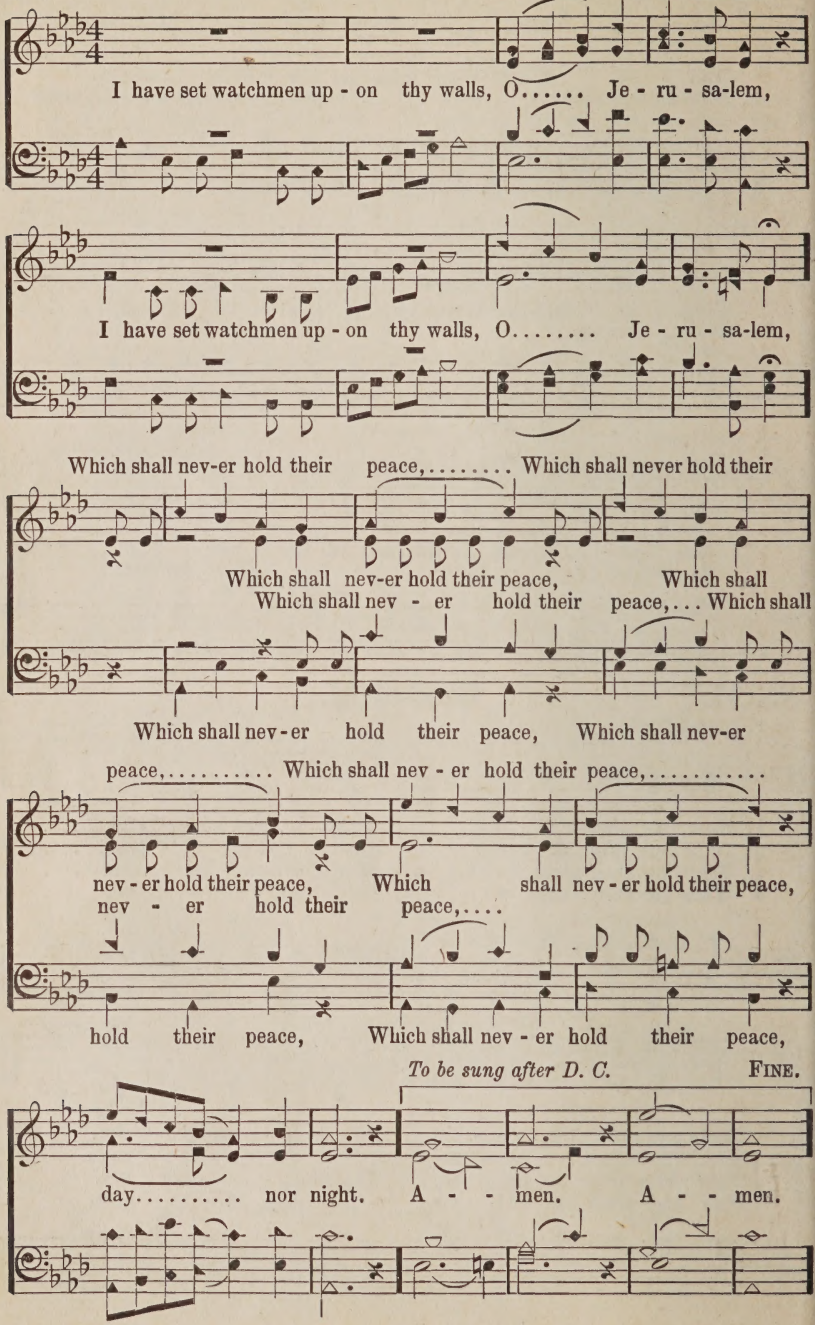
S. Baring Gould. Eldridge Murphy.


1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh; . .
2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose, . .
3. Thro' the long night watch - es May Thine an - gels spread . .
4. When the morn - ing wa - kens, Then may I a - rise, . .
rall.
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing, May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove us, Watch-ing 'round each bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

No. 92. I Have Set Watchmen Upon Thy Walls.

PROPERTY OF J. M. BOWMAN, 1915.

J. M. Bowman.


I have set watchmen up - on thy walls, O..... Je - ru - sa-lem,
I have set watchmen up - on thy walls, O..... Je - ru - sa-lem,
Which shall nev-er hold their peace,..... Which shall never hold their
Which shall nev-er hold their peace, Which shall
Which shall nev - er hold their peace,... Which shall
Which shall nev-er hold their peace, Which shall nev-er
peace,..... Which shall nev - er hold their peace,.....
nev - er hold their peace, Which shall nev - er hold their peace,
nev - er hold their peace,....
hold their peace, Which shall nev - er hold their peace,
To be sung after D. C.
FINE.
day..... nor night. A - - men. A - - men.

I Have Set Watchmen Upon Thy Walls.

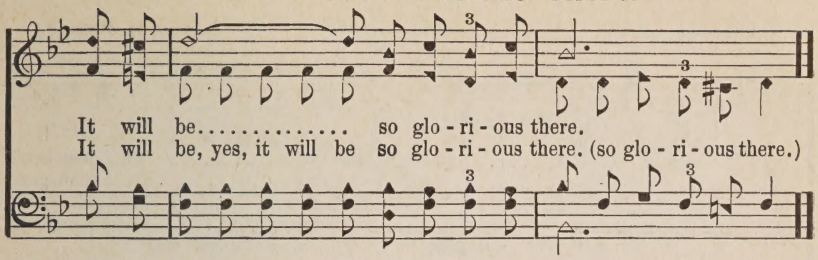
Slower.
Go thro' the gates, pre-pare ye the way, pre-pare ye the way of the
peo - ple; Go thro' the gates, pre-pare ye the way, pre-pare ye the
Lift up a stand-ard a-mong the peo-ple,
way of the peo - ple. Lift up a stand - ard,
Lift up a stand-ard a-
Lift up a stand - ard,
Lift up a stand-ard a-mong the peo-ple, Lift up a stand-ard a-
Lift up a stand - - ard, Lift up a
mong the peo-ple, Lift up a stand-ard a-mong the peo - ple,
Lift up a stand - - ard, Lift up a
mong the peo-ple, Lift up a stand-ard a-mong the peo-ple.
D. C.
stand - - ard a - mong the . . . peo - - ple.
Lift up a stand-ard a-mong the peo - ple, a-mong the peo-ple.
stand - - ard a - mong the peo - - ple.

No. 93. It Will Be So Glorious There.

E. M. ELDRIDGE MURPHY, OWNER. Eldridge Murphy.

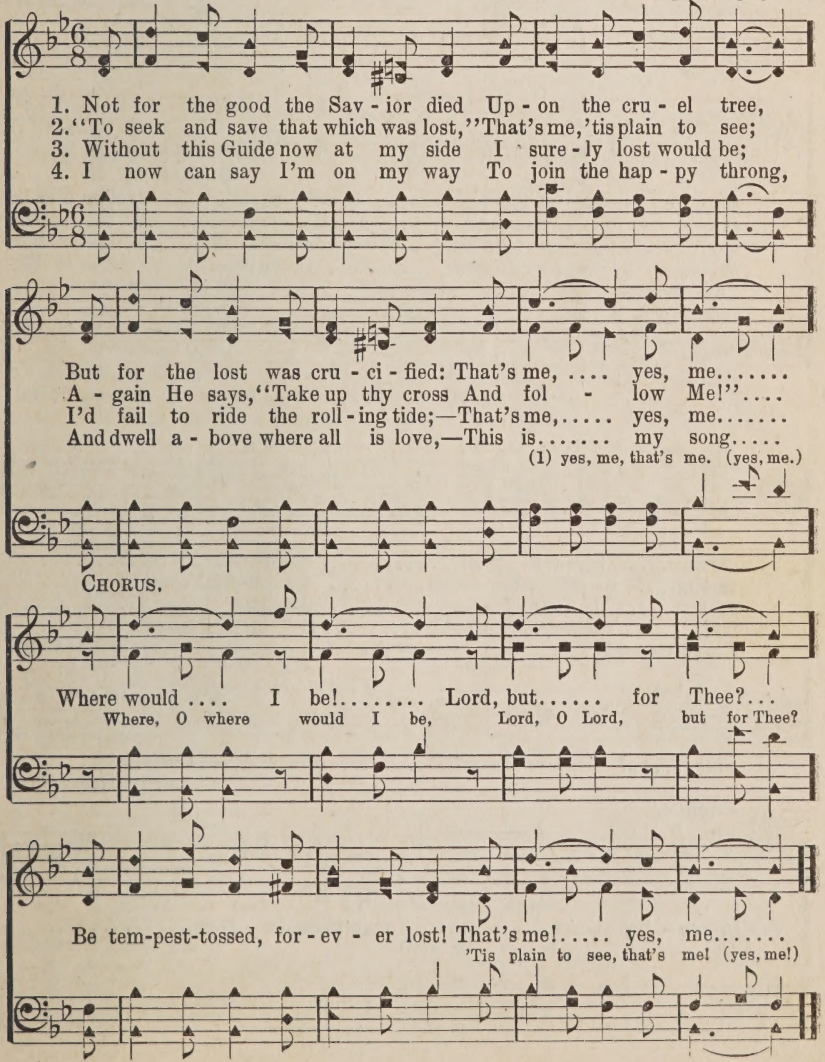
1. When we near that far-off har-bor, Reach the shore where dwells the fair,
2. O what glo-ry waits our com-ing, O the joys that we shall share;
3. Aft-er all the hours of wait-ing, Aft-er all the toil and care,
Free from ev-'ry care and sor-row, It will be so glo-ri-ous there.
In that home Christ is pre-par-ing It will be so glo-ri-ous there.
Past the long night, daylight dawn-ing, It will be so glo-ri-ous there.
CHORUS.
It will be..... so glo-ri-ous there,
It will be, O it will be so glo-ri-ous there, so glo-ri-ous there,
It will be..... so glo-ri-ous there;
It will be, yes, it will be so glo-ri-ous there, so glo-ri-ous there;
In that home..... that is im-mor-tal, ...
In that bright and hap-py home that is im-mor-tal, is im-mor-tal,

It Will Be So Glorious There.



No. 94. That's Me.

E. M. ELDRIDGE MURPHY, OWNER. Eldridge Murphy.

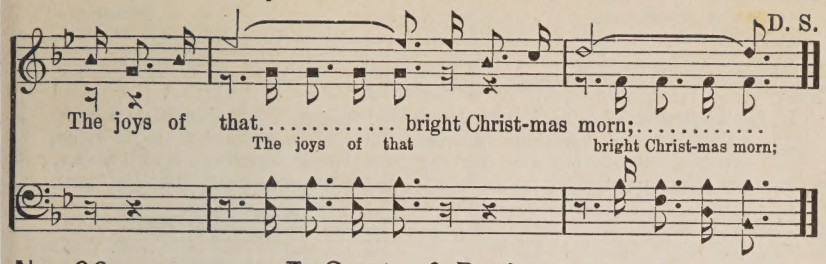

1. Not for the good the Sav - ior died Up - on the cru - el tree,
2. "To seek and save that which was lost," That's me, 'tis plain to see;
3. Without this Guide now at my side I sure - ly lost would be;
4. I now can say I'm on my way To join the hap - py throng,
But for the lost was cru - ci - fied: That's me, ... yes, me.....
A - gain He says, "Take up thy cross And fol - low Me!"....
I'd fail to ride the roll - ing tide;—That's me,..... yes, me.....
And dwell a - bove where all is love,—This is..... my song.....
(1) yes, me, that's me. (yes, me.)
CHORUS.
Where would .... I be!..... Lord, but..... for Thee?...
Where, O where would I be, Lord, O Lord, but for Thee?
Be tem-pest-tossed, for - ev - er lost! That's me!..... yes, me.....
'Tis plain to see, that's me! (yes, me!)

No. 95. Joys of Christmas Morn.

Ira M. Boswell. USED BY PERMISSION. Everett H. Holland.

1. It was a strange,..... sweet, solemn night,..... And shep-herds
2. A lit-tle Babe,..... our Sav-ior, lay..... In a man-ger
3. But shepherds heard ..... the an-gels sing,..... And has-tened
4. And wise men com - - - ing from a-far, ... Were guid-ed
1. It was a strange, sweet, sol-emn night,
trem - - bled at the sight..... Of an-gels cir - - cling o'er the
cra - - dle, Christmas day..... The bus-y world,..... the rush-ing
to..... their new-born King....They found Him, as..... the an-gels
to..... Him by a star;..... And, fall-ing pros - - trate at His
And shepherds trembled at the sight Of an-gels cir-cling
D. S.—*Then with the an - - - gels let us*
FINE.
earth,..... There tell-ing of..... our Sav-ior's birth.....
throng,.... Heard not the sound..... of an-gels' song.....
said,..... In Beth-le-hem—..... the house of bread.....
feet,..... They gave Him gold..... and in-cense sweet.....
o'er the earth, There tell-ing of our Sav-ior's birth.
sing,..... And like the wise.....men treasures bring.....
our treasures bring.
CHORUS.
In ev-'ry heart. ..... may there be born,.....
In ev-'ry heart may there be born,

Joys of Christmas Morn.

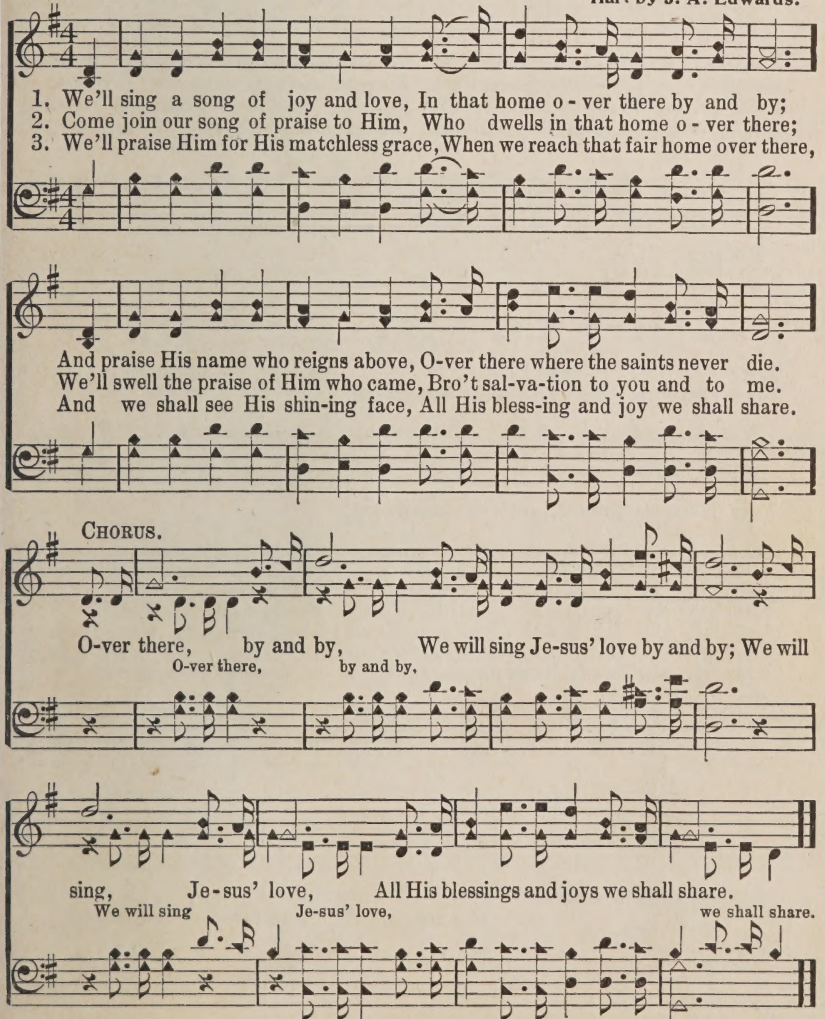


No. 96. A Song of Praise.

J. A. Edwards.

J. A. AND W. B. EWDWARDS, OWNERS, 1915.

W. B. Edwards.
Har. by J. A. Edwards.

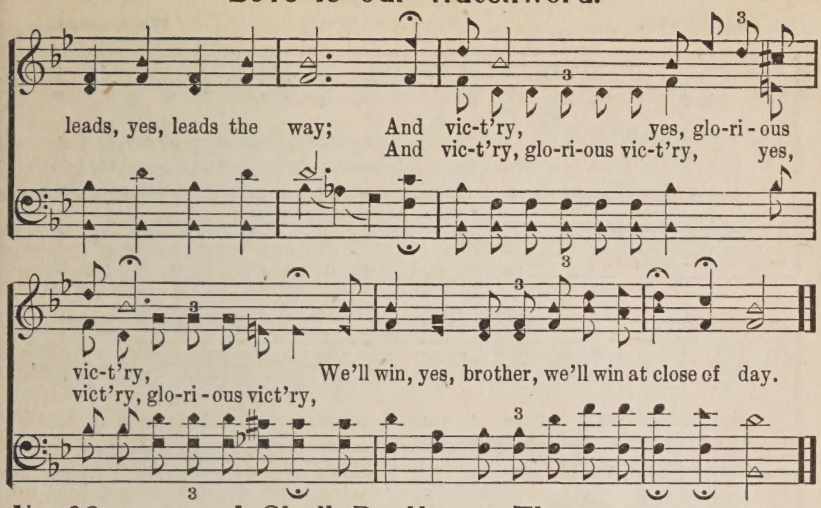

1. We'll sing a song of joy and love, In that home o - ver there by and by;
2. Come join our song of praise to Him, Who dwells in that home o - ver there;
3. We'll praise Him for His matchless grace, When we reach that fair home over there,
And praise His name who reigns above, O-ver there where the saints never die.
We'll swell the praise of Him who came, Bro't sal-va-tion to you and to me.
And we shall see His shin-ing face, All His bless-ing and joy we shall share.
Chorus.
O-ver there, by and by, We will sing Je-sus' love by and by; We will
O-ver there, by and by,
sing, Je-sus' love, All His blessings and joys we shall share.
We will sing Je-sus' love, we shall share.

No. 97. Love Is Our Watchword.

Stella May Thompson. L. E. EDMONDS, OWNER. L. E. Edmonds.

1. Love is our watchword, for-ward press, Trusting the King of right-eous-ness;
2. Love is our watchword, let it ring, Un - to the troubled peace to bring;
3. Love is our watchword day by day; As we are batt'ling in life's fray,
4. Love is our watchword, precious, true, Hap-py, our jour-ney we pur - sue;
Turn not a - side in doubt and fear, Strength for your weakness e'er is near.
Guard - i - an gen - tle, faith-ful Guide, Keep us each moment by Thy side.
Proud-ly our ban - ner we will wave, Tell - ing the lost that Christ will save.
Des - o - late pil-grim, ne'er de-spair, Tri-umph a-waits just o - ver there.
REFRAIN.
Love is our watch-word, precious, pre-cious love;
Love, love is our watchword, watchword,
Love is our watchword, love is our watchword,
'Twas giv - en, free - ly giv-en to
'Twas giv - en, free-ly 'twas giv-en, yes, giv - en, free-ly 'twas giv-en,
mor-tals from a - bove. Je - sus our Sav-ior,
Je - sus, Je - sus, Sav - ior, Sav - ior,
Je - sus our Sav - ior, Je - sus our Sav - ior,

Love Is Our Watchword.


leads, yes, leads the way; And vic-t'ry, yes, glo-ri-ous
And vic-t'ry, glo-ri-ous vic-t'ry, yes,
vic-t'ry, We'll win, yes, brother, we'll win at close of day.
vict'ry, glo-ri-ous vict'ry,

No. 98. I Shall Be Happy Then.

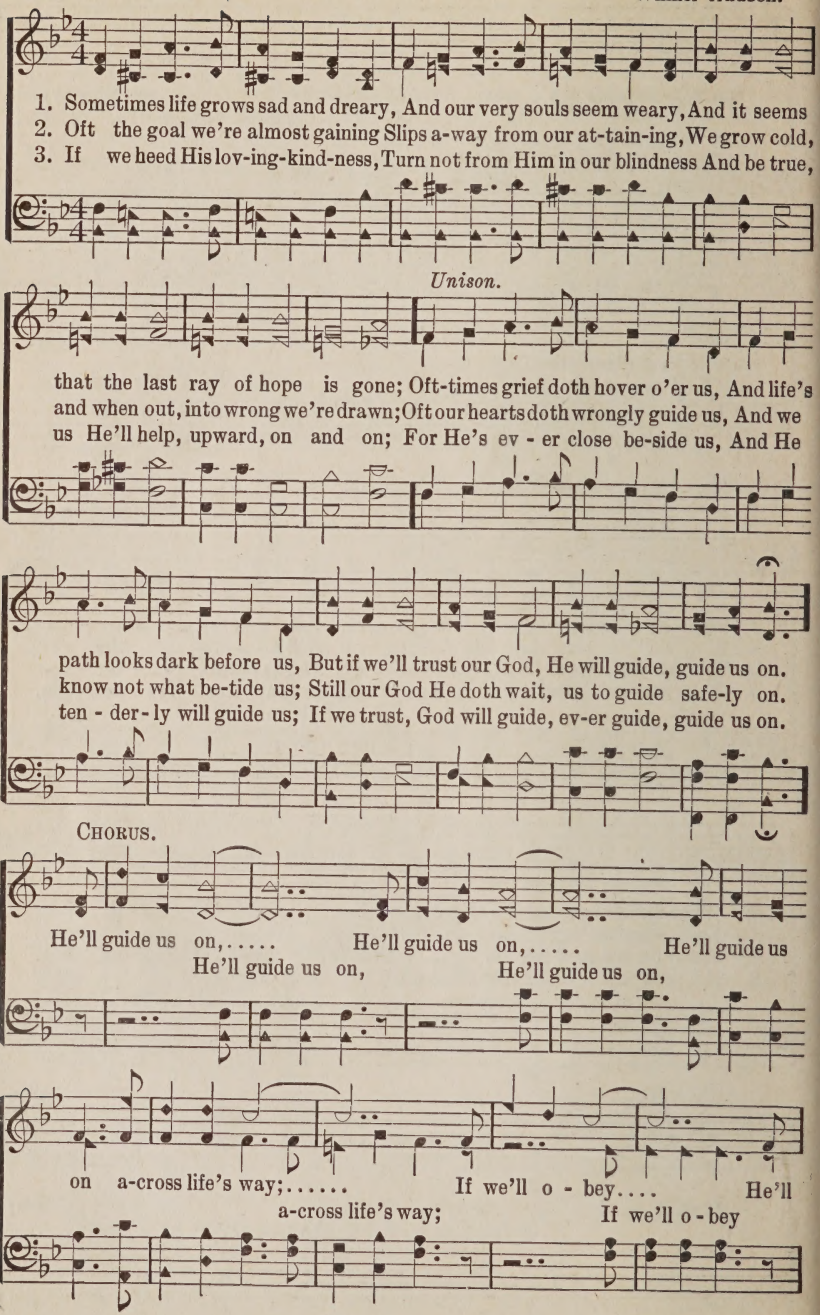
E. M. Eldridge Murphy.

1. When Je-sus shall come in His glo-ry, As if in clouds de-scend,
2. E-ter-nal love which now en-folds me Will keep me to the end;
3. To heav-en when I am bid wel-come, And asked to en-ter in,
4. When heaven's sweet music shall greet me, And last-ing joys be-gin,
FINE.
D. S.—When dawns the e-ter-nal bright morn-ing, I shall be hap-py then.
D. S.—Lord, when on Thy throne I be-hold Thee, I shall be hap-py then.
D. S.—When Je-sus shall say to me, "Well done," I shall be hap-py then.
D. S.—If you are a-mong them that meet me I shall be hap-py then.
CHORUS.
D. S.
I shall be hap-py then,.... Be hap-py then;
Be hap-py then, I shall be hap-py then;....

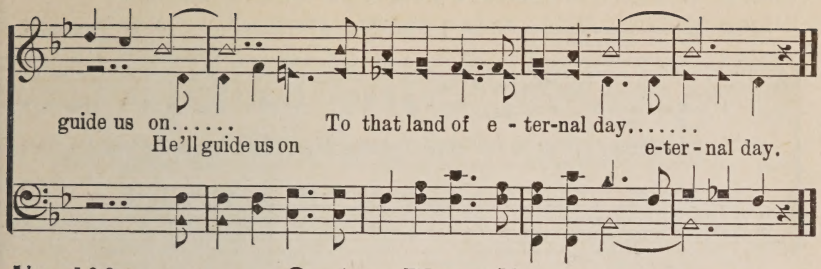
No. 99.

He'll Guide Us On.

Agnes Owen. WILMER HUDSON, OWNER. Wilmer Hudson.


1. Sometimes life grows sad and dreary, And our very souls seem weary, And it seems
2. Oft the goal we're almost gaining Slips a-way from our at-tain-ing, We grow cold,
3. If we heed His lov-ing-kind-ness, Turn not from Him in our blindness And be true,
Unison.
that the last ray of hope is gone; Oft-times grief doth hover o'er us, And life's
and when out, into wrong we're drawn; Oft our hearts doth wrongly guide us, And we
us He'll help, upward, on and on; For He's ev - er close be-side us, And He
path looks dark before us, But if we'll trust our God, He will guide, guide us on.
know not what be-tide us; Still our God He doth wait, us to guide safe-ly on.
ten - der - ly will guide us; If we trust, God will guide, ev-er guide, guide us on.
Chorus.
He'll guide us on,..... He'll guide us on,..... He'll guide us
He'll guide us on, He'll guide us on,
on a-cross life's way;..... If we'll o - bey.... He'll
a-cross life's way; If we'll o - bey

He'll Guide Us On.



No. 100. Savior, Bless Us.

Jennie Wilson.

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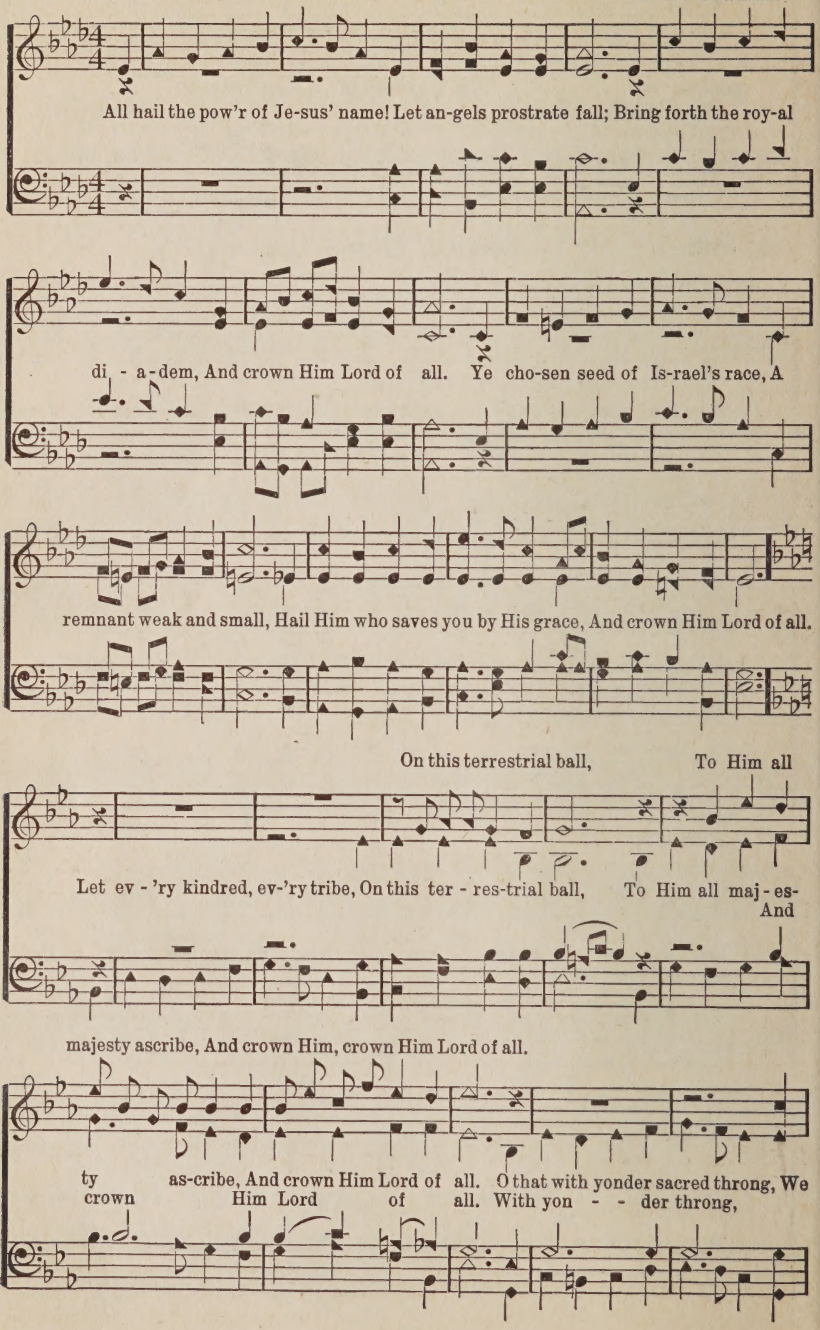
USED BY PERMISSION.

J. W. Askew.

1. Sav - ior, bless us as we gath - er Here to join in prais-ing Thee;
2. From our dai - ly cares and la - bors Glad - ly we have turned a - way,
3. When our life on earth is o - ver May we in Thy praise u - nite,
Let us feel Thy ho - ly pres - ence, Tho' Thy form we can - not see.
To commune in lov - ing wor - ship With Thee on this Sab-bath day.
Where redeemed ones dwell for - ev - er In the realms of joy and light.
REFRAIN.
Sav - ior, bless us, As Thy name we now a - dore;
Sav - ior, bless us, Sav - ior, bless us,
Un - to Thee be high - est hon - or And all glo - ry ev - er - more.

No. 101. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

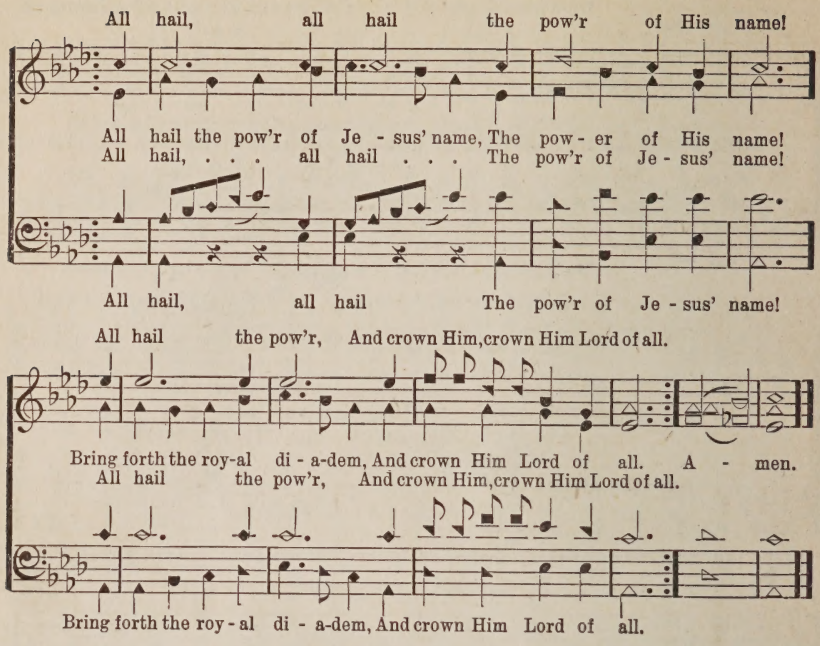
J. M. B. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY J. M. BOWMAN. J. M. Bowman.


All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al
di - a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, A
remnant weak and small, Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
On this terrestrial ball, To Him all
Let ev - 'ry kindred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball, To Him all maj - es-
And
majesty ascribe, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.
ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all. O that with yonder sacred throng, We
crown Him Lord of all. With yon - - der throng,

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name. (Continued.)

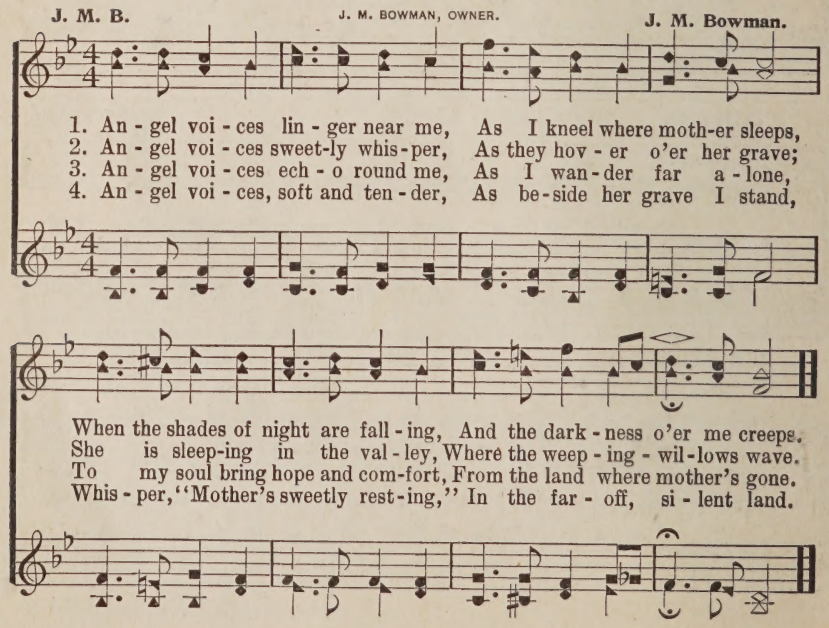
We'll join the everlasting song, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ever, everlasting song, And crown Him Lord of all.
at His feet may fall! We'll join the everlasting song, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev-er-last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.
All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.
All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Bring forth, bring forth, Hal-le - lu - jah, A - men,
the roy - al di - a - dem,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, Lord of all;
the roy - al di - a - dem, crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy-al, roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all;
And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.
Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all, And crown Him Lord of all.
And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.


All hail, all hail the pow'r of His name!
All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, The pow - er of His name!
All hail, . . . all hail . . . The pow'r of Je - sus' name!
All hail, all hail The pow'r of Je - sus' name!
All hail the pow'r, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.
Bring forth the roy-al di - a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all. A - men.
All hail the pow'r, And crown Him, crown Him Lord of all.
Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 102. Angel Voices.

(FEMALE VOICES.)


J. M. B.
J. M. BOWMAN, OWNER.
J. M. Bowman.
1. An - gel voi - ces lin - ger near me, As I kneel where moth-er sleeps,
2. An - gel voi - ces sweet-ly whis - per, As they hov - er o'er her grave;
3. An - gel voi - ces ech - o round me, As I wan - der far a - lone,
4. An - gel voi - ces, soft and ten - der, As be - side her grave I stand,
When the shades of night are fall - ing, And the dark - ness o'er me creeps.
She is sleep-ing in the val - ley, Where the weep - ing - wil - lows wave.
To my soul bring hope and com - fort, From the land where mother's gone.
Whis - per, "Mother's sweetly rest - ing," In the far - off, si - lent land.

No. 103. We'll Go With Him.

D. P. Brockus, Jr. G. L. Lindsey.

1. If we love the Lord our Sav - ior, We His pre-cepts will o - bey,
2. If we love our Mas-ter's foot-steps While thro' this vain world we go,
3. Let us then be up and do - ing, As our Mas-ter used to do,
And we'll not for-sake His path-way, But go with Him all the way.
We will fol - low close be - side Him, And will serve Him here be - low.
And we'll have a home in heav - en, For there's one for work-ers true.
CHORUS.
Let's go with ..... Him, al-ways with Him, ... Let His
Let's go with Him, let's go with Him, al - ways with Him, al-ways with Him, Let His
path ..... lead where it may; For we know..... at last it
path lead where it may, let His path lead where it may; For we know at last it end-eth, for we
end - eth..... In that land of per - fect day.
know at last it end - eth In that land, yes, in that land of per-fect day, of perfect day,
land of per - fect day.

No. 104. When I Shall Reach That Heavenly Home.

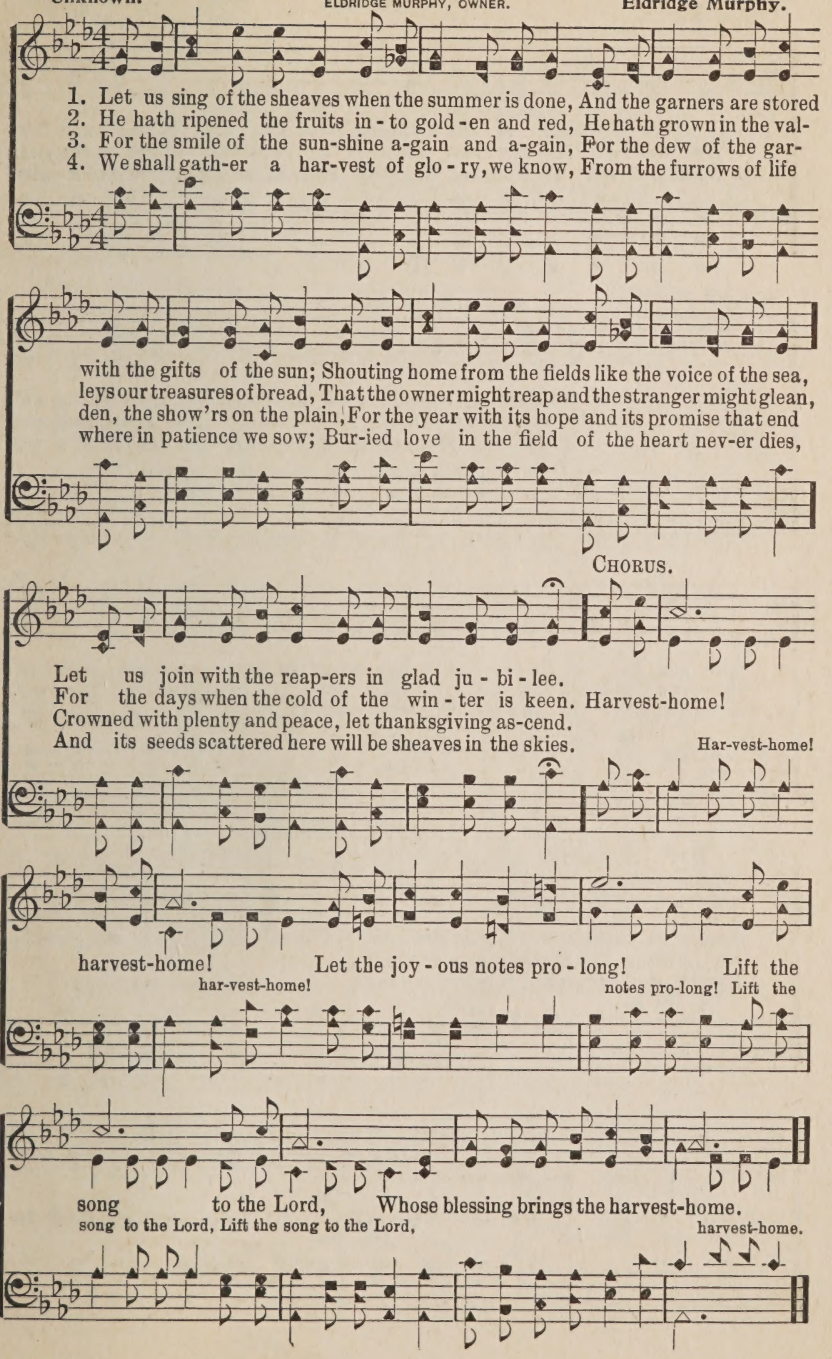
L. E. Edmonds. G. A. TAYLOR, OWNER. G. A. Taylor.

1. When I reach that heav'nly home, Will there be a crown for me? Will the
2. There the saints of ev - 'ry clime Shall their Lord and King a - dore; They like
3. Sin - ner, Je - sus bids you come And re - ceive e - ter - nal life, Bids you
Sav - ior say to me, "Well done"? Will my Fa-ther claim His child, Will He
stars in Heav'n a-bove shall shine, And a crown of pur - est gold Shall a-
come to Him without de - lay; He will free from sin and strife, If you
seat me near the throne, For the love of Christ who bled and died?
dorn their saint-ly brow, In that home of wondrous wealth un - told.
on - ly trust to - day; O, dear friends, ac - cept the bless - ed light.
CHORUS.
In that home, (sweet home,) that heavenly home, Jesus' love (blest love) we shall sing;
beau-ti-ful home, won-der-ful love,
There we'll dwell, (yes, dwell,) yes, ever shall dwell, Praising Christ, (the Christ,) King of kings.
ever shall dwell, praising the Christ,

No. 105.

Harvest-Home.

Unknown. ELDRIDGE MURPHY, OWNER. Eldridge Murphy.


1. Let us sing of the sheaves when the summer is done, And the garners are stored
2. He hath ripened the fruits in - to gold - en and red, He hath grown in the val-
3. For the smile of the sun-shine a-gain and a-gain, For the dew of the gar-
4. We shall gath-er a har-vest of glo - ry, we know, From the furrows of life
with the gifts of the sun; Shouting home from the fields like the voice of the sea,
leys our treasures of bread, That the owner might reap and the stranger might glean,
den, the show'rs on the plain, For the year with its hope and its promise that end
where in patience we sow; Bur-ied love in the field of the heart nev-er dies,
CHORUS.
Let us join with the reap-ers in glad ju - bi - lee.
For the days when the cold of the win - ter is keen. Harvest-home!
Crowned with plenty and peace, let thanksgiving as-cend.
And its seeds scattered here will be sheaves in the skies.
Har-vest-home!
harvest-home! Let the joy - ous notes pro - long! Lift the
har-vest-home!
notes pro-long! Lift the
song to the Lord, Whose blessing brings the harvest-home.
song to the Lord, Lift the song to the Lord,
harvest-home.

No. 106. When We Reach That Land of Song.

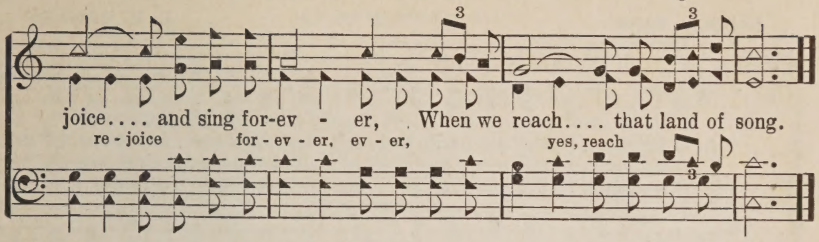
S. L. S.

S. L. SIMMS, OWNER.

Melody by S. L. Simms.
Harmony by L. E. E.

1. In the gleam-ing of the morn-ing when the day is bright and fair,
2. We will work to save lost sin-ners as we trav-el tow'rd the goal,
3. When the sun is shin-ing bright-ly and all clouds have passed a-way,
When the clouds have blown a-sun-der we'll be there; (be there;) Then we'll
We will sow the pre-cious seed while bil-lows roll; (be-low;) And when
We will la-bor for the Mas-ter thro' the day; (the day;) We will
rise and hail our Sav-ior, who has saved us from de-spair, And re-
all our la-bor's end-ed He will wel-come to that shore, Then we'll
bring lost souls to Je-sus, who will wash their sins a-way, Then go
CHORUS.
joice when we shall meet Him in the air. We will rise..... and greet our
rise and sing His prais-es ev-er-more.
home re-joic-ing, robed in bright ar-ray.
yes, rise,
Sav-ior, We will waft..... His praise a-long; We'll re-
Sav-ior, Sav-ior,
yes, waft

When We Reach That Land of Song.



No. 107. Seek the Way.

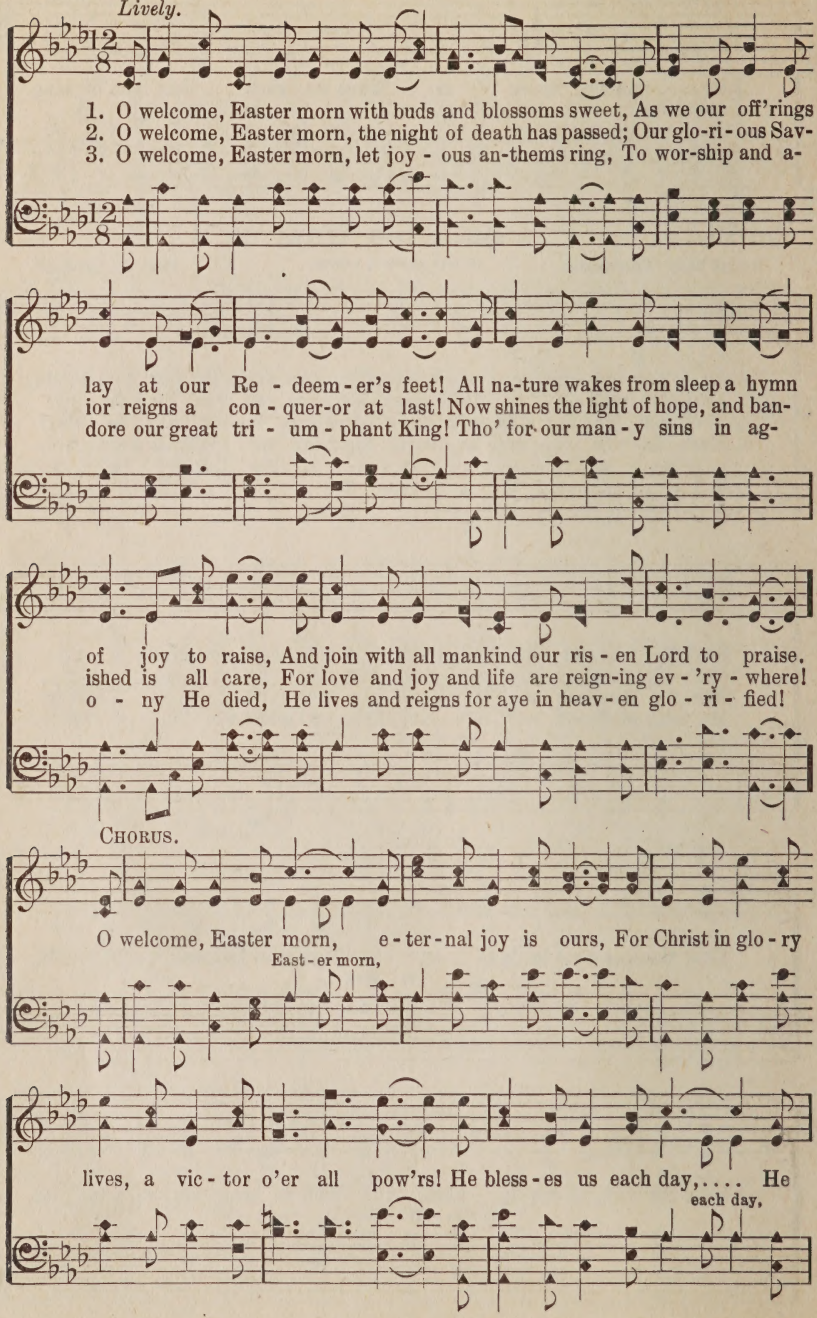
Stella May Thompson. HARVEY GRAHAM, OWNER. Harvey Graham.

1. In the hap - py days of youth, When the world is fair and bright;
2. Christ is read - y to for - give, For not one does He de - ny;
3. Wait not for the morrow's dawn When your Sav-ior calls to - day!
4. Seek the way, re - pent, be - lieve, Yield-ing all to Christ's con - trol;
Seek the way of life and truth And your souls to Christ u - nite.
He will teach you how to live, And your ev - 'ry need sup - ply.
Ere the shin - ing sun is gone You from earth may pass a - way.
He with glad-ness will re - ceive, Bless and make you full - y whole.
CHORUS.
Seek the way that leads to rest, Turn from darkness, doubt and sin,
to rest,
Seek the way, be tru - ly blest,..... And to heav - en en - ter in.
tru - ly blest,

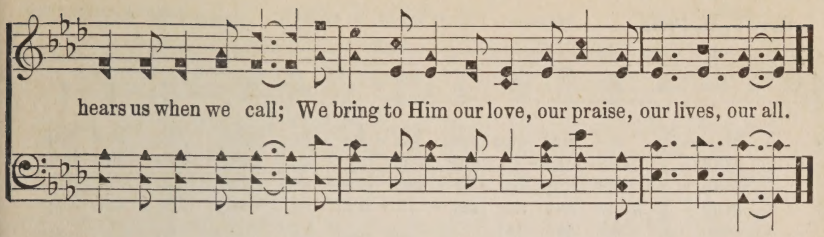
No. 108. O Welcome, Easter Morn.

Katharyn Bacon. L. E. EDMONDS, OWNER, 1915. L. E. Edmonds.

Lively.


1. O welcome, Easter morn with buds and blossoms sweet, As we our off'rings
2. O welcome, Easter morn, the night of death has passed; Our glo-ri-ous Sav-
3. O welcome, Easter morn, let joy - ous an-thems ring, To wor-ship and a-
lay at our Re - deem-er's feet! All na-ture wakes from sleep a hymn
ior reigns a con - quer-or at last! Now shines the light of hope, and ban-
dore our great tri - um - phant King! Tho' for our man - y sins in ag-
of joy to raise, And join with all mankind our ris - en Lord to praise.
ished is all care, For love and joy and life are reign-ing ev - 'ry - where!
o - ny He died, He lives and reigns for aye in heav-en glo - ri - fied!
CHORUS.
O welcome, Easter morn, e - ter - nal joy is ours, For Christ in glo - ry
East - er morn,
lives, a vic - tor o'er all pow'rs! He bless - es us each day, ... He
each day,

O Welcome, Easter Morn.



No. 109. O What Joy.

J. E. C. J. E. COCHRAN, OWNER. John E. Cochran.

1. When the toils of life are o'er, And we near that shin-ing shore,
2. When our loved ones we shall meet, As they walk the gold-en street,
3. When the vic - to - ry is won, When the Mas-ter says, "Well done,"
A re-ward for us a-waits As we near the pearl-y gate.
What a shout of joy sub-lime We will waft to Christ di-vine!
Then our joy shall know no bound, As in heav-en we are crowned.
CHORUS.
O the joy, the wondrous joy, As the song our tongues employ;
yes, joy,
O the sweet-est peace di-vine As from sin our souls re-sign!
di-vine,

No. 110. Helping Others.

Rev. C. R. Piety. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Man - y a - bout you are suf - fer - ing need, Go and help
2. Man - y are lone - ly and wear - y and sad, Go and help
3. Man - y are tempt - ed to turn from the right, Go and help
4. Man - y know not the sal - va - tion of God, Go and help
oth - ers to - day; Be like the Sav - ior, a true friend in - deed,
oth - ers to - day; Com-fort and cheer them and make their hearts glad,
oth - ers to - day; Teach them to lean on the Lord's arm of might,
oth - ers to - day; Show them the path-way Mes - si - ah once trod,
CHORUS.
Go and help oth - ers to - day. Oth - ers, yes,
Go and help oth - ers, yes,
oth - ers, Go and help oth - ers to - day, to - day,
go and help oth - ers,
'Tis the true way to serve Je - sus, Go and help oth-ers to - day.

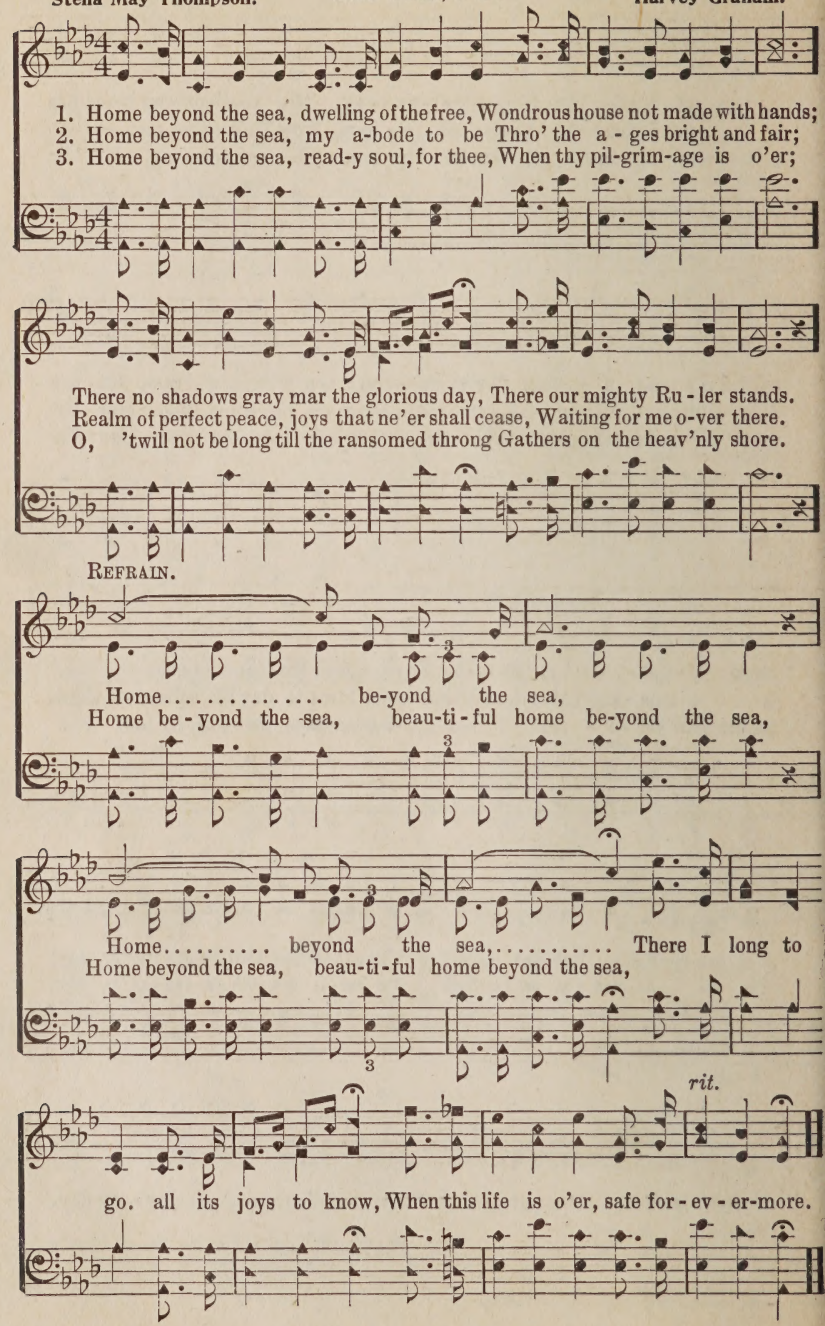
No. 111. I'm Satisfied With Jesus.

Samuel J. Spencer. LINDSEY AND SPENCER, OWNERS. G. L. Lindsey.

1. I'm sat - is - fied with Je - sus ev' - ry day, His re - deem-ing blood has
2. In sin I once did wan-der all a - lone, Now He's saved me and I
3. I'm look-ing un - to Je - sus ev - 'ry hour, I am trust-ing in His
washed my sins a - way; 'Twas up - on the crim - son cross, on the
claim Him as my own; O He makes the path-way bright, for He
won - der-work - ing pow'r; Un - der - neath His watch-ful eye are the
cross of Cal - va - ry, That the Sav-ior shed His blood for such as me.
is a shin - ing light, And His presence turns to day life's darkest night.
flames that pur - i - fy; I am go-ing home to Je - sus by and by.
CHORUS.
I'm sat-is - fied, I'm sat - is-fied, I'm sat-is-fied with Je-sus ev-'ry day;
I'm sat - is - fied, I'm sat - is - fied, I'm sat - is - fied with Je - sus ev - 'ry day;
I'm sat-is - fied, I'm sat - is-fied, I'm sat - is-fied with Je-sus ev - 'ry day.
I'm sat - is - fied,

No. 112. Home Beyond the Sea.

Stella May Thompson. HARVEY GRAHAM, OWNER. Harvey Graham.


1. Home beyond the sea, dwelling of the free, Wondrous house not made with hands;
2. Home beyond the sea, my a-bode to be Thro' the a - ges bright and fair;
3. Home beyond the sea, read-y soul, for thee, When thy pil-grim-age is o'er;
There no shadows gray mar the glorious day, There our mighty Ru - ler stands.
Realm of perfect peace, joys that ne'er shall cease, Waiting for me o-ver there.
O, 'twill not be long till the ransomed throng Gathers on the heav'nly shore.
REFRAIN.
Home..... be-yond the sea,
Home be - yond the sea, beau-ti - ful home be-yond the sea,
Home..... beyond the sea,..... There I long to
Home beyond the sea, beau-ti - ful home beyond the sea,
rit.
go. all its joys to know, When this life is o'er, safe for - ev - er-more.

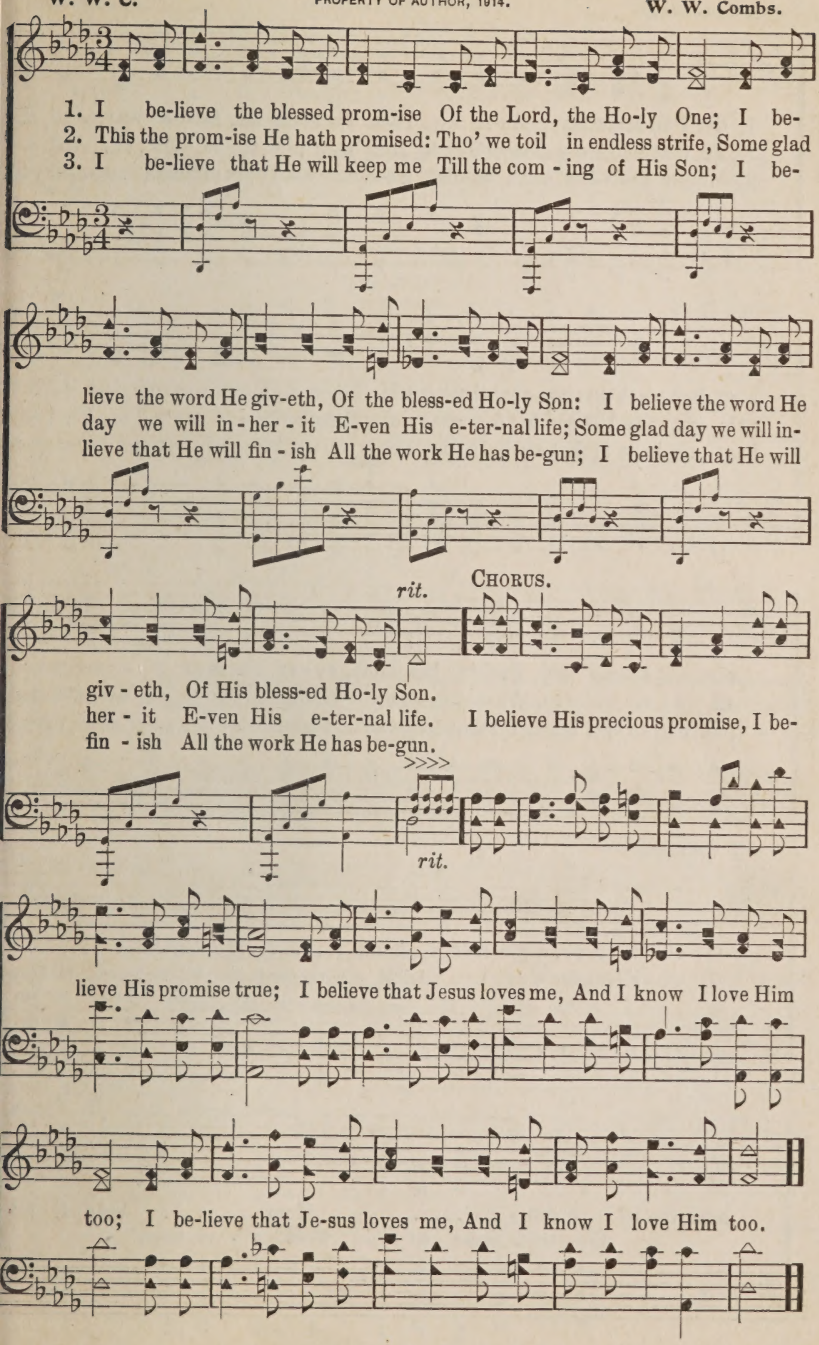
No. 113.

I Believe.

W. W. C.

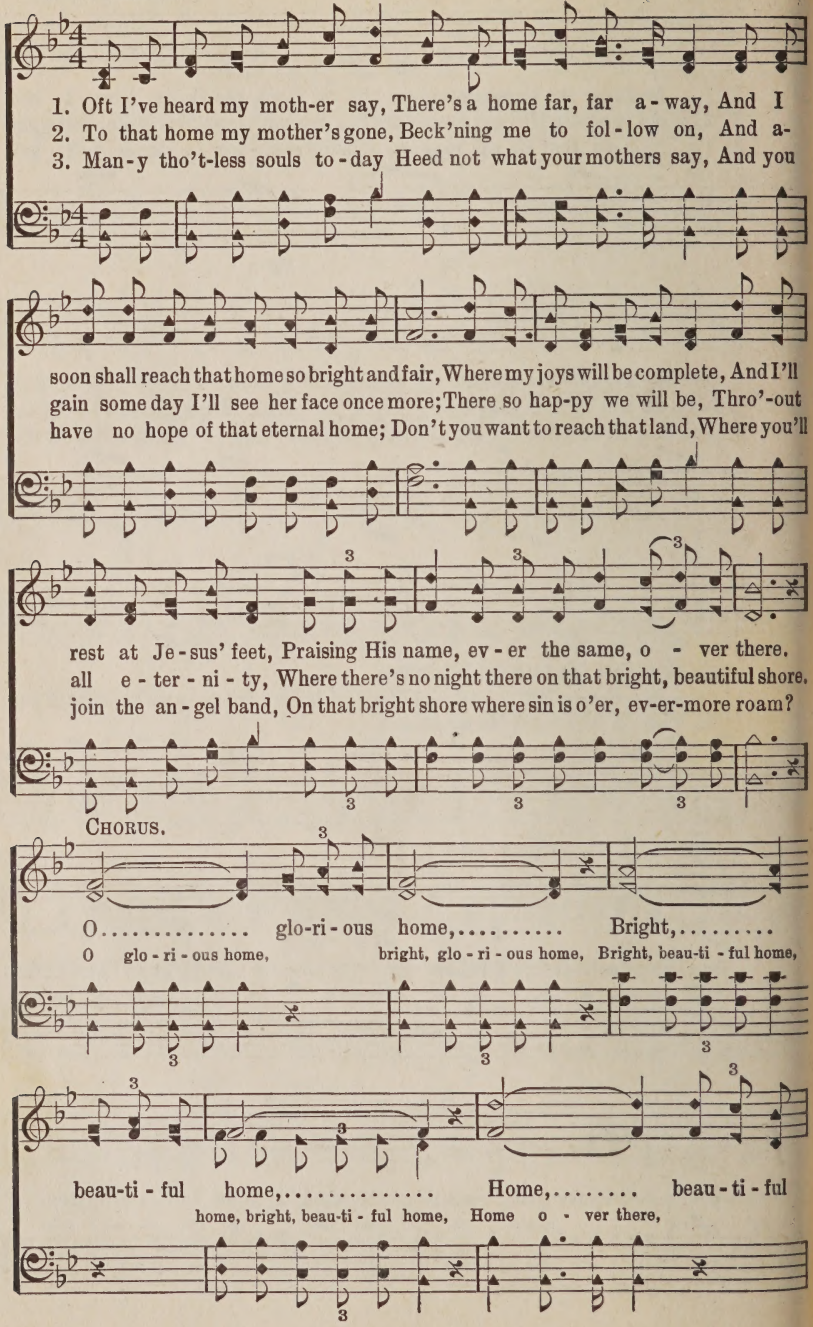
PROPERTY OF AUTHOR, 1914.

W. W. Combs.

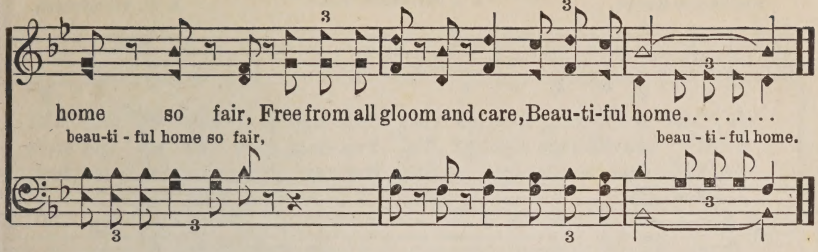

1. I be-lieve the blessed prom-ise Of the Lord, the Ho-ly One; I be-
2. This the prom-ise He hath promised: Tho' we toil in endless strife, Some glad
3. I be-lieve that He will keep me Till the com - ing of His Son; I be-
lieve the word He giv-eth, Of the bless-ed Ho-ly Son: I believe the word He
day we will in - her - it E-ven His e-ter-nal life; Some glad day we will in-
lieve that He will fin - ish All the work He has be-gun; I believe that He will
rit.
Chorus.
giv - eth, Of His bless-ed Ho-ly Son.
her - it E-ven His e-ter-nal life. I believe His precious promise, I be-
fin - ish All the work He has be-gun.
rit.
lieve His promise true; I believe that Jesus loves me, And I know I love Him
too; I be-lieve that Je-sus loves me, And I know I love Him too.

No. 114. Bright, Beautiful Home.

G. L. Lindsey. MINOR AND LINDSEY, OWNERS. Azzo Minor.


1. Oft I've heard my moth-er say, There's a home far, far a-way, And I
2. To that home my mother's gone, Beck'ning me to fol-low on, And a-
3. Man-y tho't-less souls to-day Heed not what your mothers say, And you
soon shall reach that home so bright and fair, Where my joys will be complete, And I'll
gain some day I'll see her face once more; There so hap-py we will be, Thro'-out
have no hope of that eternal home; Don't you want to reach that land, Where you'll
rest at Je-sus' feet, Praising His name, ev-er the same, o - ver there.
all e - ter - ni - ty, Where there's no night there on that bright, beautiful shore.
join the an-gel band, On that bright shore where sin is o'er, ev-er-more roam?
CHORUS.
O..... glo-ri-ous home,..... Bright,.....
O glo-ri-ous home, bright, glo-ri-ous home, Bright, beau-ti-ful home,
beau-ti-ful home,..... Home,..... beau-ti-ful
home, bright, beau-ti-ful home, Home o - ver there,

Bright, Beautiful Home.



No. 115. No Sorrows Yonder.

(MALE QUARTETTE.)

G. L. L. G. L. LINDSEY, OWNER. G. L. Lindsey.

1. No sorrows yonder, Grief and care are nev-er known; No sorrows yonder,
2. No sorrows yonder, No more tears to dim the eye; No sorrows yonder,
3. No sorrows yonder, Weeping will be turned to song; No sorrows yonder,

There around the throne. Hap-pi-ness e-ter-nal In that home su-per-nal;
In the bye and bye. Peace and love abounding, Prais-es there resounding,
With the heav'nly throng. Loved ones there entreat us, At the gate they'll meet us,

REFRAIN.

There love beams ex-ter-nal, In that heav'nly home.
Heav'nly mu-sic sounding, In that home on high. No sorrows yonder,
With a smile they'll greet us, And 'twill not be long.

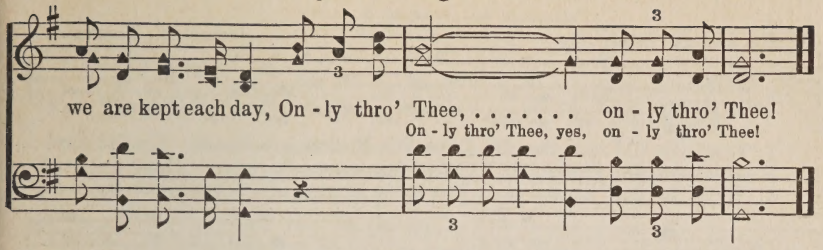
All is joy and peace and love; No sorrows yonder, In that home a-bove.

No. 116. Only Through Thee.

Katharyn Bacon. J. G. HENDERSON, OWNER. J. G. Henderson.

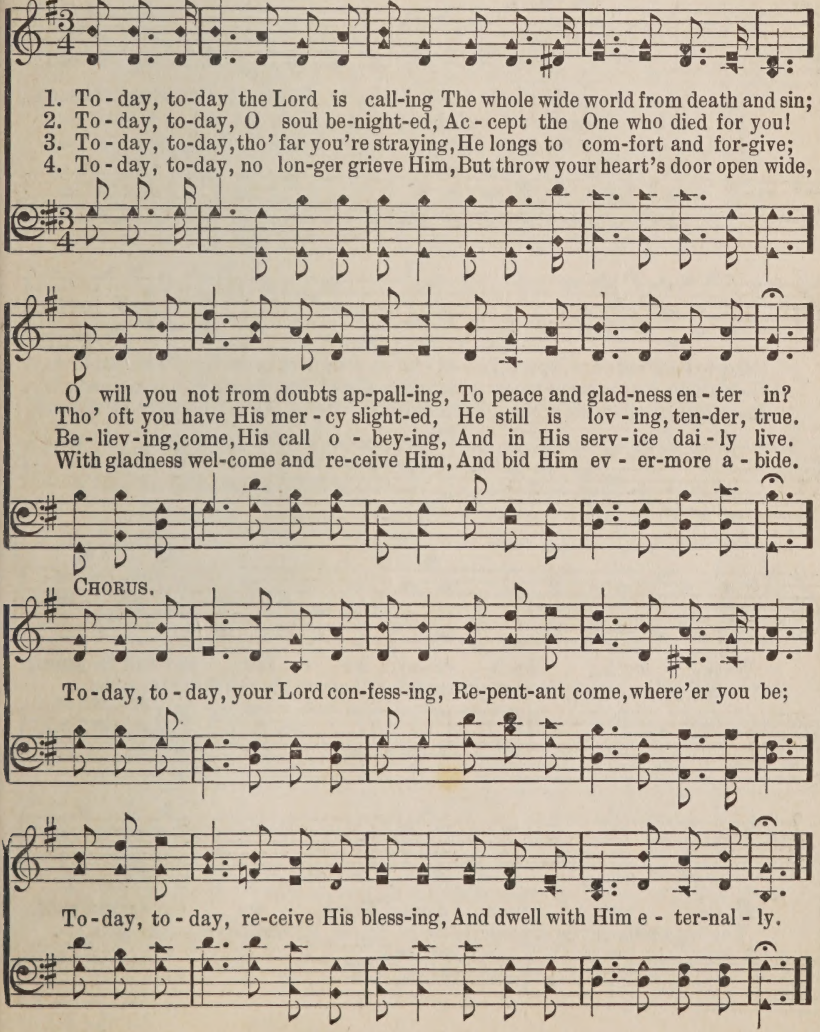
1. There is cleansing from all sin, Peace and glad - ness we may win,
2. We can share the bless - ed life, Free-dom from all sin and strife,
3. We are safe what-e'er be - tide, Hap - py, free and sat - is - fied,
On-ly thro' Thee, on-ly thro' Thee; We can trust, o - bey, be-lieve,
Strengthened by Thy grace and love,
On - ly thro' Thee, yes, on - ly thro' Thee; And with rapture yet un-told,
And each bless-ing here re - ceive, On - ly thro' Thee, ...
We can reach the home a - bove, On - ly thro' Thee, yes,
We shall e'er Thy face be - hold, On - ly thro' Thee,
REFRAIN.
on - ly thro' Thee. On - ly thro' Thee, O Thou Lord, we a-dore, May we be
saved in Thy fold ev - er - more! We will praise Thy name al-way, Faithful

Only Through Thee.



No. 117. Today, Today.

Katharyn Bacon. J. G. HENDERSON, OWNER. J. G. Henderson.


1. To - day, to-day the Lord is call-ing The whole wide world from death and sin;
2. To - day, to-day, O soul be-night-ed, Ac - cept the One who died for you!
3. To - day, to-day, tho' far you're straying, He longs to com-fort and for-give;
4. To - day, to-day, no lon-ger grieve Him, But throw your heart's door open wide,
O will you not from doubts ap-pall-ing, To peace and glad-ness en - ter in?
Tho' oft you have His mer - cy slight-ed, He still is lov - ing, ten-der, true.
Be - liev-ing, come, His call o - bey-ing, And in His serv-ice dai - ly live.
With gladness wel-come and re-ceive Him, And bid Him ev - er-more a - bide.
CHORUS.
To - day, to - day, your Lord con-fess-ing, Re-pent-ant come, where'er you be;
To - day, to - day, re-ceive His bless-ing, And dwell with Him e - ter-nal - ly.

No. 118 This is the Working Time.

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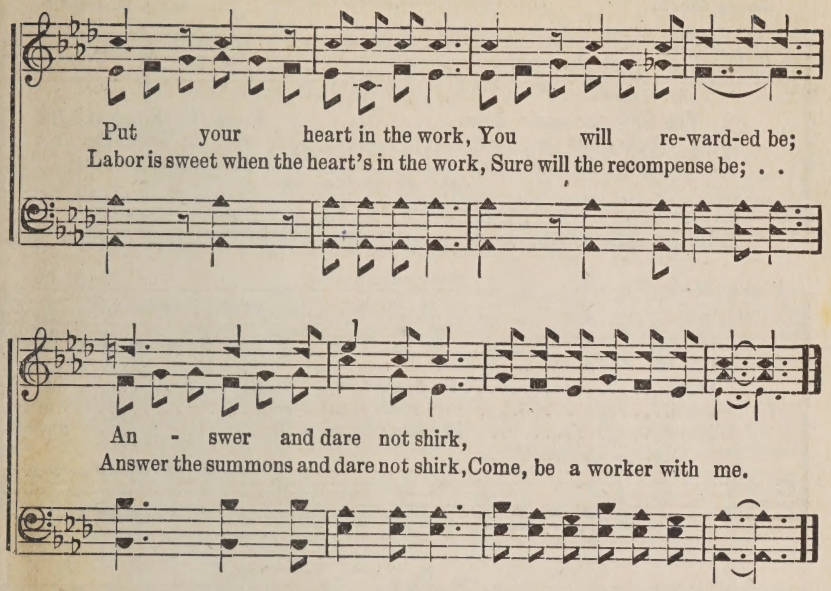
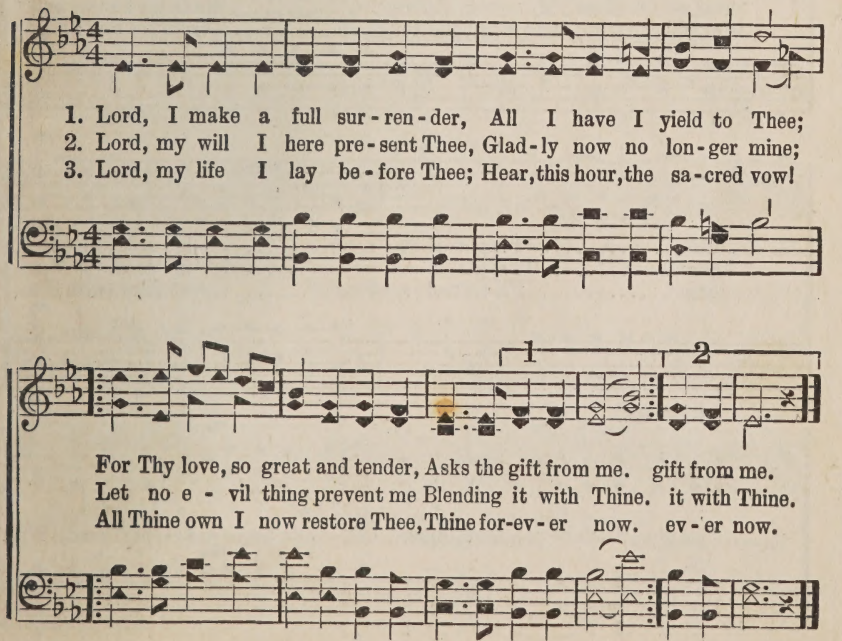
Edith Sanford Tillotson. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Work to do! hear the call, Let not God's time go to waste; Up to-day!
2. Work to do! bless-ed tho't! Priv-i-lege giv-en to me; Heart and hand
3. Work to do! far and near, This is the harvest of love; Glean-ing souls,
one and all, Forth to the la-bor-field haste. Will-ing hands, cheerful hearts,
He has bo't, When He was nailed on the tree. Now at last I can give
held so dear By the great Father a - bove. Bring them all, safe - ly won,
Bring to God's service, I pray, Loy-al - ly do your part In the Lord's vineyard to-day.
Something, that price to repay: I can serve while I live, Gleaning His harvest each day.
Plucked from the dangers around, Gathered in, ev'ry one, All in His treasure-house bound.
CHORUS.
Work, work, don't de-lay, An - swer the call He sends;
Now is God's working time, make no delay; Answer the call that He sends; . .
Waste not time a-way, Come, ere the harvest ends.
Let not a moment be squandered away, Come, ere the harvest-time ends. . .

This is the Working Time.


Put your heart in the work, You will re-ward-ed be;
Labor is sweet when the heart's in the work, Sure will the recompense be; . .
An - swer and dare not shirk,
Answer the summons and dare not shirk, Come, be a worker with me.

No. 119. Full Surrender.

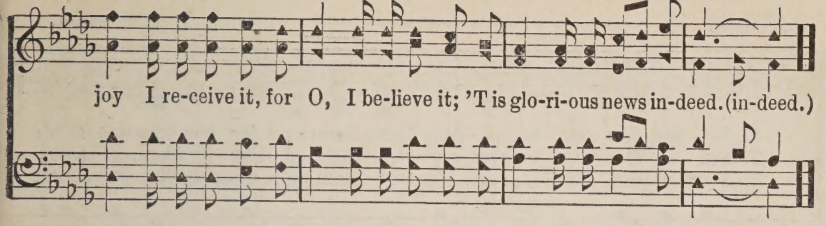

1. Lord, I make a full sur-ren-der, All I have I yield to Thee;
2. Lord, my will I here pre-sent Thee, Glad-ly now no lon-ger mine;
3. Lord, my life I lay be-fore Thee; Hear, this hour, the sa-cred vow!
1
2
For Thy love, so great and tender, Asks the gift from me. gift from me.
Let no e - vil thing prevent me Blending it with Thine. it with Thine.
All Thine own I now restore Thee, Thine for-ev-er now. ev-er now.

No. 120. 'Tis Glorious News Indeed.

James Rowe. J. B. HARDIN, OWNER, BIRMINGHAM, ALA. Jesse B. Hardin.

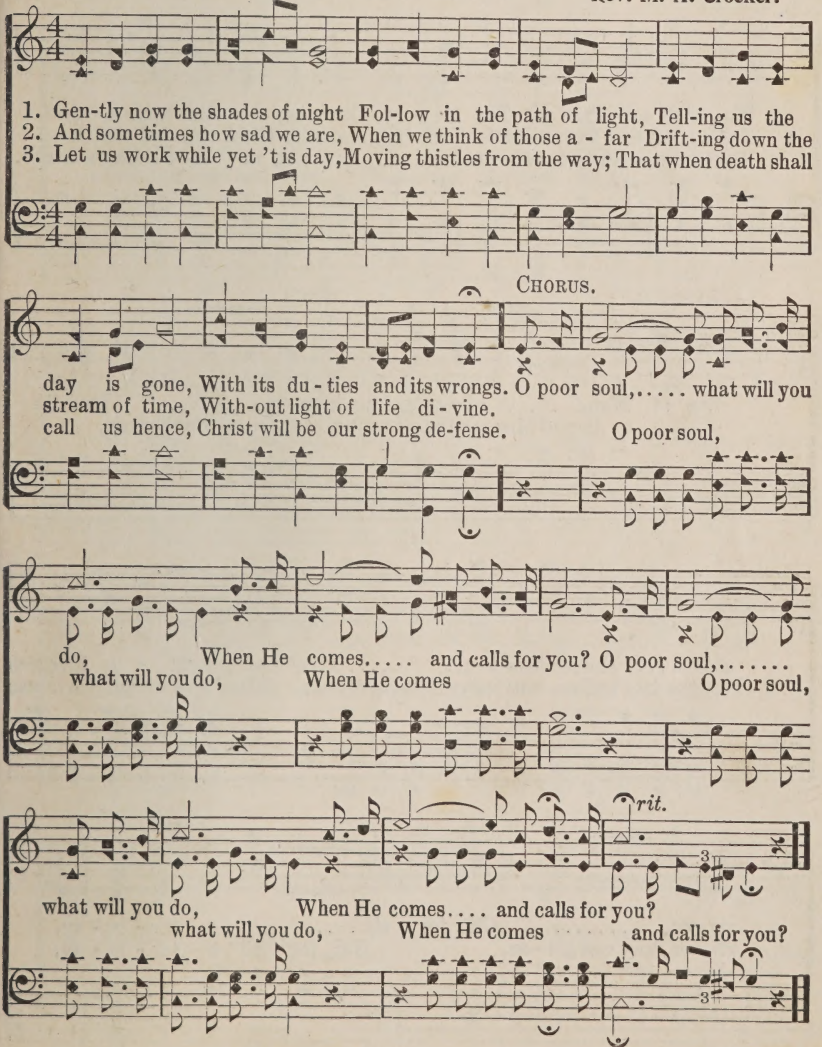
1. The Sav - ior came down..... From His throne and His
2. I hear that in love..... He is bend-ing a-
3. To Him I will go,..... He will help me, I
crown,..... Be-cause I was deep..... in
bove,..... And read-y my soul..... to
know,..... My lamp to re - fill..... and
need; (deep in need;) He suffered and died,..... My transgressions to
cheer,(soul to cheer,) My strength to re-new,..... Make me hap-py and
trim;(fill and trim;) And then,thro' the gloam,..... Tow'rd the soul's happy
hide,..... 'Tis glo - ri-ous news..... in - deed. (in - deed.)
true;..... 'Tis glo - ri-ous news..... in - deed. (in - deed.)
home,..... I'll trav-el a - long..... with Him.(with Him.)
REFRAIN.
'Tis glo - ri-ous news indeed,(indeed,) Ex-act-ly the news I need; (I need;) With

'Tis Glorious News Indeed.



No. 121. What Will You Do When He Comes?

M. A. C. M. A. CROCKER, OWNER, 1915. Rev. M. A. Crocker.


1. Gen-tly now the shades of night Fol-low in the path of light, Tell-ing us the
2. And sometimes how sad we are, When we think of those a - far Drift-ing down the
3. Let us work while yet 't is day, Moving thistles from the way; That when death shall
CHORUS.
day is gone, With its du - ties and its wrongs. O poor soul,..... what will you
stream of time, With-out light of life di - vine.
call us hence, Christ will be our strong de-fense.
O poor soul,
do, When He comes..... and calls for you? O poor soul,.....
what will you do, When He comes
O poor soul,
rit.
what will you do, When He comes.... and calls for you?
what will you do, When He comes and calls for you?

No. 122. The Gift of Heaven.

J. M. B. J. M. BOWMAN, OWNER, 1915. J. M. Bowman.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, we a - dore Thee, Thou who for our sins was slain;
2. Son of Man to us was giv - en, Bless-ed Sav - ior from a - bove;
3. Bless-ed Son of God, reign o'er us; Thou didst come to save Thine own,
We shall see Thee in Thy glo - ry, Com - ing to this earth a - gain.
God's great Gift from earth to heav - en: Make us thank - ful for this love.
Went from earth to heav'n be - fore us, Sit - ting on the Fa-ther's throne.
REFRAIN.
Son of Man,..... who came from heav-en,..... Paid the
Son of Man, who came from heaven, came from heaven,
debt..... and made us free;..... Thro' God's might - y love was
Paid the debt and made us free, and made us free; Thro' God's mighty love was
rit.
giv - en,..... Gift for all..... e - ter - ni - ty.
giv - en, love was giv - en, Gift for all e - ter - ni - ty.

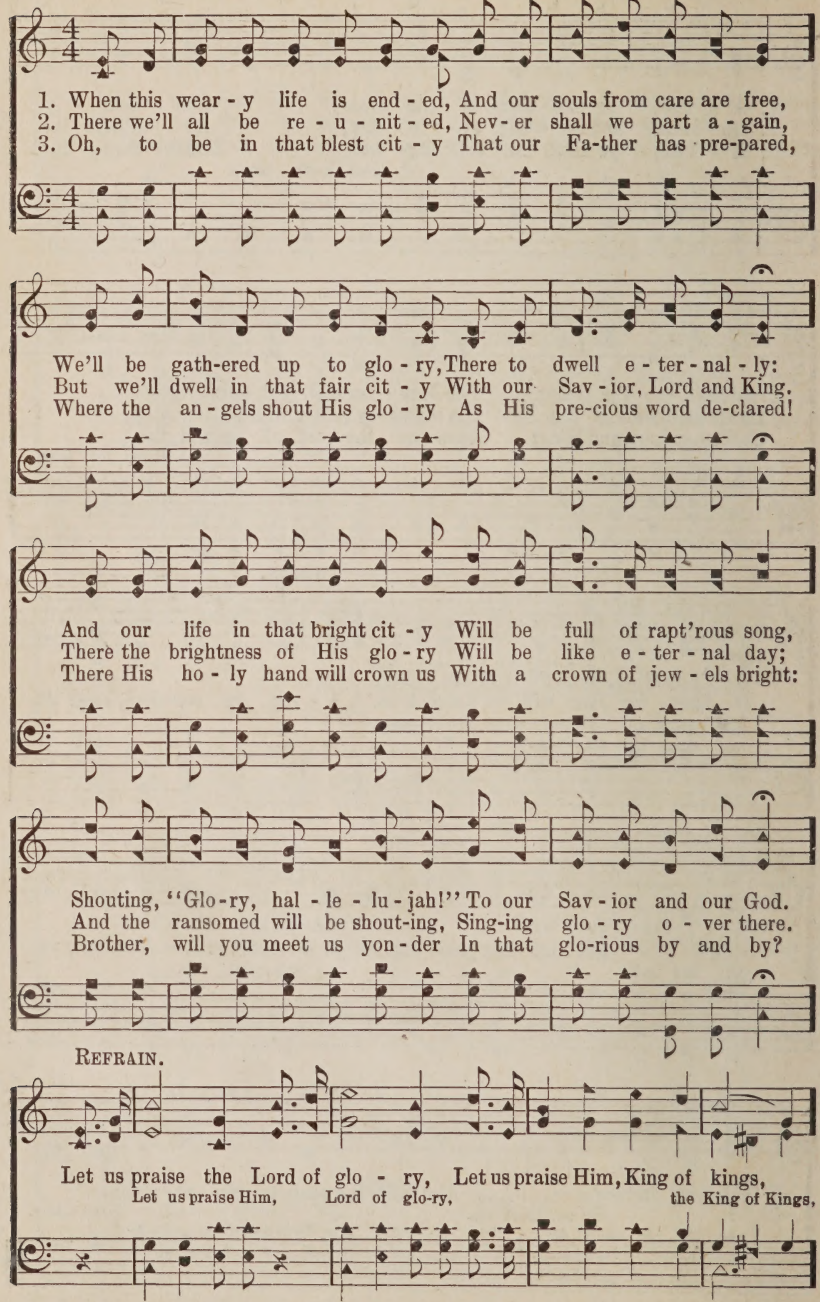
No. 123. Arise, Ye Soldiers.

J. E. C. J. E. COCHRAN, OWNER, 1915. John E. Cochran.

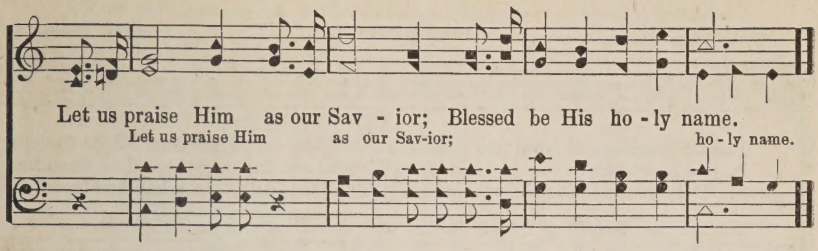
1. A - rise, ye sol - diers of the cross, And bold - ly
2. Go forth and la - bor ev - 'ry day, As Christ the
3. A - rise, ye faith - ful sol - diers true, Stand firm for
1. cross, the cross,
march in - to the fray; The Mas - ter call - eth now for thee,
Lord commands us do; His might - y pow'r will be our stay,
Christ our Lord and King; Some day the host of sin will flee,
1. thee, for thee,
REFRAIN.
O Chris - tian, heed the call to - day.
O then for Him will we prove true. A - rise, ye sol-diers, heed the
And songs of vic - to - ry we'll sing.
call, Let not His plead-ings be in vain;..... A - wake, ye
call, the call, vain, in vain;
sol-diers, and press on,..... And all the souls in sin re - claim.
on, press on, re - claim.

No. 124. Let Us Praise the Lord of Glory.

N. E. N. NOBLE NAY, OWNER. Noble E. Nay.

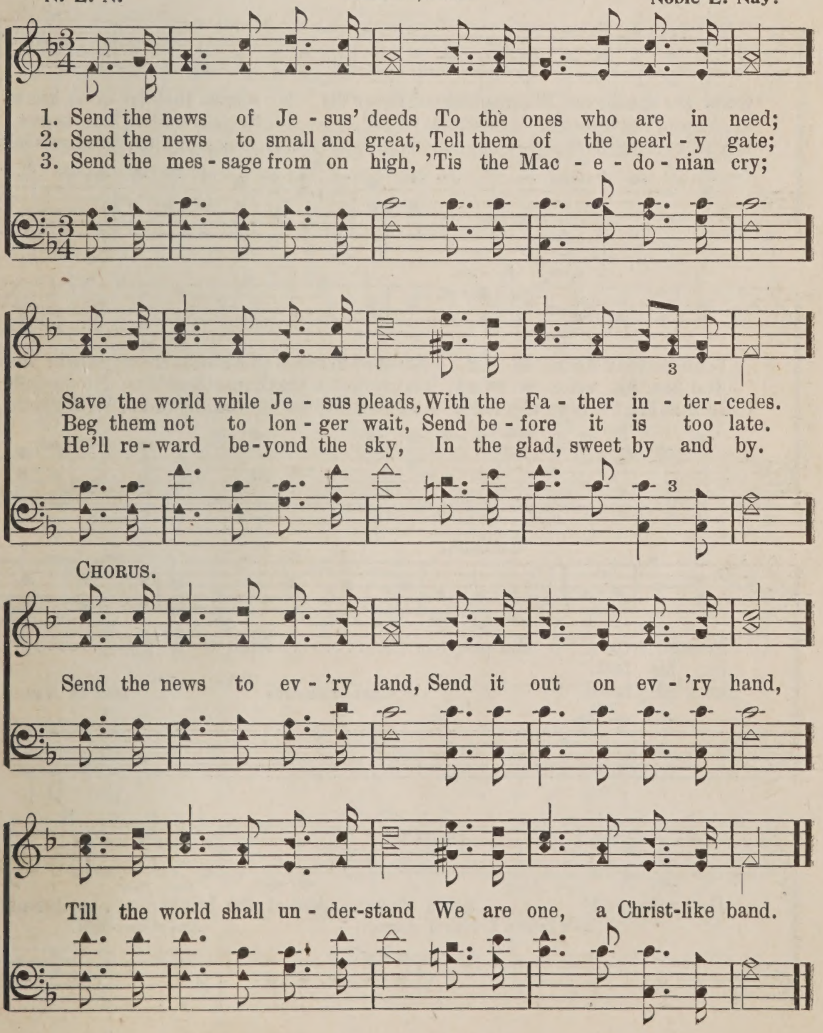

1. When this wear - y life is end - ed, And our souls from care are free,
2. There we'll all be re - u - nit - ed, Nev - er shall we part a - gain,
3. Oh, to be in that blest cit - y That our Fa-ther has pre-pared,
We'll be gath-ered up to glo - ry, There to dwell e - ter - nal - ly:
But we'll dwell in that fair cit - y With our Sav - ior, Lord and King.
Where the an - gels shout His glo - ry As His pre-cious word de-clared!
And our life in that bright cit - y Will be full of rapt'rous song,
There the brightness of His glo - ry Will be like e - ter - nal day;
There His ho - ly hand will crown us With a crown of jew - els bright:
Shouting, "Glo-ry, hal - le - lu - jah!" To our Sav - ior and our God.
And the ransomed will be shout-ing, Sing-ing glo - ry o - ver there.
Brother, will you meet us yon - der In that glo-rious by and by?
REFRAIN.
Let us praise the Lord of glo - ry, Let us praise Him, King of kings,
Let us praise Him, Lord of glo-ry, the King of Kings,

Let Us Praise the Lord of Glory.



No. 125. Send the Glorious News.

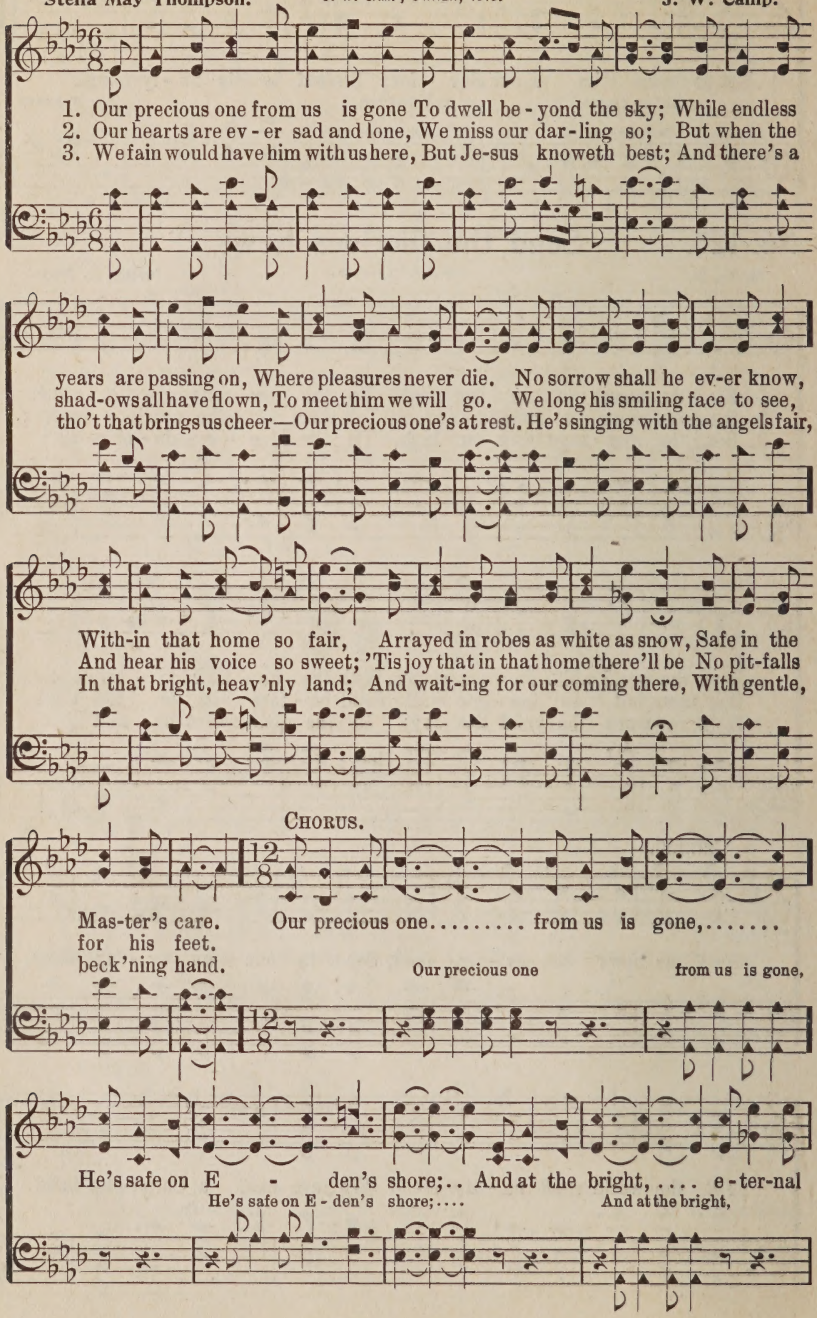
N. E. N. NOBLE NAY, OWNER. Noble E. Nay.


1. Send the news of Je - sus' deeds To the ones who are in need;
2. Send the news to small and great, Tell them of the pearl - y gate;
3. Send the mes - sage from on high, 'Tis the Mac - e - do - nian cry;
Save the world while Je - sus pleads, With the Fa - ther in - ter - cedes.
Beg them not to lon - ger wait, Send be - fore it is too late.
He'll re - ward be - yond the sky, In the glad, sweet by and by.
CHORUS.
Send the news to ev - 'ry land, Send it out on ev - 'ry hand,
Till the world shall un - der-stand We are one, a Christ-like band.

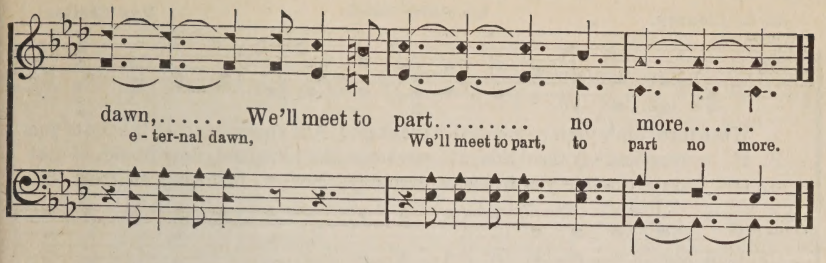
No. 126. Our Precious One From Us is Gone.

In memory of Curtis ——, who passed away Aug. 9, 1911, age, one year, seven months.

Stella May Thompson. J. W. CAMP, OWNER, 1915. J. W. Camp.

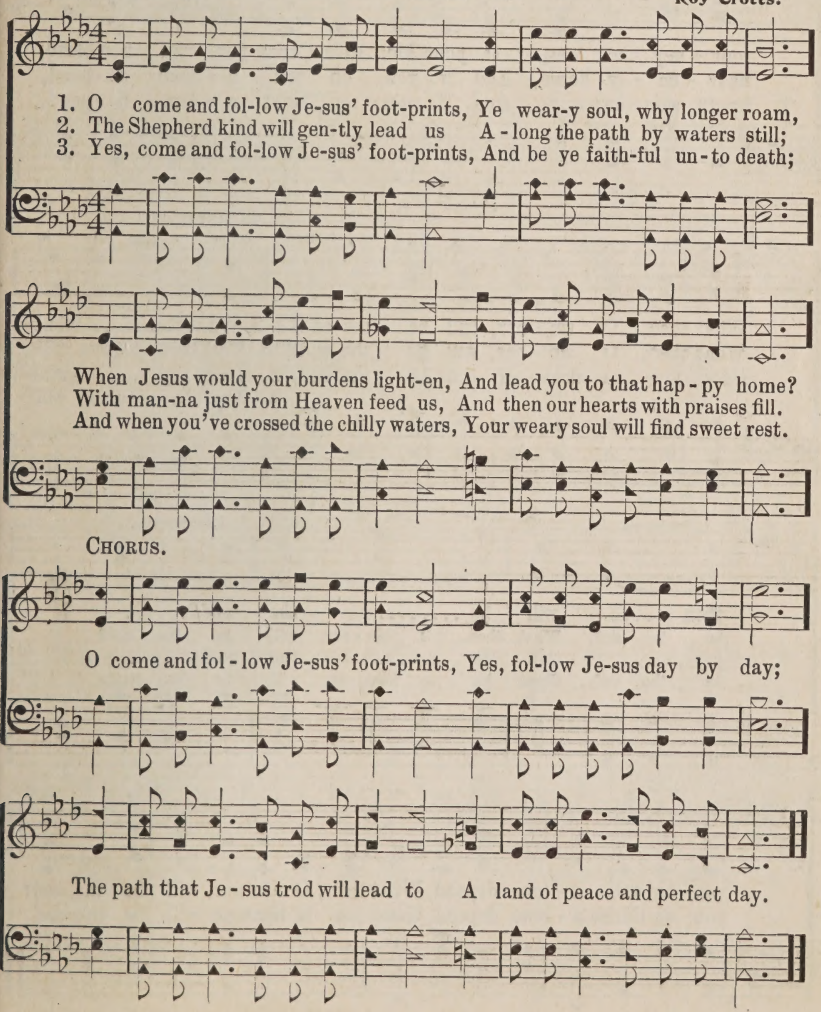

1. Our precious one from us is gone To dwell be - yond the sky; While endless
2. Our hearts are ev - er sad and lone, We miss our dar - ling so; But when the
3. We fain would have him with us here, But Je-sus knoweth best; And there's a
years are passing on, Where pleasures never die. No sorrow shall he ev-er know,
shad-ows all have flown, To meet him we will go. We long his smiling face to see,
tho't that brings us cheer—Our precious one's at rest. He's singing with the angels fair,
With-in that home so fair, Arrayed in robes as white as snow, Safe in the
And hear his voice so sweet; 'Tis joy that in that home there'll be No pit-falls
In that bright, heav'nly land; And wait-ing for our coming there, With gentle,
CHORUS.
Mas-ter's care. Our precious one..... from us is gone,.....
for his feet.
beck'ning hand.
Our precious one from us is gone,
He's safe on E - den's shore;.. And at the bright, ... e-ter-nal
He's safe on E - den's shore;.... And at the bright,

Our Precious One From Us is Gone.



No. 127. Follow Jesus' Foot-prints.

Eldridge Murphy. ROY CROTTS, OWNER, 1915. Roy Crotts.


1. O come and fol-low Je-sus' foot-prints, Ye wear-y soul, why longer roam,
2. The Shepherd kind will gen-tly lead us A - long the path by waters still;
3. Yes, come and fol-low Je-sus' foot-prints, And be ye faith-ful un - to death;
When Jesus would your burdens light-en, And lead you to that hap - py home?
With man-na just from Heaven feed us, And then our hearts with praises fill.
And when you've crossed the chilly waters, Your weary soul will find sweet rest.
CHORUS.
O come and fol - low Je-sus' foot-prints, Yes, fol-low Je-sus day by day;
The path that Je - sus trod will lead to A land of peace and perfect day.

No. 128. What Shall Be the End?

G. L. Lindsey. ROY CROTTS, OWNER. Roy Crotts.

1. When thro' life's journey you shall have passed, And you've reached the end of your
2. If care-less - ly thro' this life you roam, Thinking not, dear friend, of that
3. If thro' this life you will walk each day, Nev-er turn - ing off from the
jour - ney at last, If your life with Christ you did not blend,
heav - en - ly home, And if you on self a - lone de - pend,
bright, shin - ing way, And if you on Christ a - lone de - pend,
CHORUS.
What then, O sin - ner, will be the end? 1-2. What then,.... what
What then, O sin - ner, will be the end? 1-2. What then, what then will
Great joy in heav - en will be the end. 3. Great joy,..... great
3. Great joy, great joy will
then ..... will be ..... the end?..... If
be the end, What then, O sin - ner, will be the end?
joy ..... will be ..... the end;..... If
be the end, Great joy in heav - en will be the end;
you on self a - lone depend, What then, O sin-ner, will be the end?
you on Christ a - lone depend, Great joy in heav-en will be the end.

No. 129

They're After Him.

(TEMPERANCE.)

Rev. W. C. Poole.

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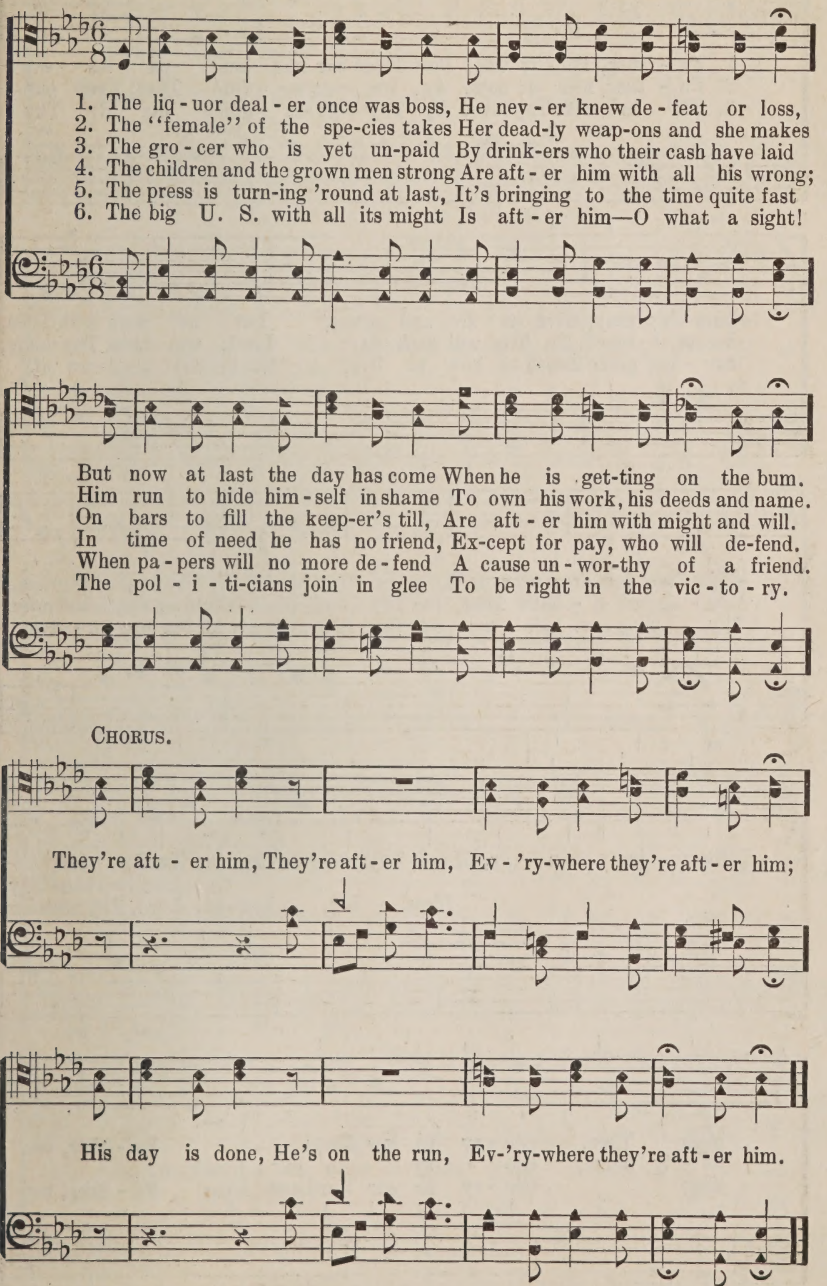
Samuel W. Beazley.

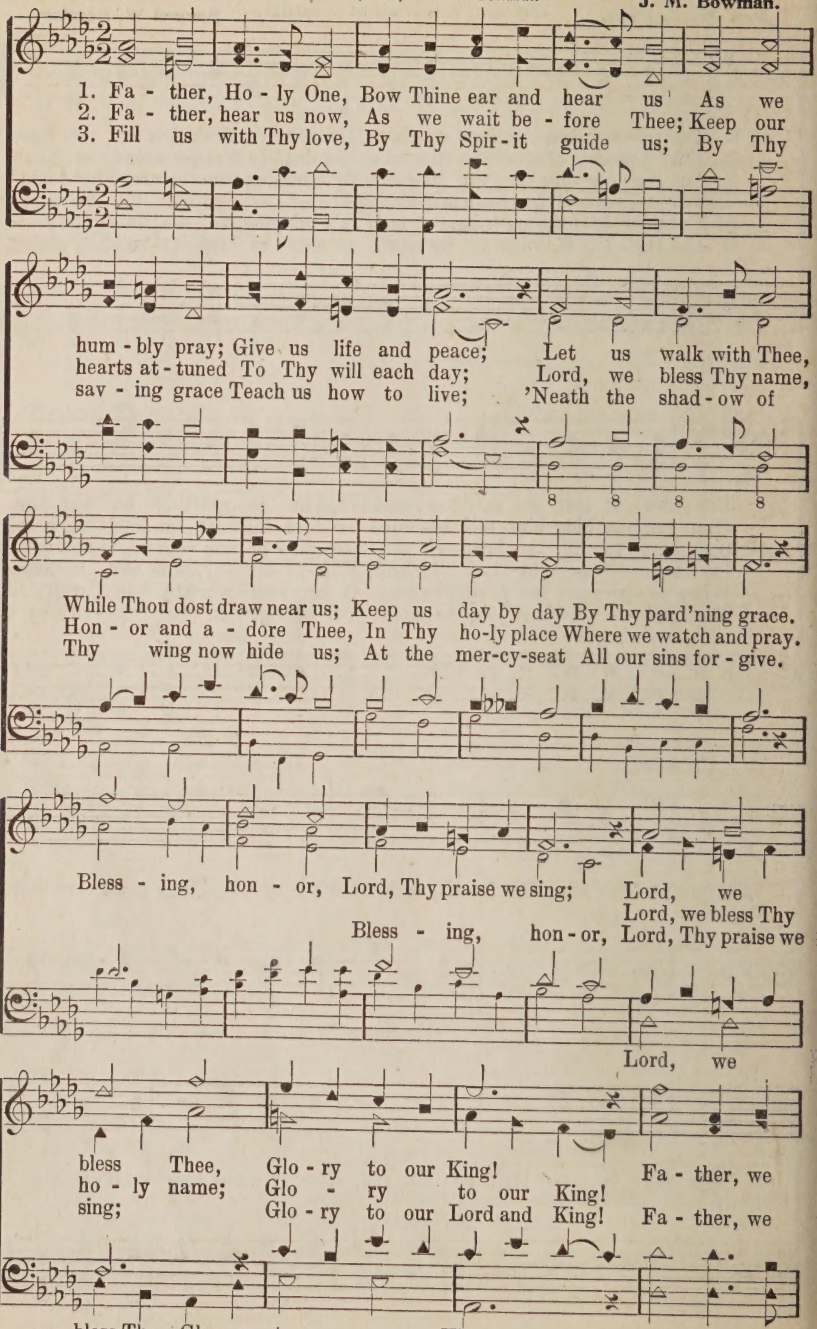

1. The liq - uor deal - er once was boss, He nev - er knew de - feat or loss,
2. The "female" of the spe-cies takes Her dead-ly weap-ons and she makes
3. The gro - cer who is yet un-paid By drink-ers who their cash have laid
4. The children and the grown men strong Are aft - er him with all his wrong;
5. The press is turn-ing 'round at last, It's bringing to the time quite fast
6. The big U. S. with all its might Is aft - er him—O what a sight!
But now at last the day has come When he is get-ting on the bum.
Him run to hide him - self in shame To own his work, his deeds and name.
On bars to fill the keep-er's till, Are aft - er him with might and will.
In time of need he has no friend, Ex-cept for pay, who will de-fend.
When pa - pers will no more de - fend A cause un - wor-thy of a friend.
The pol - i - ti-cians join in glee To be right in the vic - to - ry.
CHORUS.
They're aft - er him, They're aft - er him, Ev - 'ry-where they're aft - er him;
His day is done, He's on the run, Ev-'ry-where they're aft - er him.

No. 130. Prayer and Praise.

J. M. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY J. M. BOWMAN.

J. M. Bowman.


1. Fa - ther, Ho - ly One, Bow Thine ear and hear us As we
2. Fa - ther, hear us now, As we wait be - fore Thee; Keep our
3. Fill us with Thy love, By Thy Spir - it guide us; By Thy
hum - bly pray; Give us life and peace; Let us walk with Thee,
hearts at - tuned To Thy will each day; Lord, we bless Thy name,
sav - ing grace Teach us how to live; 'Neath the shad - ow of
While Thou dost draw near us; Keep us day by day By Thy pard'ning grace.
Hon - or and a - dore Thee, In Thy ho-ly place Where we watch and pray.
Thy wing now hide us; At the mer-cy-seat All our sins for - give.
Bless - ing, hon - or, Lord, Thy praise we sing; Lord, we
Lord, we bless Thy
Bless - ing, hon - or, Lord, Thy praise we
Lord, we
bless Thee, Glo - ry to our King! Fa - ther, we
ho - ly name; Glo - ry to our King!
sing; Glo - ry to our Lord and King! Fa - ther, we
bless Thee, Glo - ry to our King!

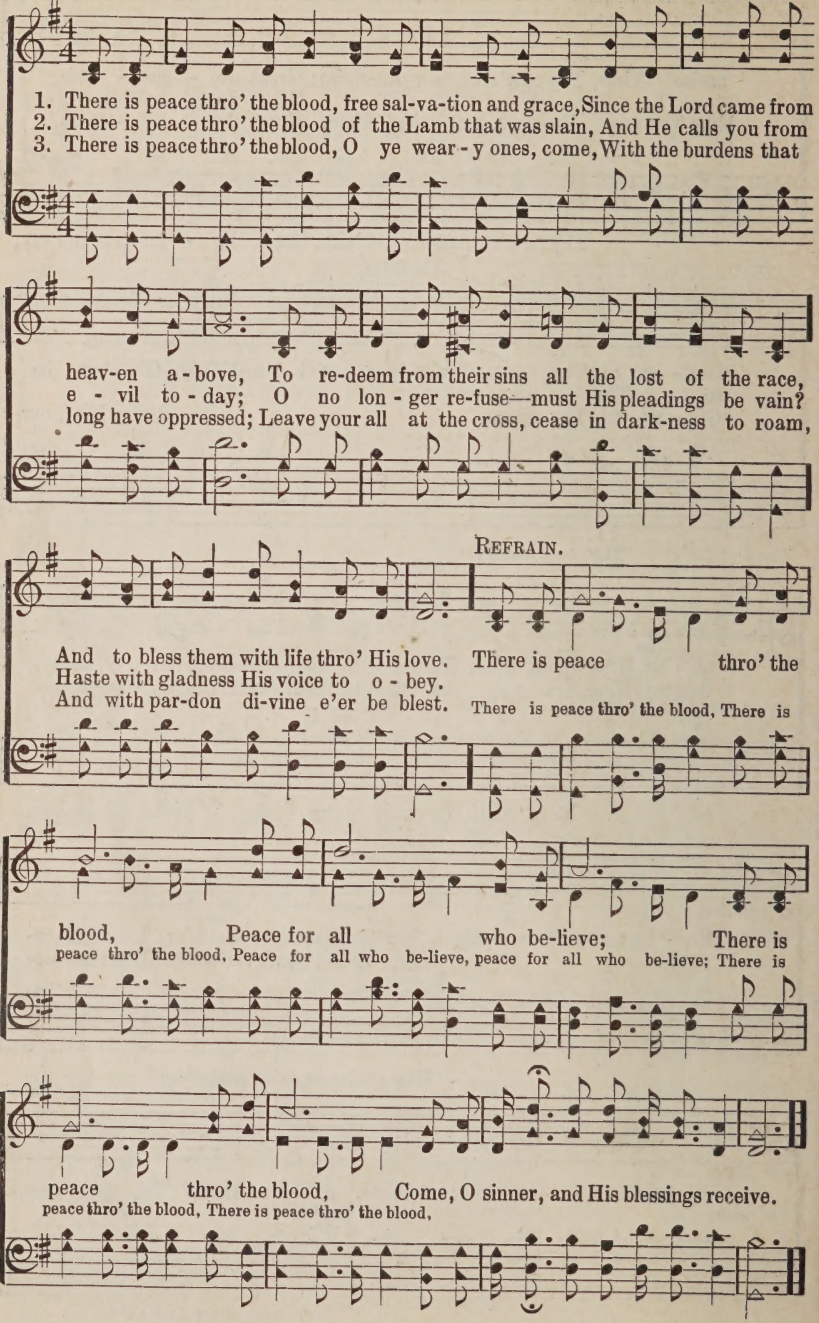
Prayer and Praise.

praise Thee, Thy pow'r we now pro-claim; Great Je - ho - vah,
Great Je - ho-vah, Glo - ry
bless Thy name, Fa - ther, we praise Thee, Great Je - ho - vah,
Thy pow'r we now pro-claim, Great Je - ho-vah, Glo - ry,
CHORUS.
Glo - ry to Thy name. Praise Him, our God and King, Glo - ry be
to Thy name.
Glo - ry to Thy name. Praise Him, our
to Thy name.
f
un - to Him; Bless Him, His prais - es sing, Praise His ho - ly name;
God and King, Glo - ry be un - to Him, Praise His ho - ly name;
Bless Him, His prais - es sing, Praise His name;
ff
Glo - ry and pow'r and might, Sing prais-es o'er and o'er; Loud hal - le-
Glo - ry and pow'r and might; Loud hal - le-
Sing prais - es o'er and o'er;
lu - jahs sing for - ev - er - more. A - - men, A - men.

To be used after last verse.

No. 131. Peace Through the Blood.

Katharyn Bacon. Commie A. Pruitt.


1. There is peace thro' the blood, free sal-va-tion and grace, Since the Lord came from heav-en a-bove, To re-deem from their sins all the lost of the race,
2. There is peace thro' the blood of the Lamb that was slain, And He calls you from e - vil to - day; O no lon - ger re-fuse—must His pleadings be vain?
3. There is peace thro' the blood, O ye wear - y ones, come, With the burdens that long have oppressed; Leave your all at the cross, cease in dark-ness to roam,
REFRAIN.
And to bless them with life thro' His love. There is peace thro' the blood,
Haste with gladness His voice to o - bey. Peace for all who be-lieve; There is peace thro' the blood,
And with par-don di-vine e'er be blest. There is peace thro' the blood, There is peace thro' the blood, Peace for all who be-lieve, peace for all who be-lieve; There is peace thro' the blood, There is peace thro' the blood, Come, O sinner, and His blessings receive.
peace thro' the blood, There is peace thro' the blood,

No. 132. Not To-night.

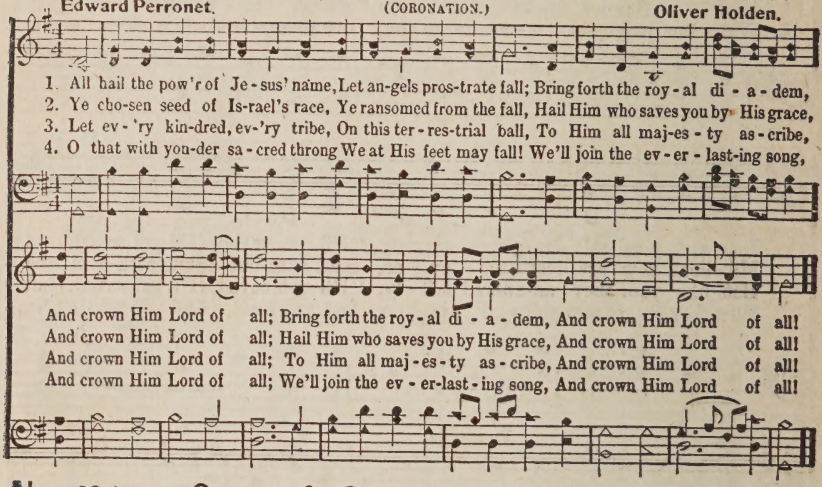
Rev. J. R. Southard. SOUTHARD AND EDMONDS, OWNERS. L. E. Edmonds.

1. Come, poor sin-ner, seek sal - va-tion, Je - sus died to put you right;
2. O how vain is this de - lu - sion! That the Lord your time will wait;
3. Once the Sav-ior spoke and told them, "En-ter in - to per - fect light;"
4. When the judgment o - ver-takes you, How these words will stand in sight,
Do not give this dan-g'rous an-swer, "I'll get saved, (I'll get saved,) but
Mil - lions now are lost for - ev - er, Shut with-out (Shut with-out) the
But like you, they an-swered soft - ly, "I'll get saved, (I'll get saved,) but
How they prayed and plead-ed with you, And you said, (And you said,) "No,
REFRAIN.
not to-night."
Gold - en Gate. Give me just a lit - tle lon - ger, (lon-ger,)
not to-night."
not to-night."
For this world now seems so bright; (so bright;) When I feel that
I am dy - ing, "I'll get saved, (I'll get saved,) but not to-night."

Devotional Hymns

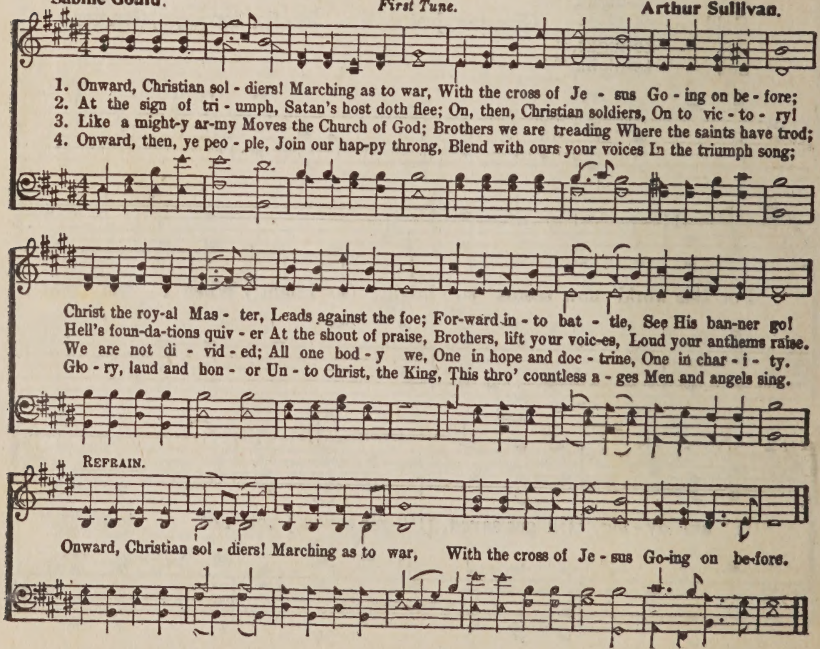
No. 133 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. (CORONATION.) Oliver Holden.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball, To Him all maj-es - ty as - cribe,
4. O that with yon-der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song,
And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; We'll join the ev - er-last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!

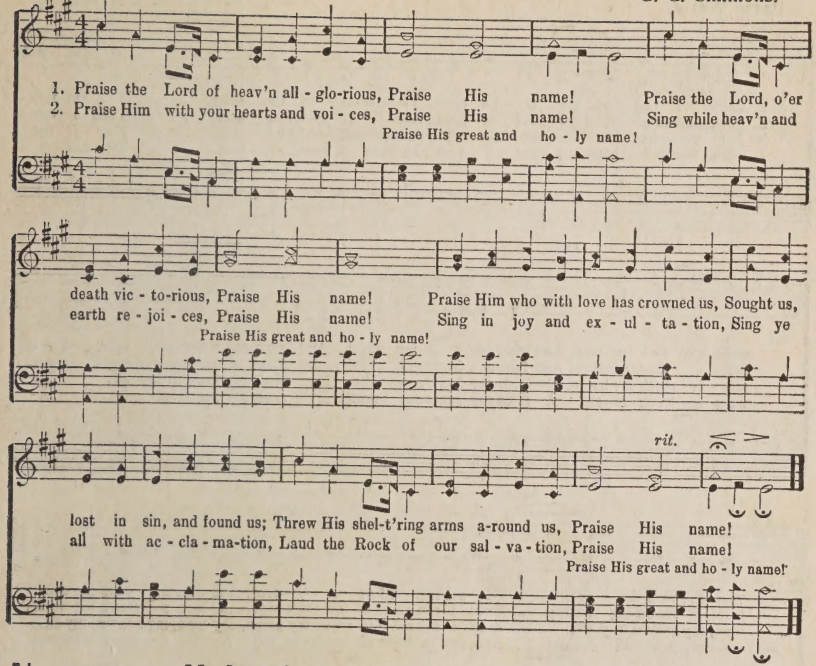
No. 134 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould. *First Tune.* Arthur Sullivan.


1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry!
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;
Christ the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.
We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.
REFRAIN.
Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

No. 135 Praise His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Used by permission. S. G. Simmons.


1. Praise the Lord of heav'n all - glo-rious, Praise His name! Praise the Lord, o'er
2. Praise Him with your hearts and voi - ces, Praise His name! Sing while heav'n and
Praise His great and ho - ly name!
death vic - to-rious, Praise His name! Praise Him who with love has crowned us, Sought us,
earth re - joi - ces, Praise His name! Sing in joy and ex - ul - ta - tion, Sing ye
Praise His great and ho - ly name!
rit.
lost in sin, and found us; Threw His shel-t'ring arms a-round us, Praise His name!
all with ac - cla - ma-tion, Laud the Rock of our sal - va - tion, Praise His name!
Praise His great and ho - ly name!

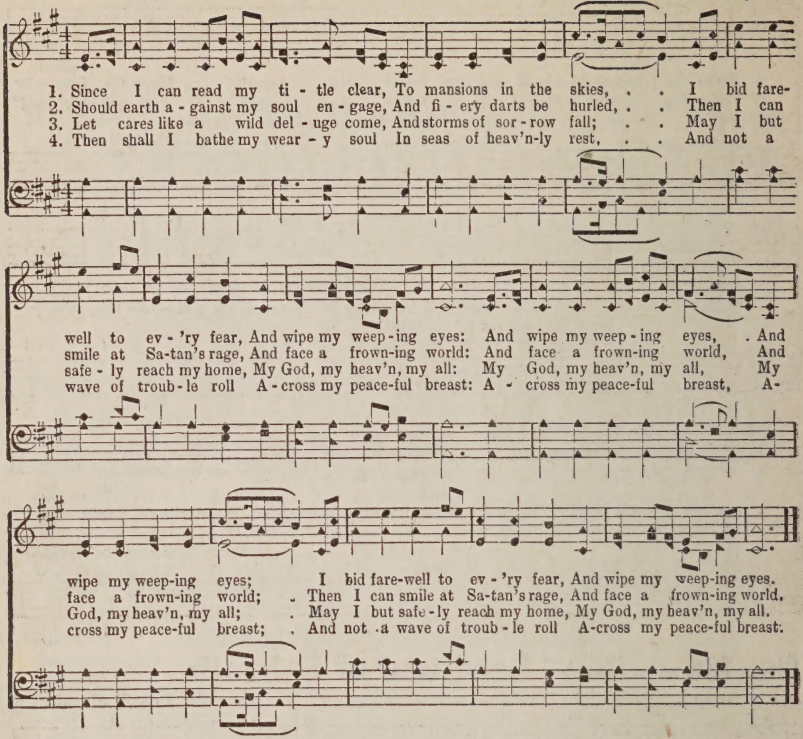
No. 136 Holy! Lord God of Sabaoth.

Maestoso. Dr. Lowell Mason.

Ho - ly! ho - ly! ho - ly! Lord God of Sab - a-oth! Heav'n and earth are full of the
maj - es - ty of Thy glo - ry! Glo - ry be to Thee, Glo - ry be to
Glo - ry be to Thee,
Slow.
Thee, Glo - ry be to Thee, To Thee, O Lord most high!
Glo - ry be to Thee,

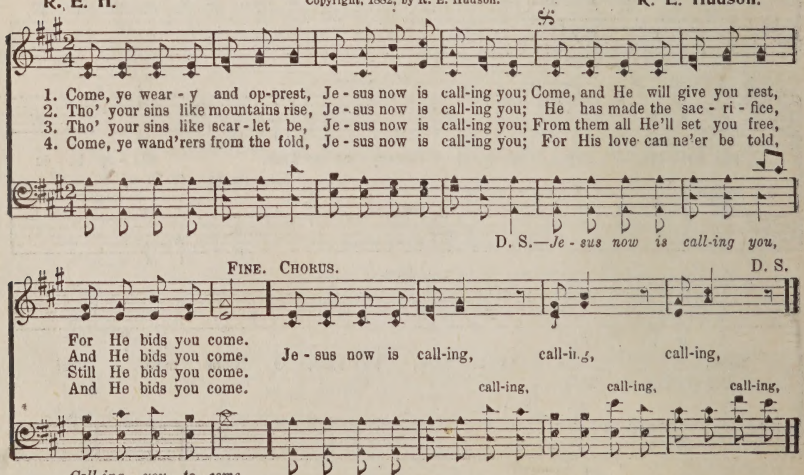
No. 137 Pisgah.

Isaac Watts. J. C. Lowry.


1. Since I can read my ti - tle clear, To mansions in the skies, . . I bid fare-
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fi - ery darts be hurled, . . Then I can
3. Let cares like a wild del - uge come, And storms of sor - row fall; . . May I but
4. Then shall I bathe my wear - y soul In seas of heav'n-ly rest, . . And not a
well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes: And wipe my weep - ing eyes, . And
smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world: And face a frown-ing world, And
safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all: My God, my heav'n, my all, My
wave of troub - le roll A - cross my peace-ful breast: A - cross my peace-ful breast, A-
wipe my weep-ing eyes; I bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
face a frown-ing world; Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.
God, my heav'n, my all; May I but safe-ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.
cross my peace-ful breast; And not a wave of troub - le roll A-cross my peace-ful breast.

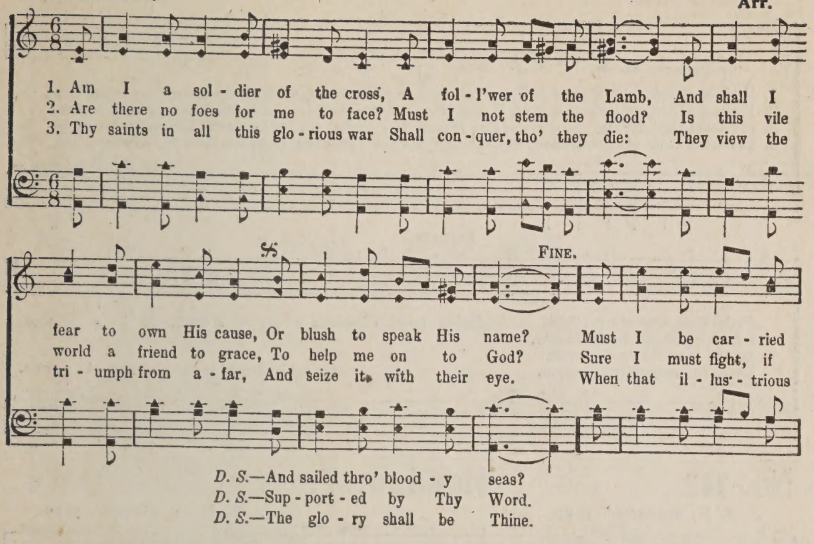
No. 138 Jesus Now is Calling.

R. E. H. Copyright, 1882, by R. E. Hudson. R. E. Hudson.


1. Come, ye wear - y and op-prest, Je - sus now is call-ing you; Come, and He will give you rest,
2. Tho' your sins like mountains rise, Je - sus now is call-ing you; He has made the sac - ri - fice,
3. Tho' your sins like scar - let be, Je - sus now is call-ing you; From them all He'll set you free,
4. Come, ye wand'rers from the fold, Je - sus now is call-ing you; For His love can ne'er be told,
D. S.—Je - sus now is call-ing you,
FINE. CHORUS.
D. S.
For He bids you come.
And He bids you come.
Still He bids you come.
And He bids you come.
Je - sus now is call-ing, call-ing, call-ing,
call-ing, call-ing, call-ing,
Call-ing you to come.

No. 139 McAnally.

Isaac Watts. Arr.


1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - l'wer of the Lamb, And shall I
2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile
3. Thy saints in all this glo - rious war Shall con - quer, tho' they die: They view the
FINE.
fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? Must I be car - ried
world a friend to grace, To help me on to God? Sure I must fight, if
tri - umph from a - far, And seize it with their eye. When that il - lus - trious
D. S.—And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
D. S.—Sup - port - ed by Thy Word.
D. S.—The glo - ry shall be Thine.
D. S.
to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease, While oth - ers fought to win the prize,
I would reign; In - crease my cour - age, Lord; I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain,
day shall rise, And all Thy ar - mies shine In robes of vic - t'ry thro' the skies,

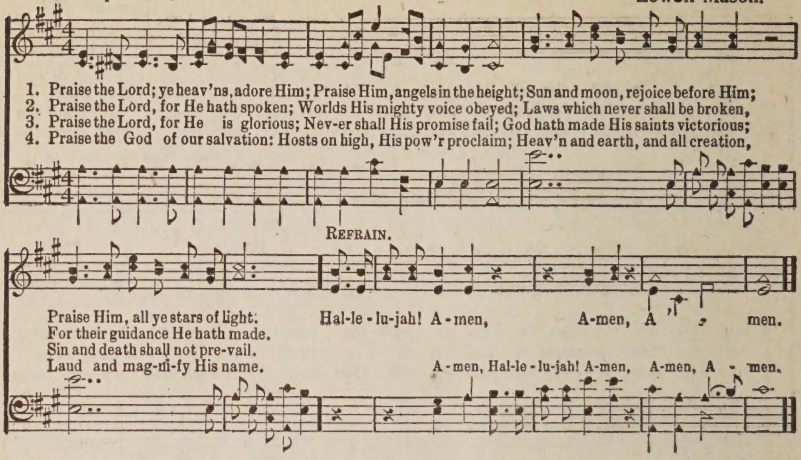
No. 140 Gratitude. L. M.

Isaac Watts. 1709. Aml Bost. 1837.

1. My God, how end - less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev 'ry eve - ning new;
2. Thou spread'st the cur - tains of the night, Great Guard-ian of my sleep - ing hours;
3. I yield my pow'rs to Thy com - mand, To Thee I con - se - crate my days;
And morn - ing mer - cies from a - bove, Gen - tly dis - til like ear - ly dew.
Thy sov - 'reign Word re - stores the light, And quick - ens all my drow - sy pow'rs.
Per - pet - ual bless - ings from Thy hand De - mand per - pet - ual songs of praise.

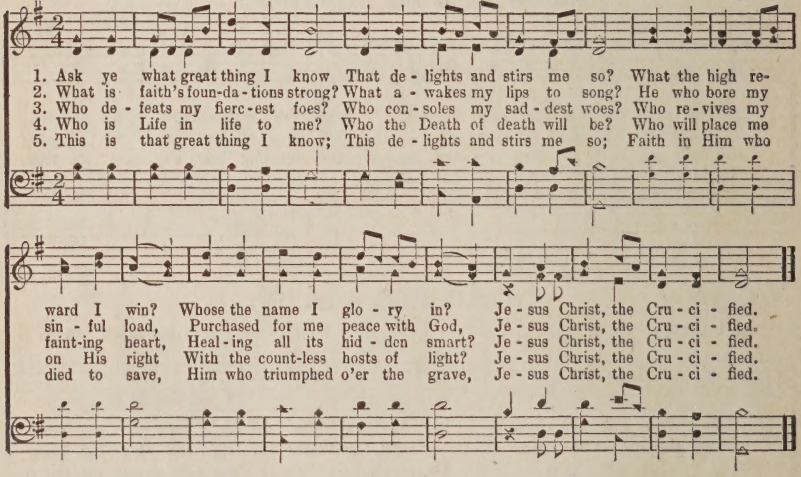
No. 141 Praise the Lord.

J. Kempthorne. Lowell Mason.


1. Praise the Lord; ye heav'ns, adore Him; Praise Him, angels in the height; Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
2. Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken; Worlds His mighty voice obeyed; Laws which never shall be broken,
3. Praise the Lord, for He is glorious; Nev-er shall His promise fail; God hath made His saints victorious;
4. Praise the God of our salvation: Hosts on high, His pow'r proclaim; Heav'n and earth, and all creation,
REFRAIN.
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
For their guidance He hath made.
Sin and death shall not pre-vail.
Laud and mag-ni-fy His name.
Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men, A-men, A men.
A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men, A-men, A men.

No. 142 Hendon. 7.

J. S. B. Monsell. 1863. C., H. A. Malan. 1830.


1. Ask ye what great thing I know That de-lights and stirs me so? What the high re-
2. What is faith's foun-da-tions strong? What a-wakes my lips to song? He who bore my
3. Who de-feats my fierc-est foes? Who con-soles my sad-dest woes? Who re-vives my
4. Who is Life in life to me? Who the Death of death will be? Who will place me
5. This is that great thing I know; This de-lights and stirs me so; Faith in Him who
ward I win? Whose the name I glo-ry in? Je-sus Christ, the Cru-ci-fied.
sin-ful load, Purchased for me peace with God, Je-sus Christ, the Cru-ci-fied.
faint-ing heart, Heal-ing all its hid-den smart? Je-sus Christ, the Cru-ci-fied.
on His right With the count-less hosts of light? Je-sus Christ, the Cru-ci-fied.
died to save, Him who triumphed o'er the grave, Je-sus Christ, the Cru-ci-fied.

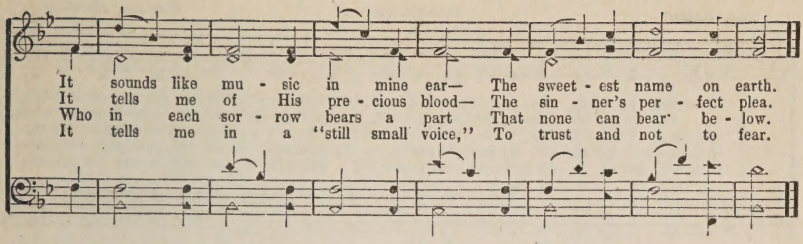
No. 143 There is a Name I Love.

This is a most excellent song for nearly any occassion. Test it and you'll use it.

F. Whitfield. (GEER. C. M.) H. W. Greatorex.

1. There is a name I love to hear; I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free;
3. It tells of One whose lov-ing heart Can feel my small-est woe,
4. It bids my trem-bling soul re-joice, And dries each ris-ing tear;

There Is a Name I Love.


It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear— The sweet - est name on earth.
It tells me of His pre - cious blood— The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
Who in each sor - row bears a part That none can bear be - low.
It tells me in a "still small voice," To trust and not to fear.

No. 144 Chant.—"It is Well."

2 KINGS 4: 26.

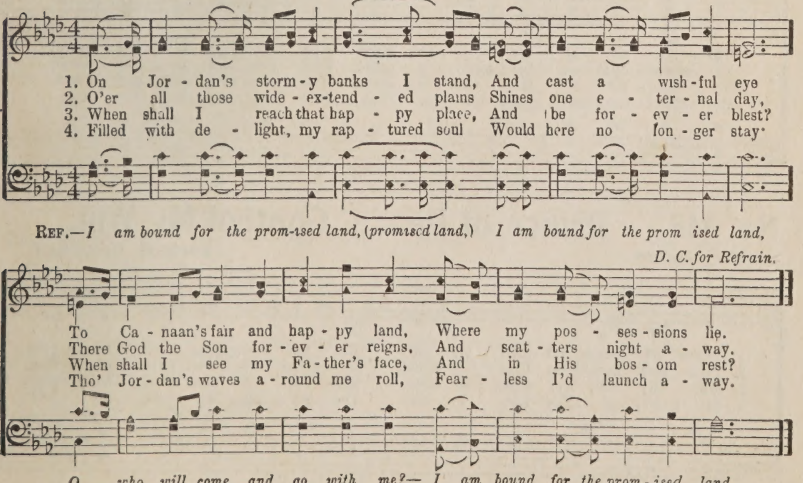
"It is well."

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Beloved, "It is well," "It is well," "It is well." God's ways are always right, And love is
2. Beloved, "It is well," "It is well," "It is well." Tho' deep and sore the smart, He wounds who
3. Beloved, "It is well," "It is well," "It is well." Tho' sorrow clouds our way, 'Twill make the
4. Beloved, "It is well," "It is well," "It is well." The path that Jesus trod, Tho' rough and
o'er them all, Tho' far a - bove our sight.
knows to bind, And heal the bro - ken heart. "It is well," "It is well."
joy more dear That ush - ers in the day.
dark it be, Leads home to heav'n and God. "It is well,"
"It is well,"

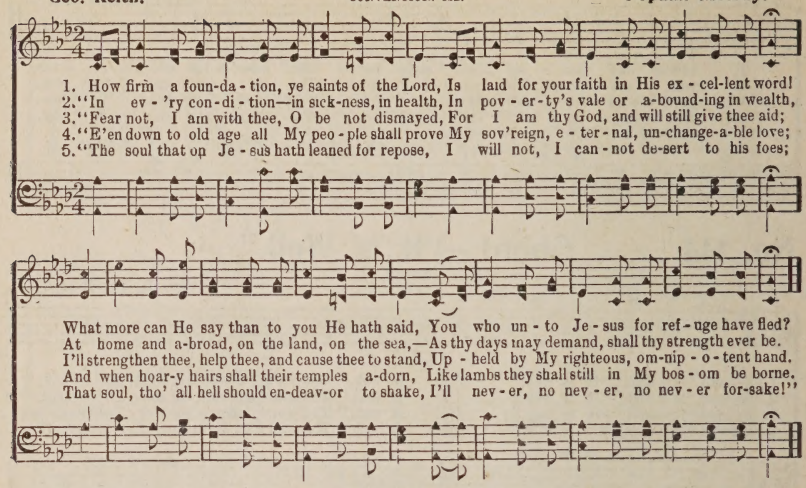
No. 145 I Am Bound for the Promised Land.

Rev. Samuel Stennett. Arr. by H. N. L.


1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. O'er all those wide - ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day,
3. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?
4. Filled with de - light, my rap - tured soul Would here no lon - ger stay.
REF.—I am bound for the prom - ised land, (promised land,) I am bound for the prom ised land,
D. C. for Refrain.
To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
When shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And in His bos - om rest?
Tho' Jor - dan's waves a - round me roll, Fear - less I'd launch a - way.
O who will come and go with me?— I am bound for the prom - ised land.

No. 146 How Firm a Foundation.

Geo. Keith. CONVENTION. 11s. Popular Melody.


1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex-cel-lent word!
2. "In ev-'ry con-di-tion—in sick-ness, in health, In pov-er-ty's vale or a-bound-ing in wealth,
3. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
4. "E'en down to old age all My peo-ple shall prove My sov'reign, e-ter-nal, un-change-a-ble love;
5. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for repose, I will not, I can-not de-sert to his foes;
What more can He say than to you He hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled?
At home and a-broad, on the land, on the sea,—As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by My righteous, om-nip-o-tent hand.
And when hoar-y hairs shall their temples a-dorn, Like lambs they shall still in My bos-om be borne.
That soul, tho' all hell should en-deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake!"

No. 147 Arlington. C. M.

Charles Wesley. Dr. Thos. A. Arne.

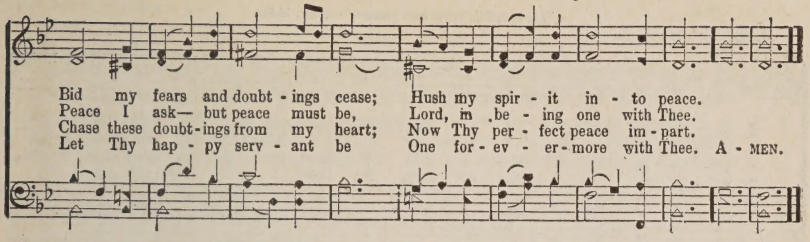
1. Oh, for a thou-sand tongues to sing My dear Re-deem-er's praise!
2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-sist me to pro-claim,
3. Je-sus, the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease;
4. He breaks the pow'r of can-celed sin, He sets the pris-'ner free;
The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace!
To spread thro' all the world a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name.
'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
His blood can make the foul-est clean; His blood a-vailed for me.

No. 148 Prince of Peace, Control My Will.

Mary Barber. Louis M. Gottschalk.

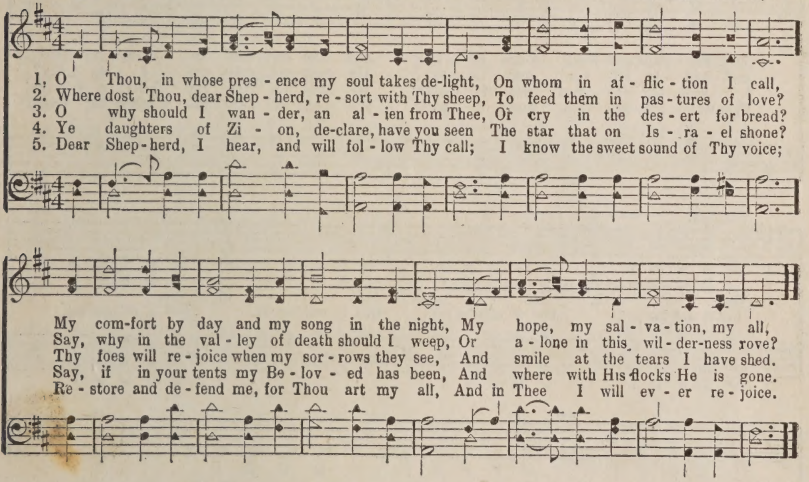
1. Prince of peace, con-trol my will, Bid this strug-gling heart be still;
2. Thou hast bought me with Thy blood, O-pened wide the gate of God;
3. May Thy will, not mine, be done; May Thy will and mine be one:
4. Sav-ior, at Thy feet I fall; Thou my Life, my God, my All!

Prince of Peace, Gontrol My Will.


Bid my fears and doubt - ings cease; Hush my spir - it in - to peace.
Peace I ask— but peace must be, Lord, in be - ing one with Thee.
Chase these doubt-ings from my heart; Now Thy per - fect peace im - part.
Let Thy hap - py serv - ant be One for - ev - er-more with Thee. A - MEN.

No. 149 O Thou, in Whose Presence.

Joseph Swain. MEDITATION. 11s, 8s. **Freeman Lewis.**


1, O Thou, in whose pres - ence my soul takes de-light, On whom in af - flic - tion I call,
2. Where dost Thou, dear Shep - herd, re - sort with Thy sheep, To feed them in pas - tures of love?
3. O why should I wan - der, an al - ien from Thee, Or cry in the des - ert for bread?
4. Ye daughters of Zi - on, de-clare, have you seen The star that on Is - ra - el shone?
5. Dear Shep-herd, I hear, and will fol - low Thy call; I know the sweet sound of Thy voice;
My com-fort by day and my song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all,
Say, why in the val - ley of death should I weep, Or a - lone in this wil - der-ness rove?
Thy foes will re - joice when my sor - rows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.
Say, if in your tents my Be - lov - ed has been, And where with His flocks He is gone.
Re - store and de - fend me, for Thou art my all, And in Thee I will ev - er re - joice.

No. 150 There'll Be No Sorrow There.

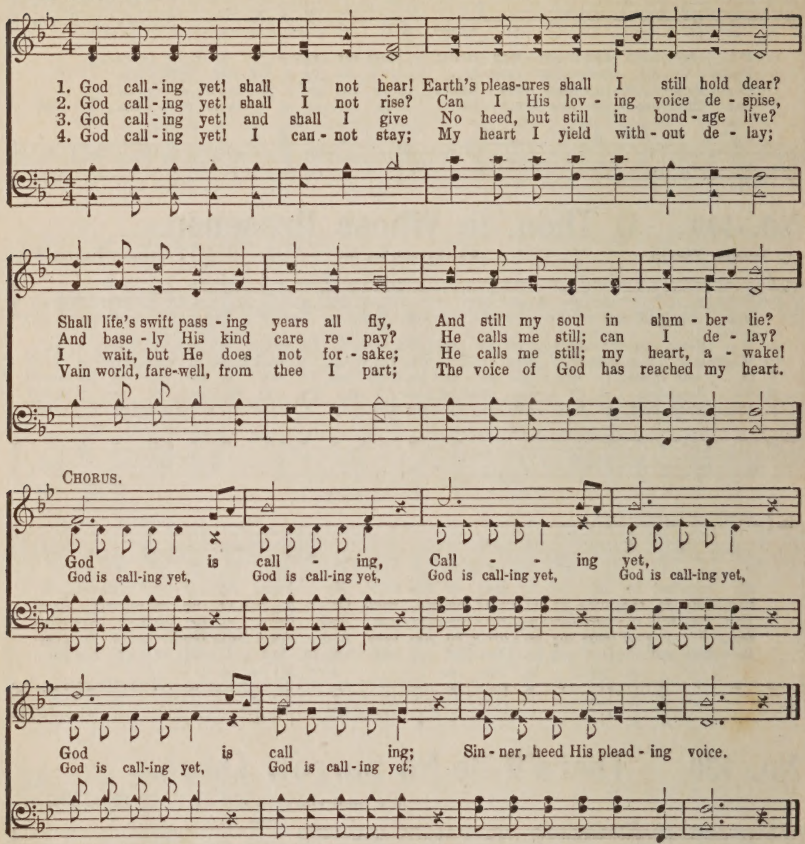
Arr and Harmonized by L. E. Edmonds.

1. Far from the scenes of night Un - bound - ed glo - ries rise,
2. Fair land! could mor - tal eyes But half its charms ex - plore,
3. No cloud those re - gions know, Realms ev - er bright and fair;
CHO.—There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there;
D. C. for Chorus.
And realms of joy and pure de - light Un - known to mor - tal eyes.
How would our spir - its long to rise, And dwell on earth no more!
For sin, the source of mor - tal woe, Can nev - er en - ter there.
In Heav'n a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.

No. 151 God Calling Yet.

"I have called, but ye have refused."—PROV. 1: 24.

J. Borthwick. John.


1. God call - ing yet! shall I not hear! Earth's pleas-ures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call - ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing voice de - spise,
3. God call - ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bond - age live?
4. God call - ing yet! I can - not stay; My heart I yield with - out de - lay;
Shall life's swift pass - ing years all fly, And still my soul in slum - ber lie?
And base - ly His kind care re - pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?
I wait, but He does not for - sake; He calls me still; my heart, a - wake!
Vain world, fare-well, from thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.
CHORUS.
God is call - ing, Call - - ing yet,
God is call-ing yet, God is call-ing yet, God is call-ing yet, God is call-ing yet,
God is call ing; Sin - ner, heed His plead - ing voice.
God is call-ing yet, God is call - ing yet;

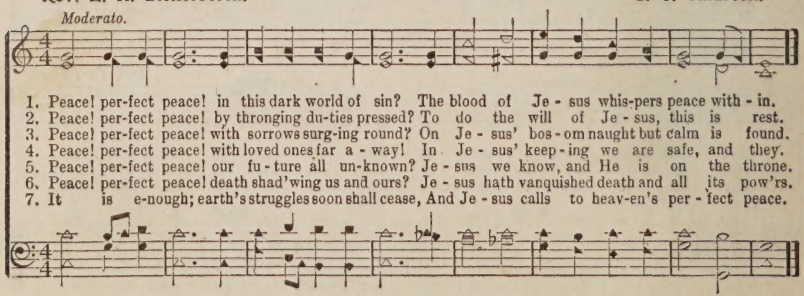
This hymn is FREE to be used for the glory of God.

No. 152 Peace! Perfect Peace.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace; whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."—ISA. 26: 3.

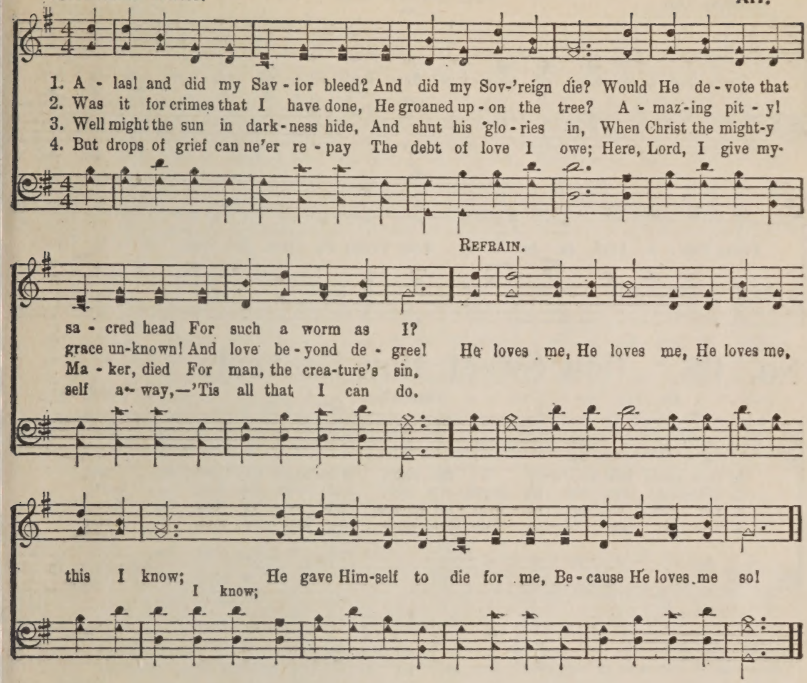
Rev. E. H. Bickersteth. G. T. Caldreck.

Moderato.


1. Peace! per-fect peace! in this dark world of sin? The blood of Je - sus whis-pers peace with - in.
2. Peace! per-fect peace! by thronging du-ties pressed? To do the will of Je - sus, this is rest.
3. Peace! per-fect peace! with sorrows surg-ing round? On Je - sus' bos - om naught but calm is found.
4. Peace! per-fect peace! with loved ones far a - way! In Je - sus' keep - ing we are safe, and they.
5. Peace! per-fect peace! our fu - ture all un-known? Je - sus we know, and He is on the throne.
6. Peace! per-fect peace! death shad'wing us and ours? Je - sus hath vanquished death and all its pow'rs.
7. It is e-nough; earth's struggles soon shall cease, And Je - sus calls to heav-en's per - fect peace.

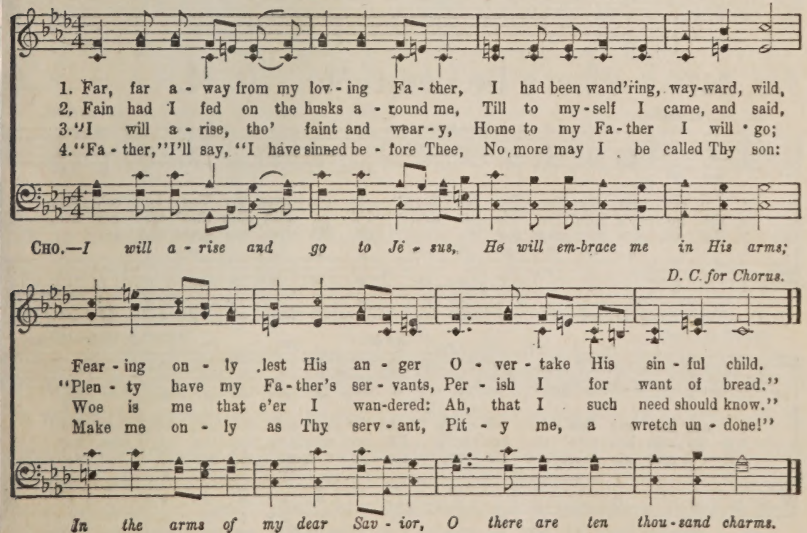
No. 153 He Loves Me.

Rev. Isaac Watts. Arr.


1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die? Would He de - vote that
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree? A - maz - ing pit - y!
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in, When Christ the might-y
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I give my-
REFRAIN.
sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree! He loves me, He loves me, He loves me,
Ma - ker, died For man, the crea-ture's sin.
self a - way,—'Tis all that I can do.
this I know; He gave Him-self to die for me, Be - cause He loves me so!
I know;

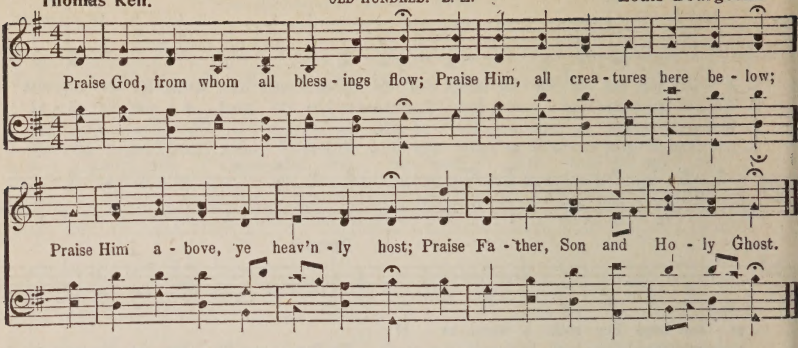
No. 154 I Will Arise.

Har. by L. E. Edmonds.


1. Far, far a - way from my lov - ing Fa - ther, I had been wand'ring, way-ward, wild,
2. Fain had I fed on the husks a - round me, Till to my-self I came, and said,
3. "I will a - rise, tho' faint and wear - y, Home to my Fa - ther I will go;
4. "Fa - ther," I'll say, "I have sinned be - fore Thee, No more may I be called Thy son:
CHO.—I will a - rise and go to Je - sus, He will em-brace me in His arms;
D. C. for Chorus.
Fear - ing on - ly lest His an - ger O - ver - take His sin - ful child.
"Plen - ty have my Fa - ther's ser - vants, Per - ish I for want of bread."
Woe is me that e'er I wan-dered: Ah, that I such need should know."
Make me on - ly as Thy serv - ant, Pit - y me, a wretch un - done!"
In the arms of my dear Sav - ior, O there are ten thou - sand charms.

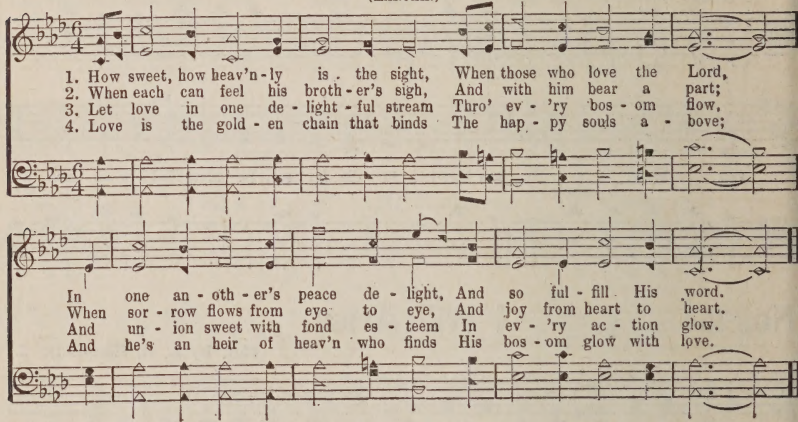
No. 155 Praise God.

Thomas Ken. OLD HUNDRED. L. M. Louis Bourgeois.


Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise Him, all crea - tures here be - low;
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

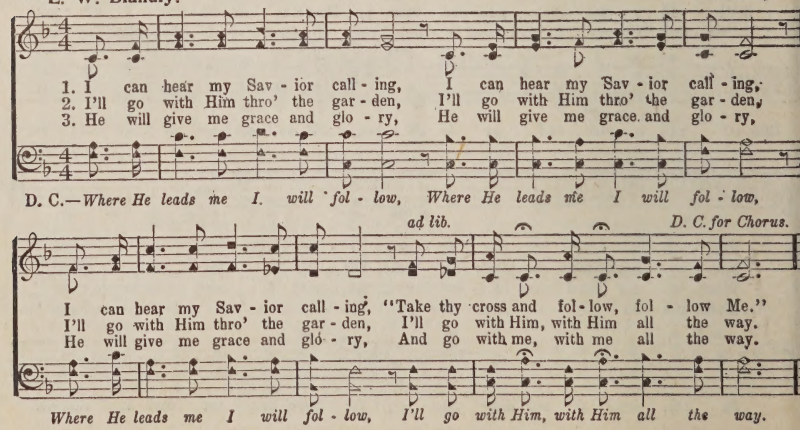
No. 156 How Sweet, How Heavenly.

(MANOAH.) Greatorex.


1. How sweet, how heav'n - ly is the sight, When those who love the Lord,
2. When each can feel his broth - er's sigh, And with him bear a part;
3. Let love in one de - light - ful stream Thro' ev - 'ry bos - om flow,
4. Love is the gold - en chain that binds The hap - py souls a - bove;
In one an - oth - er's peace de - light, And so ful - fill His word.
When sor - row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.
And un - ion sweet with fond es - teem In ev - 'ry ac - tion glow.
And he's an heir of heav'n who finds His bos - om glow with love.

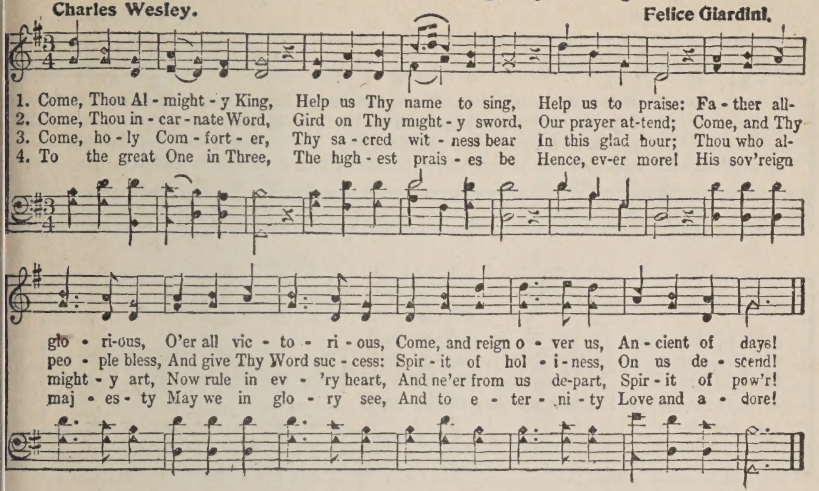
No. 157 Where He Leads Me. P. M.

E. W. Blandly. Anon.


1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,
D. C.—Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,
ad lib.
D. C. for Chorus.
I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low, fol - low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

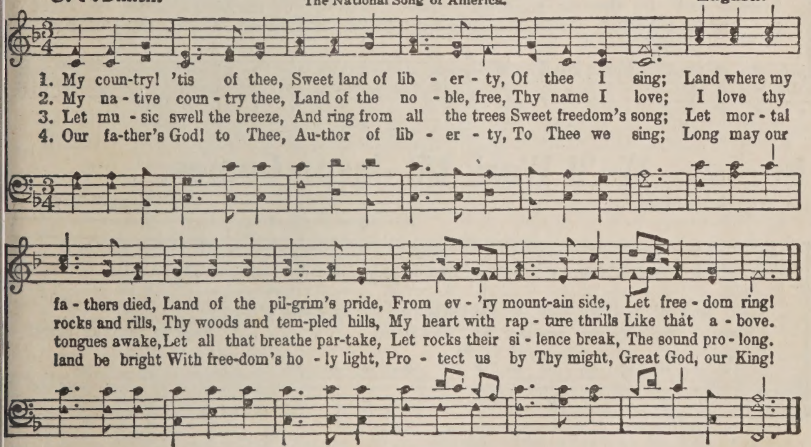
No. 158 Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.


1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa - ther all-
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword, Our prayer at-tend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be Hence, ev-er more! His sov'reign
glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
peo - ple bless, And give Thy Word suc - cess: Spir - it of hol - i - ness, On us de - scend!
might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir - it of pow'r!
maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

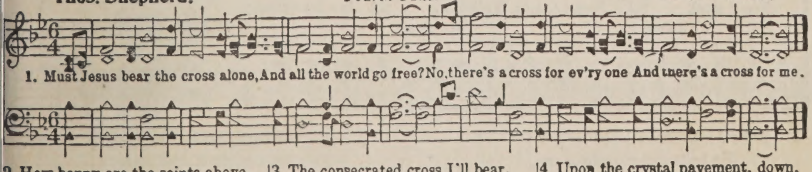
No. 159 America.

S. F. Smith. The National Song of America. English.


1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive coun - try thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal
4. Our fa-ther's God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our
fa - thers died, Land of the pil-grim's pride, From ev - 'ry mount-ain side, Let free - dom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem-pled hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe par-take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
land be bright With free-dom's ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 160 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. *Fourth Tune.* Geo. N. Allen.



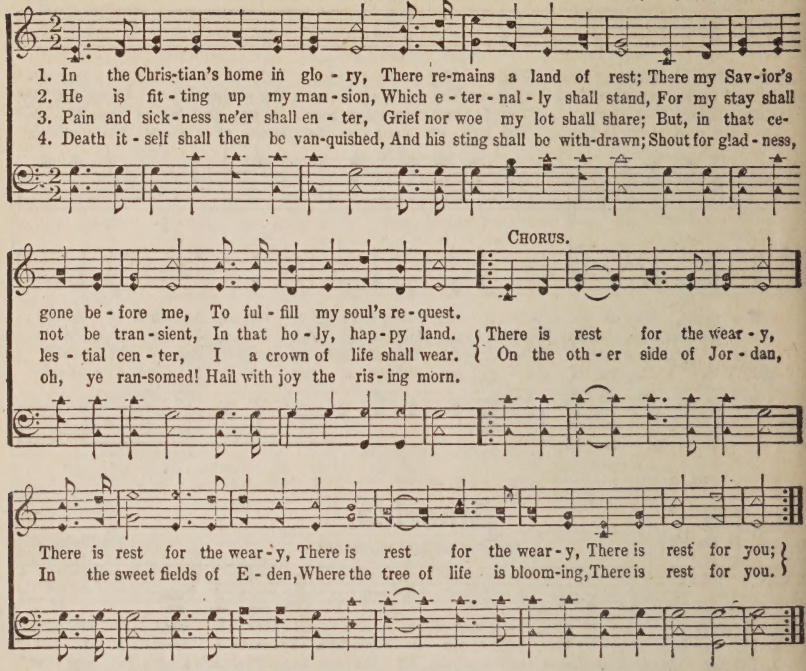
2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down,
At Jesus pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown
And His dear name repeat.

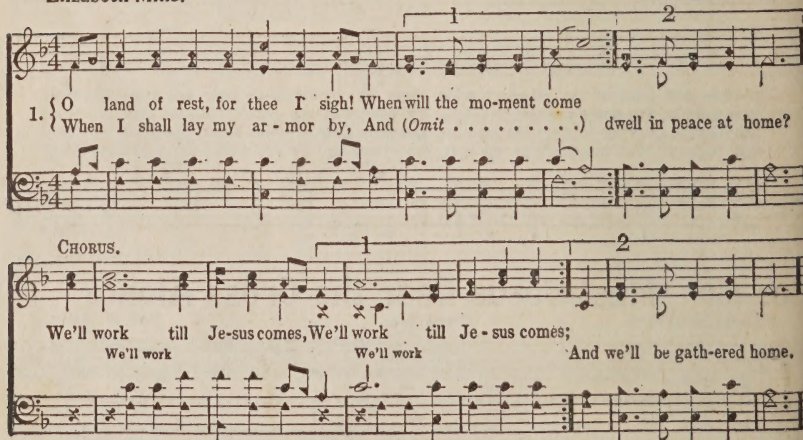
No. 161 Rest for the Weary.

William Hunter. J. W. Dadmun.


1. In the Chris-tian's home in glo - ry, There re-mains a land of rest; There my Sav-ior's
2. He is fit - ting up my man - sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand, For my stay shall
3. Pain and sick - ness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share; But, in that ce-
4. Death it - self shall then be van-quished, And his sting shall be with-drawn; Shout for glad - ness,
CHORUS.
gone be - fore me, To ful - fill my soul's re - quest.
not be tran - sient, In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
les - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear.
oh, ye ran-somed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.
There is rest for the wear - y, There is rest for the wear - y, There is rest for you;
In the sweet fields of E - den, Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, There is rest for you.
There is rest for the wear - y,
On the oth - er side of Jor - dan,

No. 162 We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Mills. William Miller.

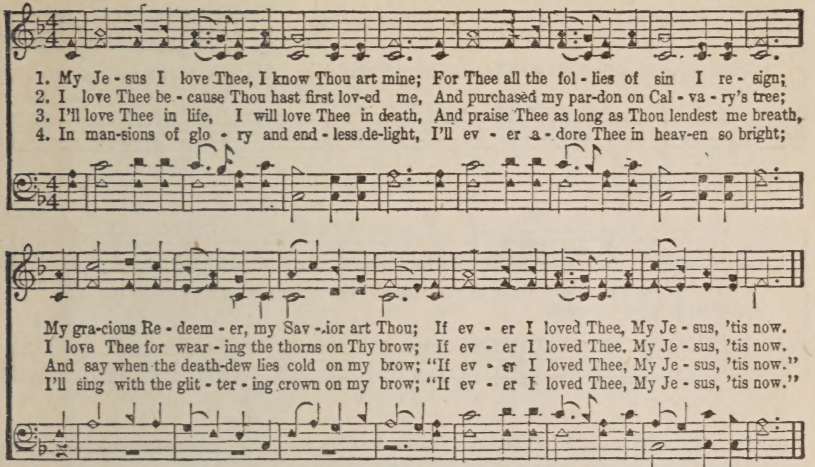

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo-ment come
When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And (Omit . . . . .) dwell in peace at home?
CHORUS.
We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes;
We'll work
We'll work
And we'll be gath-ered home.

2 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on His breast
Till He conduct me home.

3 I sought at once my Savior's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And reach my heavenly home.

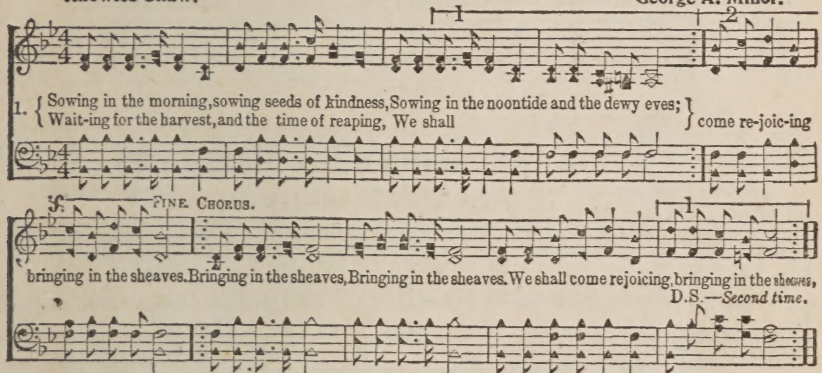
No. 163 My Jesus I Love Thee.

English. *First Tune.* A. J. Gordon.


1. My Je - sus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my par-don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav-en so bright;
My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."

No. 164 Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.

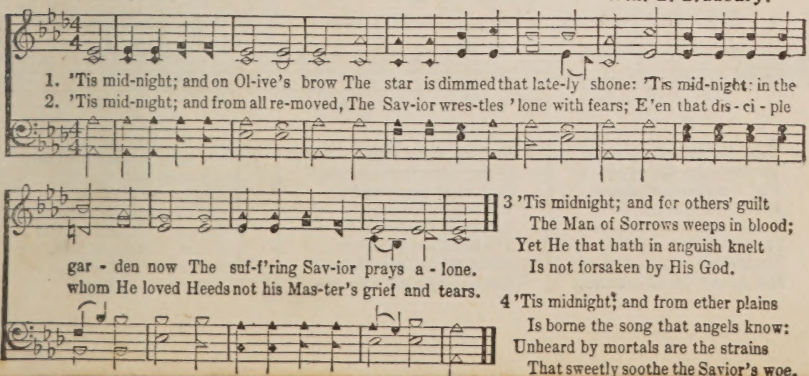

1. { Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eves; } { Wait-ing for the harvest, and the time of reaping, We shall come re-joic-ing
FINE. CHORUS.
bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves. We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,
D.S.—Second time.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 165 'Tis Midnight, and on Olive's Brow.

W. B. Tappan Wm. B. Bradbury.

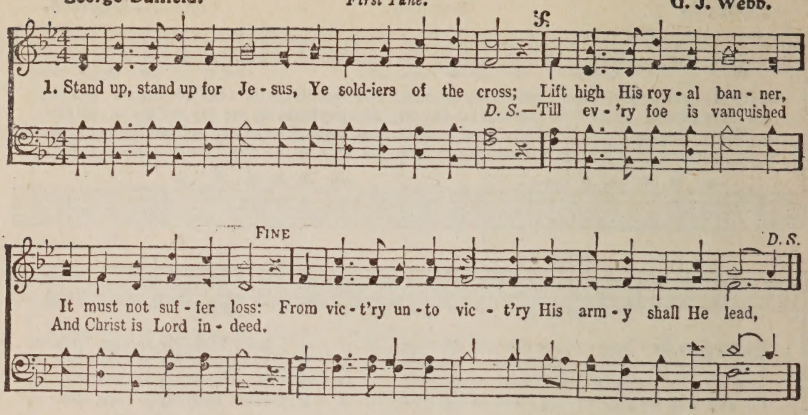

1. 'Tis mid-night; and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone: 'Tis mid-night: in the
2. 'Tis mid-night; and from all re-moved, The Sav-ior wres-tles 'lone with fears; E'en that dis - ci - ple
gar - den now The suf-f'ring Sav-ior prays a - lone.
whom He loved Heeds not his Mas-ter's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by His God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know:
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.

No. 166 Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield. *First Tune.* G. J. Webb.


1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sold-iers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al ban - ner,
D. S.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished
FINE
D. S.
It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,
And Christ is Lord in - deed.

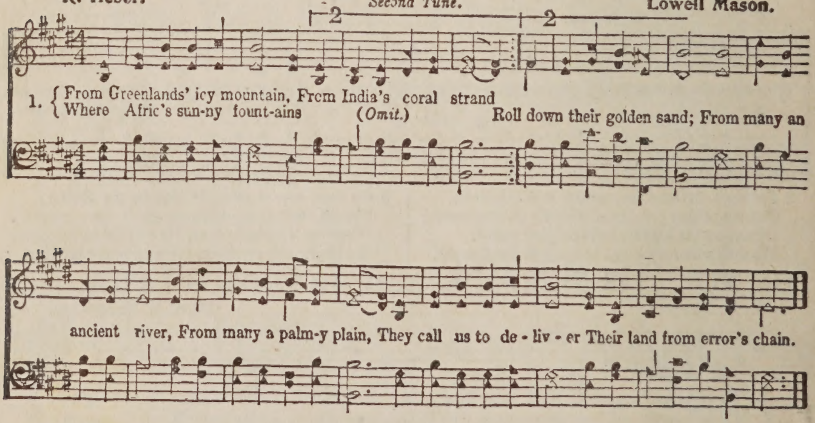
2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own,
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 167 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber. *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.


1. { From Greenlands' icy mountain, From India's coral strand
{ Where Afric's sun-ny fount-ains (*Omit.*) Roll down their golden sand; From many an
ancient river, From many a palm-y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

2 What tho' the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Tho' every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

No. 168 Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

USED BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL

Will L. Thompson.

p
1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleet-ing, the mo-ments are pass-ing, Pass-ing from you and from me;
4. Think of the won - der - ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;
At the heart's por-tal He's wait-ing and watch-ing, Watch-ing for you and for me.
Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer - cies, Mer - cies for you and for me?
Shad-ows are gath-'ring, and death's night is com-ing, Com - ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer - cy and par - don, Par - don for you and for me.
CHORUS.
cres
Come home,.... come home,..... Ye who are wea - ry, come home,.....
Come home, come home,
p
rit.
pp
Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly, Je - sus is call-ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

No. 169 Ring the Bells of Heaven.

Rev. Wm. O. Cushing.

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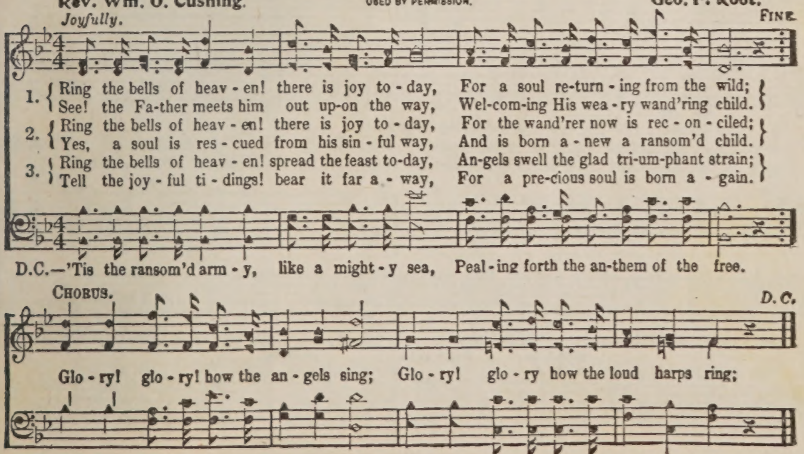
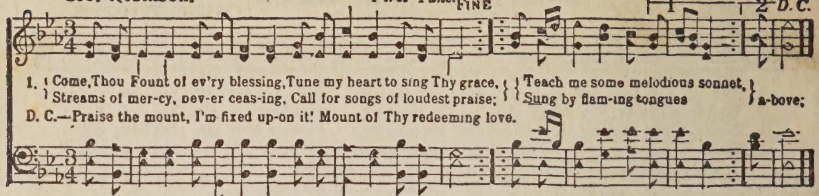
Geo. F. Root.


Joyfully.
FINE.
1. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For a soul re-turn - ing from the wild;
See! the Fa-ther meets him out up-on the way, Wel-com-ing His wea - ry wand'ring child.
2. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For the wand'rer now is rec - on - ciled;
Yes, a soul is res - cued from his sin - ful way, And is born a - new a ransom'd child.
3. Ring the bells of heav - en! spread the feast to-day, An-gels swell the glad tri-um-phant strain;
Tell the joy - ful ti - dings! bear it far a - way, For a pre-cious soul is born a - gain.
D.C.—'Tis the ransom'd arm - y, like a might - y sea, Peal-ing forth the an-them of the free.
CHORUS.
D. C.
Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the an - gels sing; Glo - ry! glo - ry how the loud harps ring;

No. 170. Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. *First Tune.* John Wyeth.


FINE
1
2
D. C.
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise; Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;
D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.

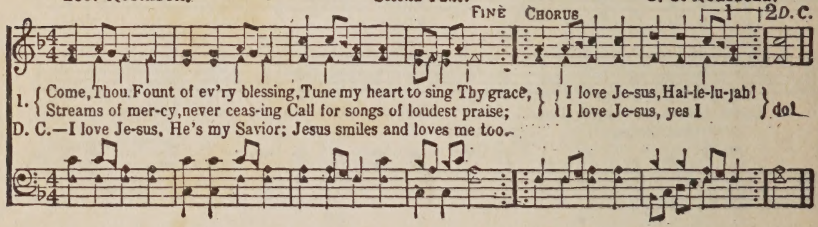
1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love; [it,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal
Seal it for Thy courts above.

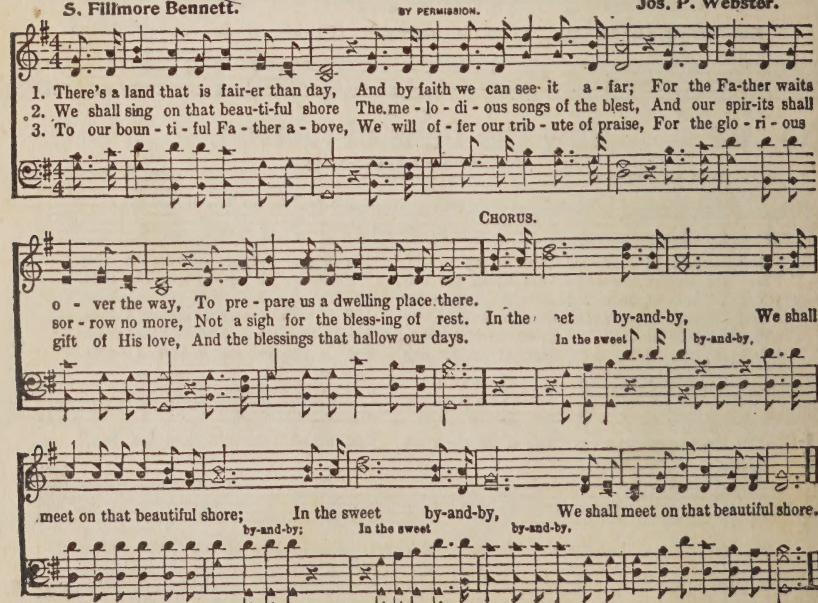
No. 171. I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

Geo. Robinson. *Second Tune.* J. J. Rousseau.


FINE
CHORUS.
1
2
D. C.
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, I love Je-sus, Hal-le-lu-jah!
Streams of mer-cy, never ceas-ing Call for songs of loudest praise; I love Je-sus, yes I do!
D. C.—I love Je-sus, He's my Savior; Jesus smiles and loves me too.

No. 172. Sweet By-and-By.

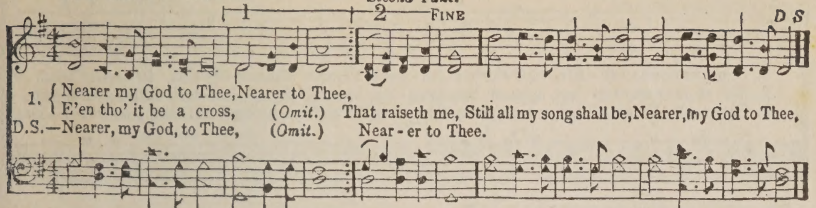
S. Fillmore Bennett. BY PERMISSION. Jos. P. Webster.


1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa-ther waits
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir-its shall
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous
CHORUS.
o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwelling place there.
sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall
gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days.
In the sweet by-and-by,
meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
by-and-by; In the sweet by-and-by.

No. 173. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

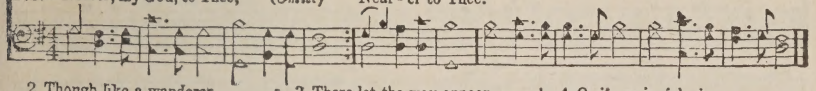
Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

Second Tune.



1. { Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
   { E'en tho' it be a cross, (*Omit.*) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God to Thee,

D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (*Omit.*) Near - er to Thee.



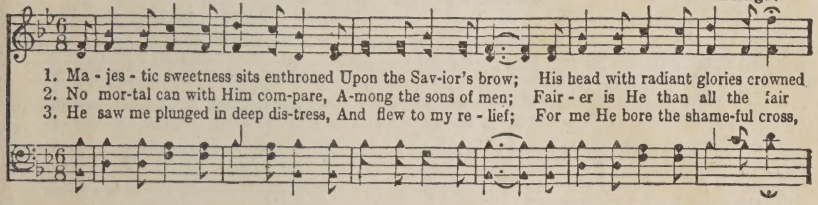
2 Though like a wanderer
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

No. 174. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.



1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Sav-ior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shame-ful cross,

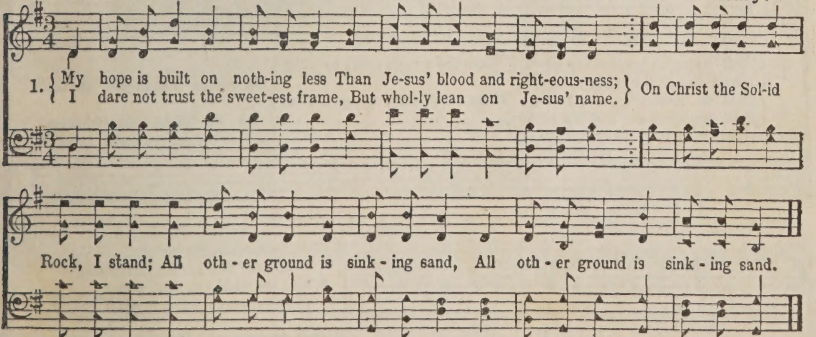
His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.

4. To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

No. 175. The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote. BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. { My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
   { I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name. } On Christ the Sol-id

Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

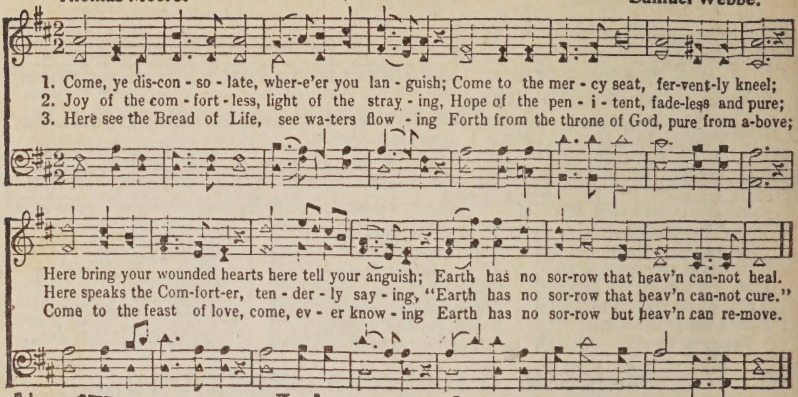
2 When darkness veils His lovely face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
O may I then in Him be found,
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

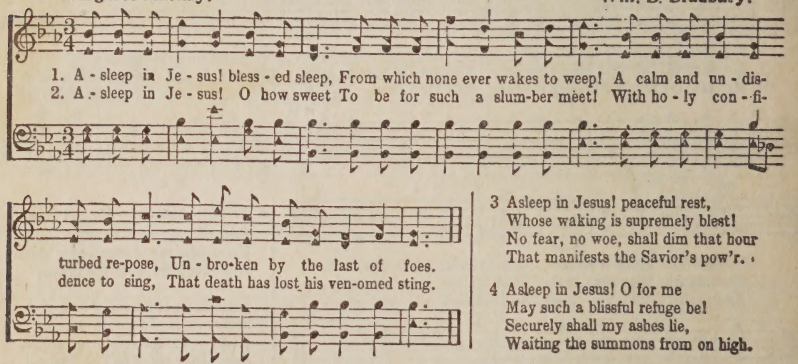
No. 176. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. Samuel Webbe.


1. Come, ye dis-con - so - late, wher-e'er you lan - guish; Come to the mer - cy seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;
2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure;
3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a-bove;
Here bring your wounded hearts here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure."
Come to the feast of love, come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.

No. 177. Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. Wm. B. Bradbury.

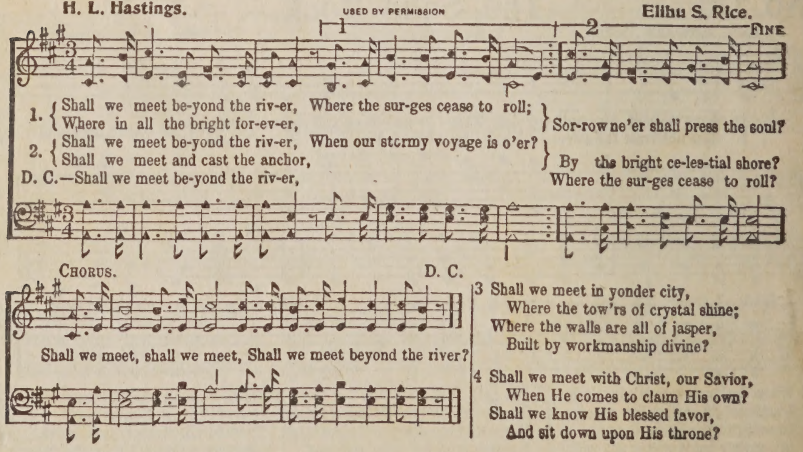

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep! A calm and un - dis-
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet! With ho - ly con - fi-
turbed re-pose, Un - bro-ken by the last of foes.
dence to sing, That death has lost his ven-omed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's pow'r.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

No. 178. Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings. USED BY PERMISSION Elihu S. Rice.

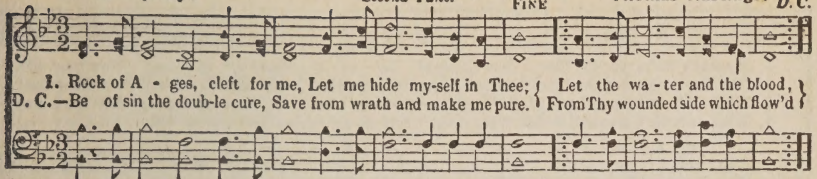

1
2
FINE
1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll; Where in all the bright for-ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
2. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, When our stormy voyage is o'er? Shall we meet and cast the anchor, By the bright ce-les-tial shore?
D. C.—Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?
CHORUS.
D. C.
Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the river?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the tow'rs of crystal shine;
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

No. 179. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. *Second Tune.* FINE Thomas Hastings. D.C.


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
Let the wa - ter and the blood,
D. C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
From Thy wounded side which flow'd

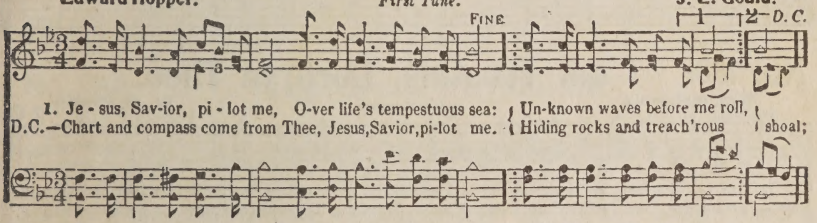
1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 180. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *First Tune.* FINE J. E. Gould. 1 2 D.C.


1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me, O-ver life's tempestuous sea:
Un-known waves before me roll,
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me.
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;

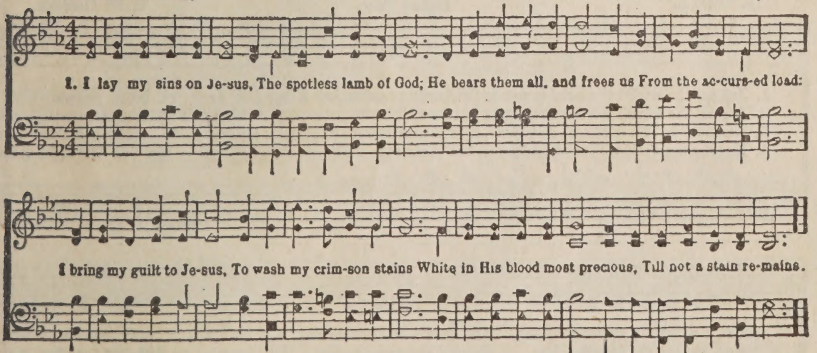
1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 181. I Lay My Sins on Jesus.

Horatius Bonar. Samuel Sebastian Wesley.


1. I lay my sins on Je-sus, The spotless lamb of God; He bears them all, and frees us From the ac-curs-ed load:
I bring my guilt to Je-sus, To wash my crim-son stains White in His blood most precious, Till not a stain re-mains.

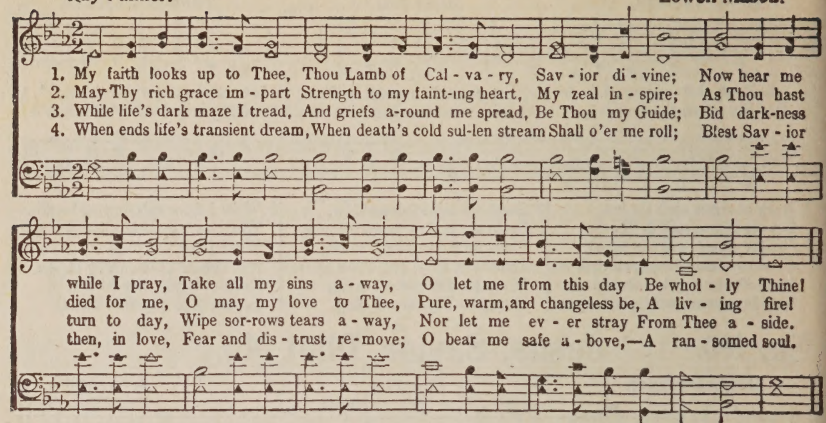
2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in Him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline:
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ the Lord,
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
And learn the angels' song.

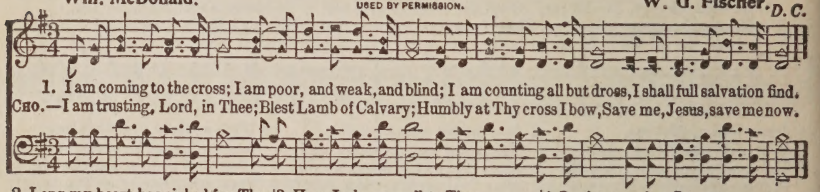
No. 182. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - ior
while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sor-rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re-move; O bear me safe a - bove,—A ran - somed soul.

No. 183. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald. USED BY PERMISSION. W. G. Fischer. D. C.



1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross, I shall full salvation find.
CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee; Blest Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Jesus, save me now.

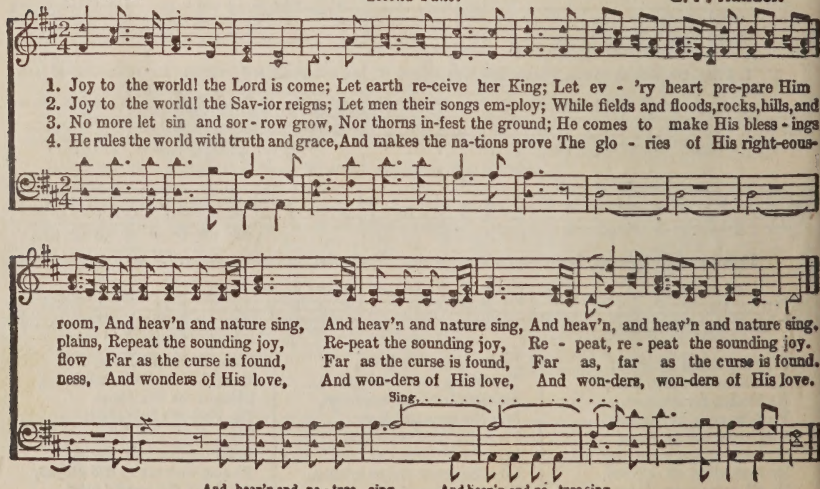
2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil-reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

4 In the promises I trust
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

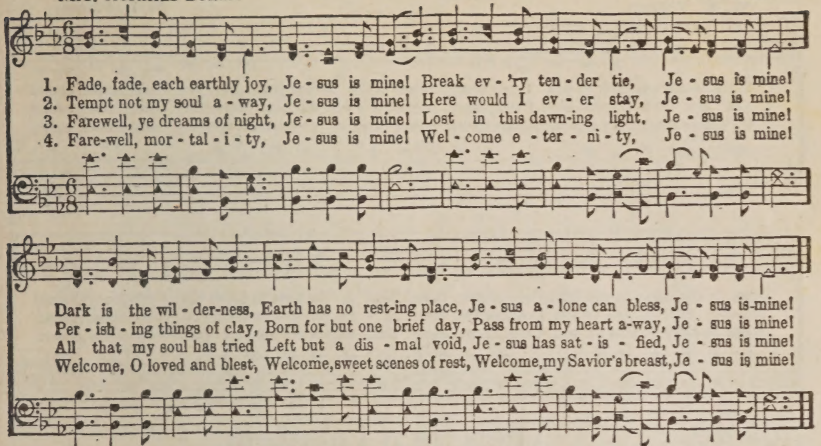
No 184. Joy to the World.

I. Watts. *Second Tune.* G. F. Handel.


1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The glo - ries of His right-eous-
room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
flow Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
ness, And wonders of His love, And won-ders of His love, And won-ders, won-ders of His love.
Sing,
And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.

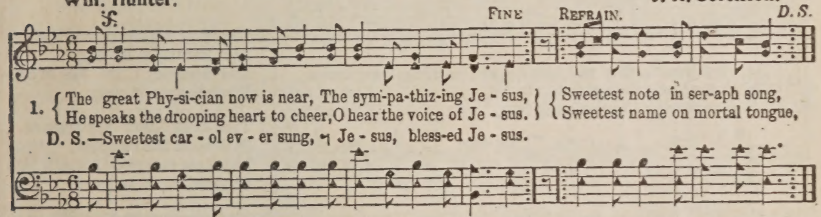
No. 185. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar. T. E. Perkins.


1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine!
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine!
4. Fare-well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine!
Dark is the wil - der-ness, Earth has no rest-ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born for but one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way, Je - sus is mine!
All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

No. 186. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.

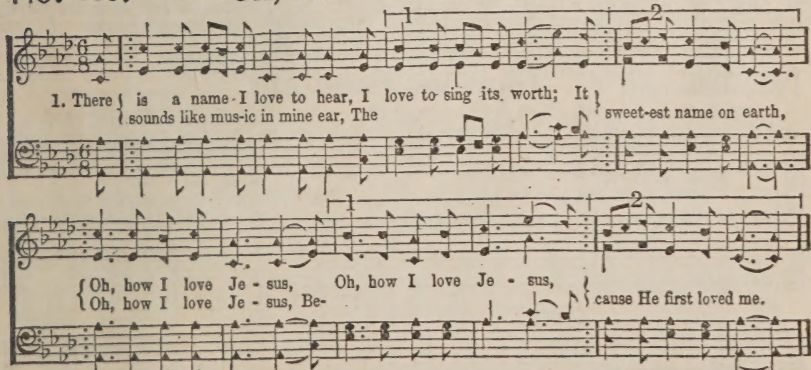

FINE
REFRAIN.
D. S.
1. { The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je - sus, } { Sweetest note in ser-aph song,
{ He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. } { Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
D. S.—Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! bear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

No. 187. Oh, How I Love Jesus.


1
2
1. There { is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It } sweet-est name on earth,
{ sounds like mus-ic in mine ear, The }
1
2
{ Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus, }
{ Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be- } { cause He first loved me.

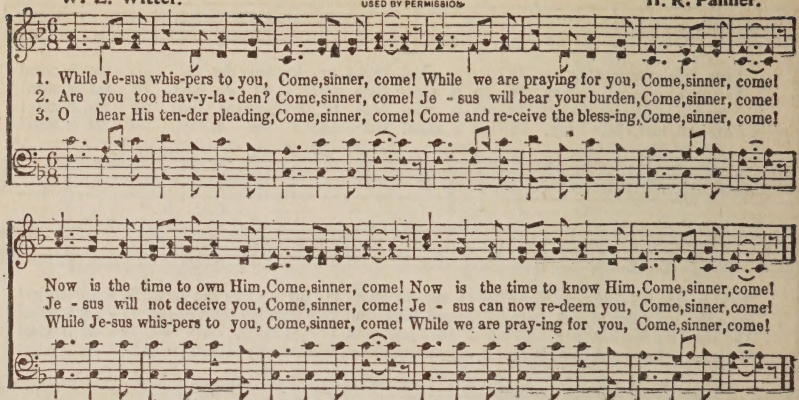
2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood;
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And tho' I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

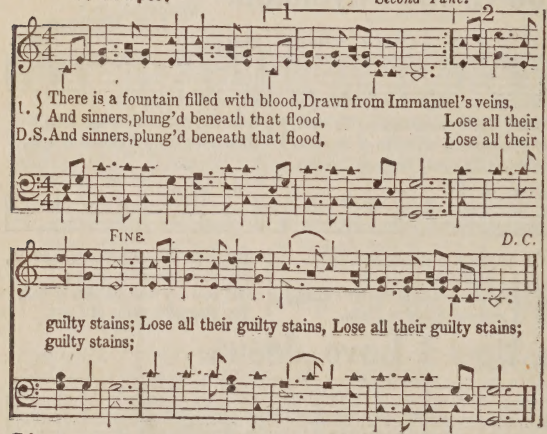
No. 188. While Jesus Whispers.

W. E. Witter. COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY H. R. PALMER. USED BY PERMISSION. H. R. Palmer.


1. While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!
2. Are you too heav-y-la-den? Come, sinner, come! Je - sus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come!
3. O hear His ten-der pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and re-ceive the bless-ing, Come, sinner, come!
Now is the time to own Him, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
Je - sus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come! Je - sus can now re-deem you, Come, sinner, come!
While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sinner, come!

No. 189. There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper. *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.


1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their
D.S. And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their
FINE.
D. C.
guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;
guilty stains;

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

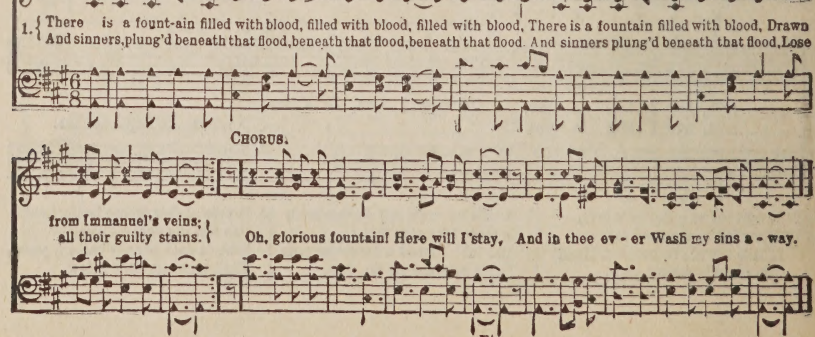
3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

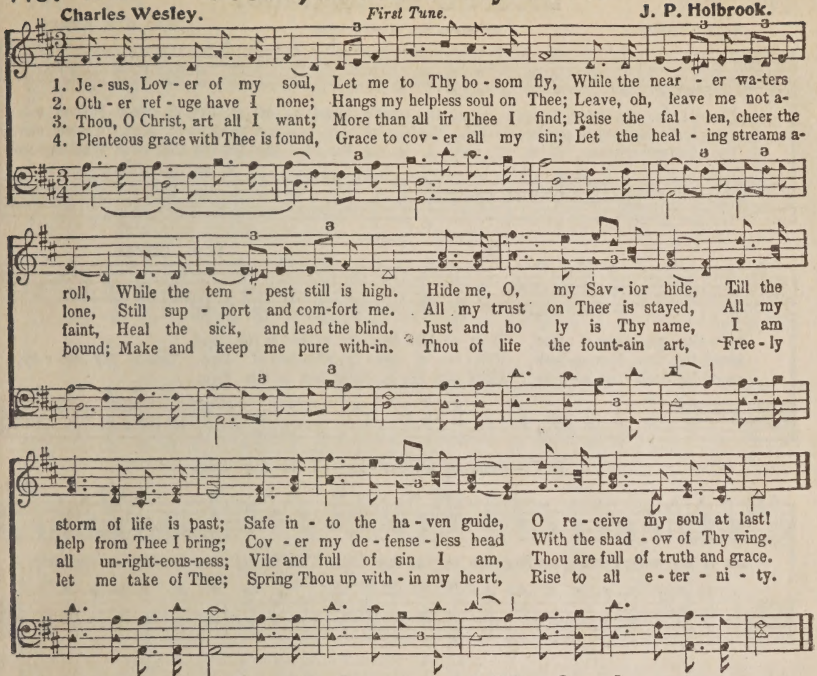
No. 190. Glorious Fountain.

W. Cowper. *Third Tune.* T. C. O'Kane.


1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood. And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose
CHORUS.
from Immanuel's veins;
all their guilty stains.
Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

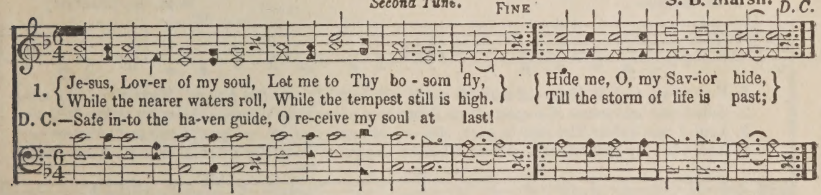
No. 191. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* J. P. Holbrook.


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa-ters
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a-
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a-
roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the
lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho ly is Thy name, I am
bound; Make and keep me pure with-in. Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free - ly
storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
all un-right-eous-ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou are full of truth and grace.
let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

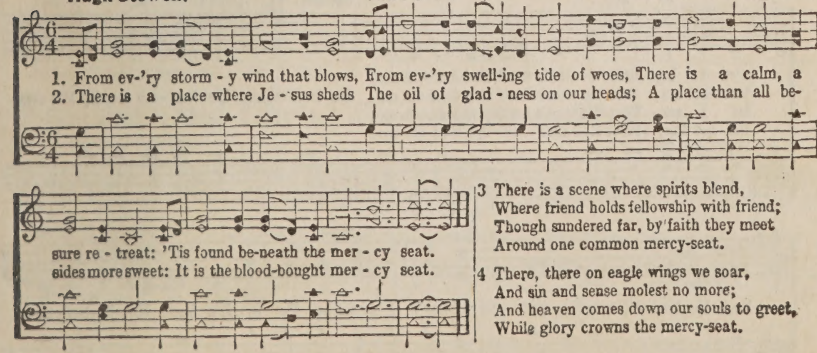
No. 192. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Second Tune. FINE S. B. Marsh. D. C.


1. { Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, } { Hide me, O, my Sav-ior hide, }
{ While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Till the storm of life is past; }
D. C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!

No. 193. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

Hugh Stowell. *Third Tune.* Thomas Hastings.

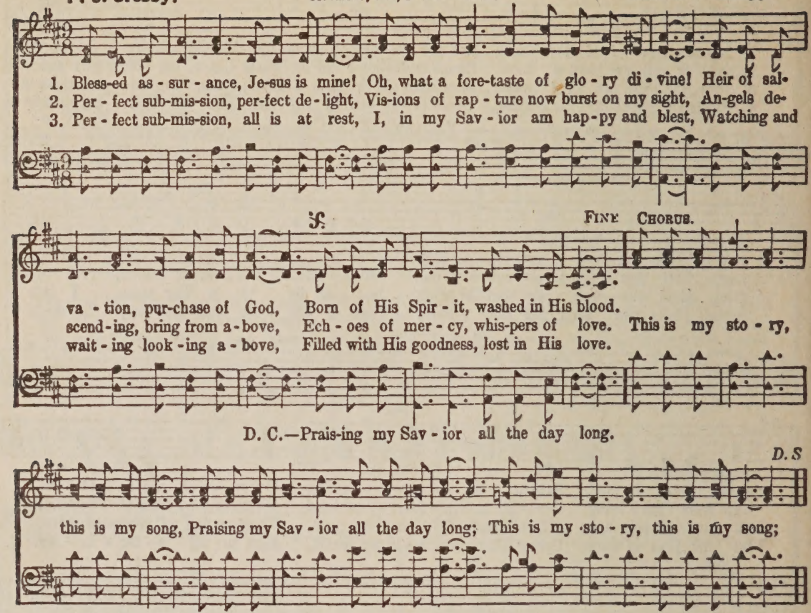

1. From ev-'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads; A place than all be-
sure re - treat: 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy seat.
sides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mer - cy seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

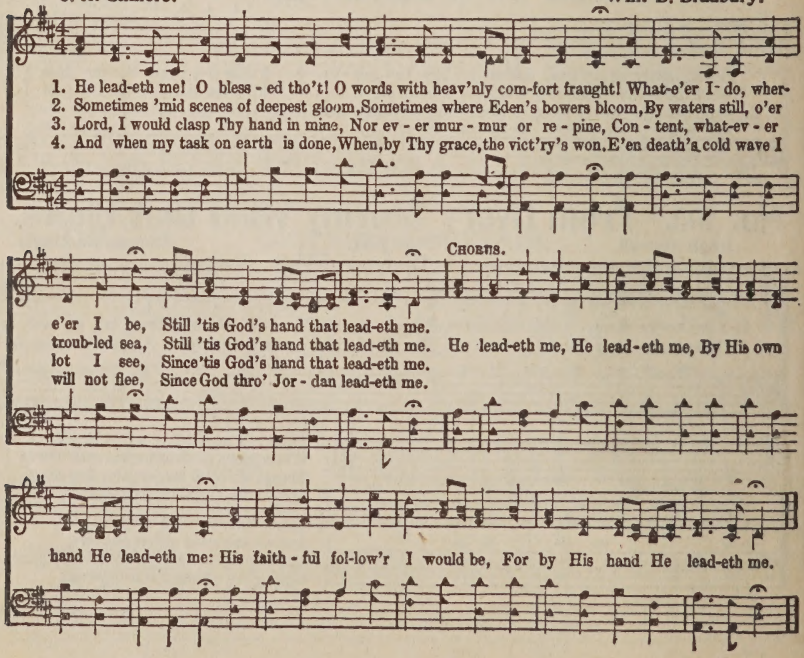
No. 194 Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.


1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav-ior am hap-py and blest, Watching and
Fine
Chorus.
va-tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
scend-ing, bring from a-bove, Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry,
wait-ing look-ing a-bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
D. C.—Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.
D. S
this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my sto-ry, this is my song;

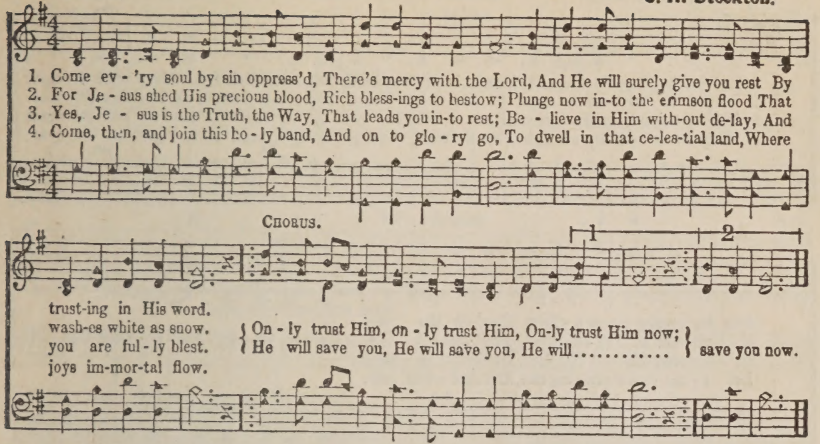
No. 195 He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, wher-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur or re-pine, Con-tent, what-ev-er
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I
Chorus.
e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
troub-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own
lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.
hand He lead-eth me: His faith-ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

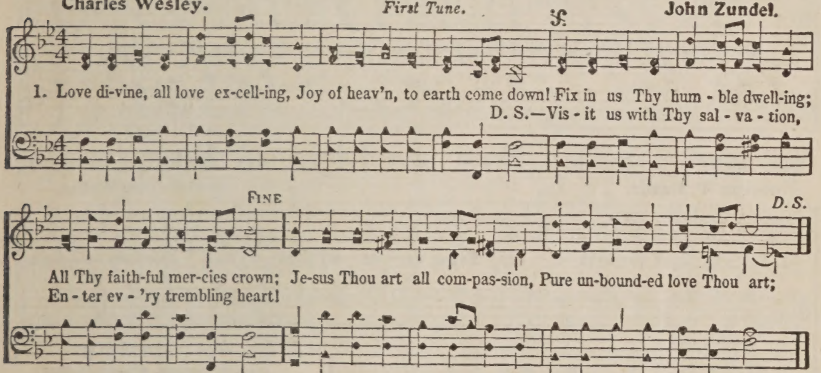
No. 196. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. — J. H. Stockton.


1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where
CHORUS.
1
2
trust-ing in His word.
wash-es white as snow.
you are ful - ly blest.
joys im-mor-tal flow.
On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you, He will..... save you now.

No. 197 Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. — *First Tune.* — John Zundel.


1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing;
D. S.—Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion,
FINE
D. S.
All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown; Je-sus Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art;
En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart!

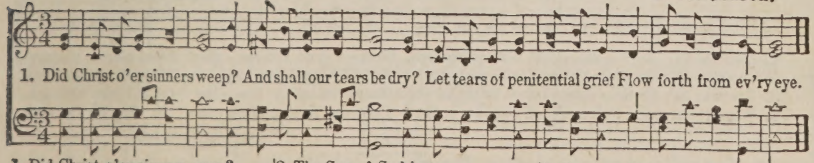
2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love!

4 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

No. 198. Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

Benj. Beddome. — Lowell Mason.



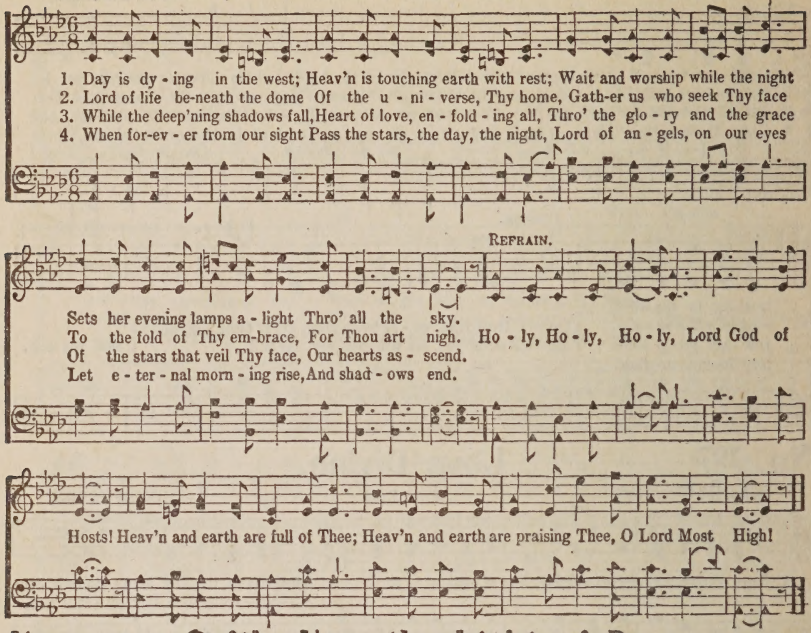
1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our tears be dry?
Let tears of penitential grief
Flow forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep—
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

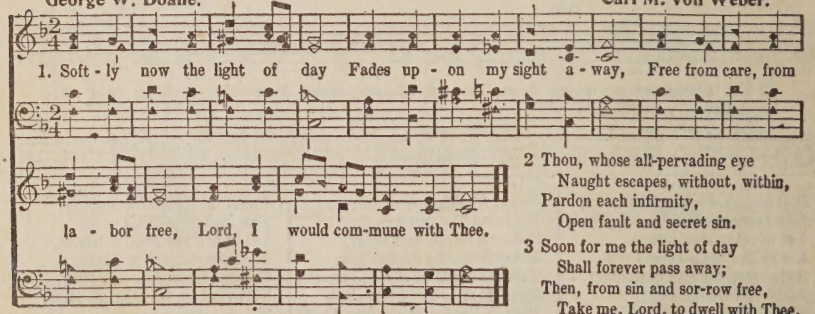
No. 199 Day is Dying in the West.

Mary Ann Lathbury. COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. H. VINCENT. William F. Sherwin.


1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and worship while the night
2. Lord of life be-neath the dome Of the u - ni - verse, Thy home, Gath-er us who seek Thy face
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en - fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace
4. When for-ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes
REFRAIN.
Sets her evening lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.
To the fold of Thy em-brace, For Thou art nigh. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of
Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - scend.
Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, And shad - ows end.
Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High!

No. 200 Softly Now the Light of Day.

George W. Doane. Carl M. von Weber.

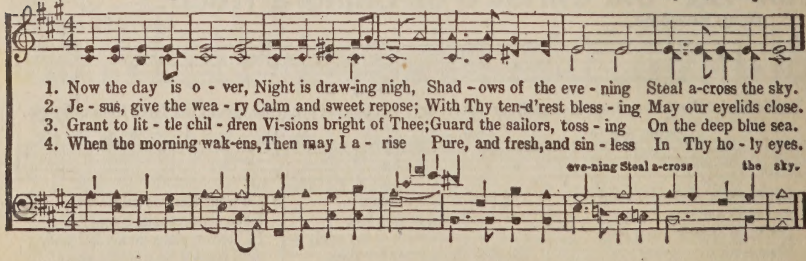


2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault and secret sin.

3 Soon for me the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sor-row free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

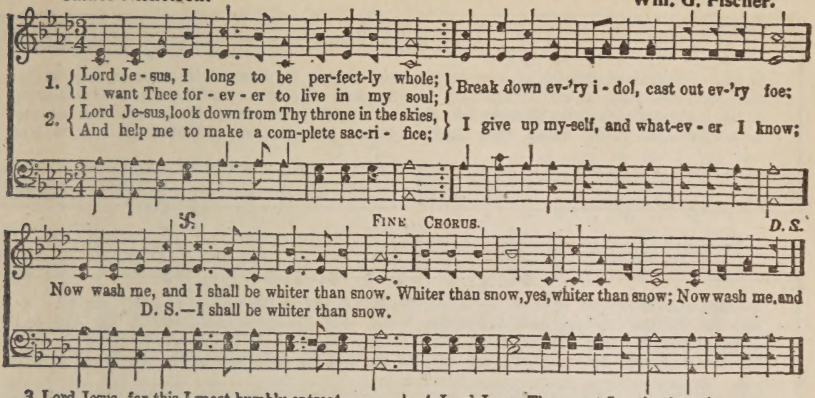
No. 201 Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould. Joseph Barnby.


1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh, Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a-cross the sky.
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet repose; With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eyelids close.
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi-sions bright of Thee; Guard the sailors, toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
4. When the morning wak-ens, Then may I a - rise Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.
eve-ning Steal a-cross the sky.

No. 202. Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. O. Fischer.


1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev-'ry i - dol, cast out ev-'ry foe;
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-plete sac-ri - fice; I give up my-self, and what-ev - er I know;
S.
FINE CHORUS.
D. S.
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and
D. S.—I shall be whiter than snow.

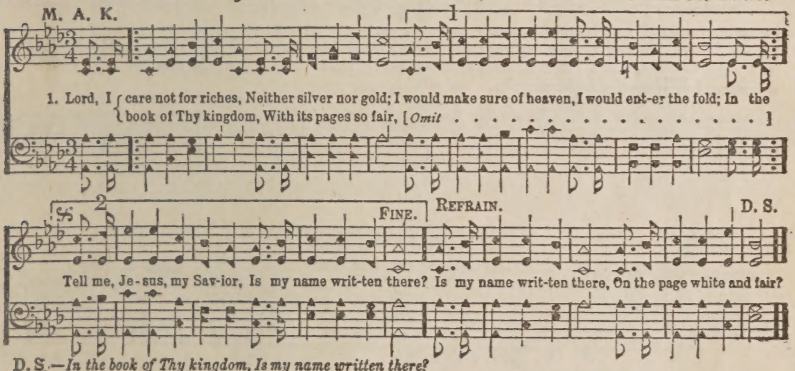
3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 203. Is My Name Written There?

Frank M. Davis.

M. A. K.

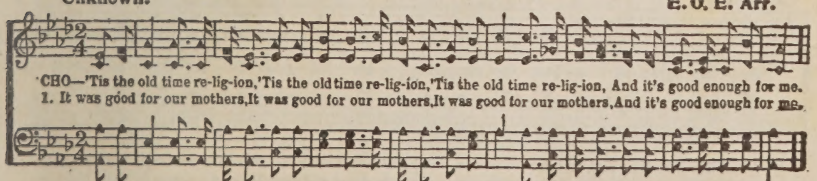

1
1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven, I would ent-er the fold; In the book of Thy kingdom, With its pages so fair, Omit
2
FINE.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
Tell me, Je-sus, my Sav-ior, Is my name writ-ten there? Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?
D. S.—In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea,
But Thy blood, O my Savior, Is sufficient for me;
For Thy promise is written In bright letters that glow,
"Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city, With mansions of light,
With its glorified beings, In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching, Is my name written there?

No. 204. The Old Time Religion.

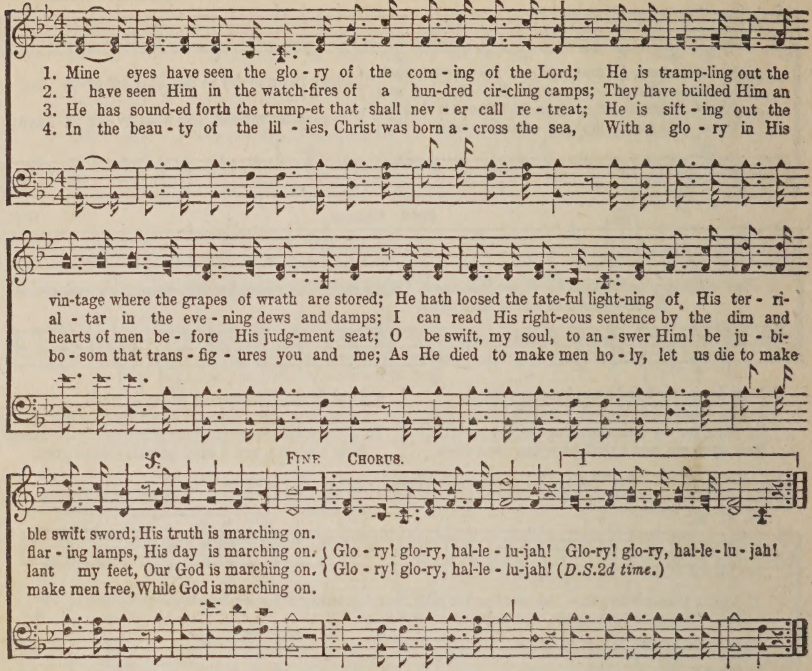
Unknown. E. O. E. Arr.


CHO—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, And it's good enough for me.
1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, And it's good enough for me.

2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It will take us all to heaven.

No. 205. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."

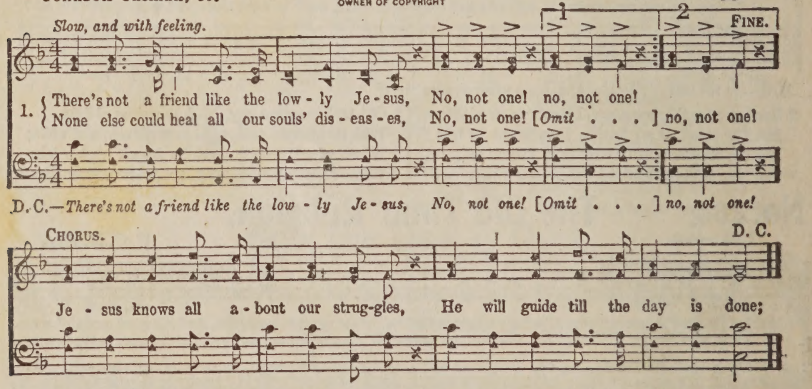

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is tramp-ling out the
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have builded Him an
3. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is sift - ing out the
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a glo - ry in His
vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter - ri-
al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can read His right-eous sentence by the dim and
hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat; O be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi-
bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make
FINE. CHORUS.
ble swift sword; His truth is marching on.
fiar - ing lamps, His day is marching on.
lant my feet, Our God is marching on.
make men free, While God is marching on.
Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! (D.S.2d time.)

No. 206. No, Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

USED BY PERMISSION OF GEO. C. HUGG, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT

Geo. C. Hugg.


Slow, and with feeling.
FINE.
1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
None else could heal all our souls' dis - eas - es, No, not one! [Omit . . .] no, not one!
D.C.—There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! [Omit . . .] no, not one!
CHORUS.
D. C.
Je - sus knows all a - bout our strug-gles, He will guide till the day is done;

2 No friend like Him is so high and holy, No, etc.
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly, No, etc.

3 There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, etc.
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, etc.

4 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him? No, etc.
Or sinner find that He would not take Him? No, etc.

5 Was e'er a gift like the Savior given? No, etc.
Will He refuse us a home in heaven? No, etc.

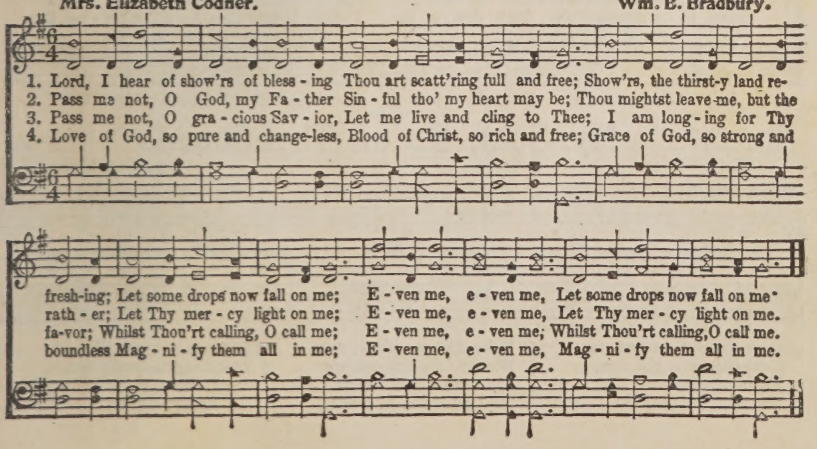
No. 207. I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. William G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger - ing and thirst-ing
Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,
CHORUS.
It sat - is - fies my long - ings As noth - ing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own Ho-ly Word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.
'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

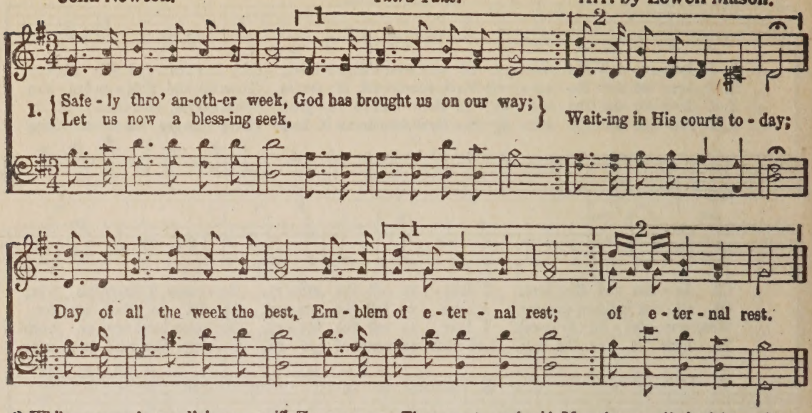
No. 208. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and
fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me
rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

No. 209 Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. *Third Tune.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.


1. Safe - ly thro' an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to - day;
Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest; of e - ter - nal rest.

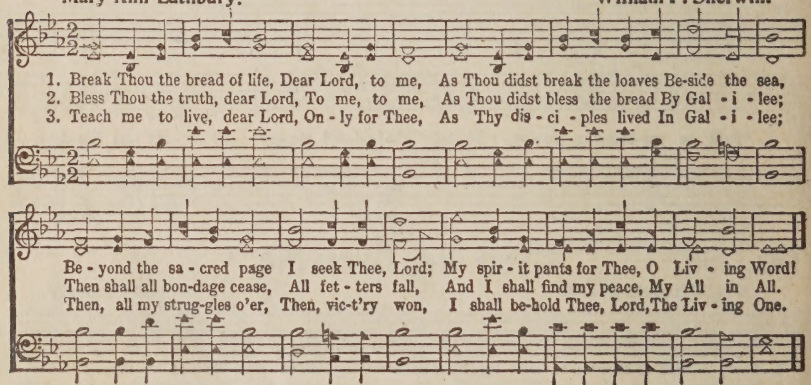
2 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy pesence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

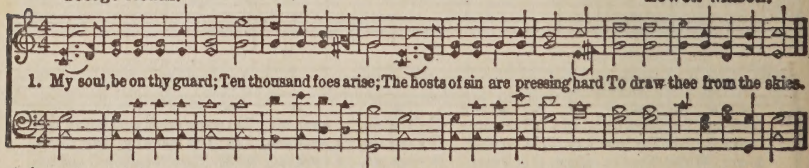
No. 210 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.


1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Be-side the sea,
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy dis - ci - ples lived In Gal - i - lee;
Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O Liv - ing Word!
Then shall all bon-dage cease, All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All.
Then, all my strug-gles o'er, Then, vic-t'ry won, I shall be-hold Thee, Lord, The Liv - ing One.

No. 211 My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

George Heath. Lowell Mason.



2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

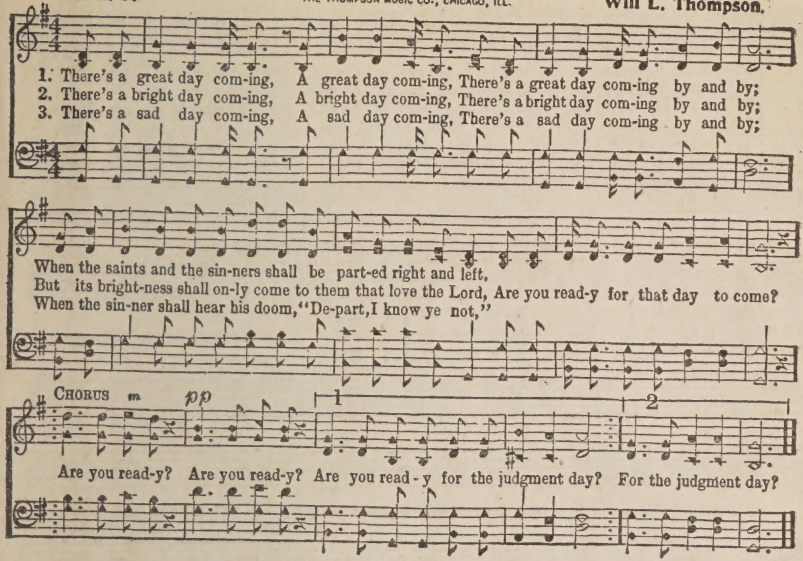
4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting
To His divine abode. [breath,

No. 212 There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

USED BY PER. W. L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Will L. Thompson.


1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a great day com-ing by and by;
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day com-ing by and by;
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a sad day com-ing by and by;
When the saints and the sin-ners shall be part-ed right and left,
But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-part, I know ye not,"
CHORUS
Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the judgment day? For the judgment day?

No. 213 On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Rev. Samuel Stennett.

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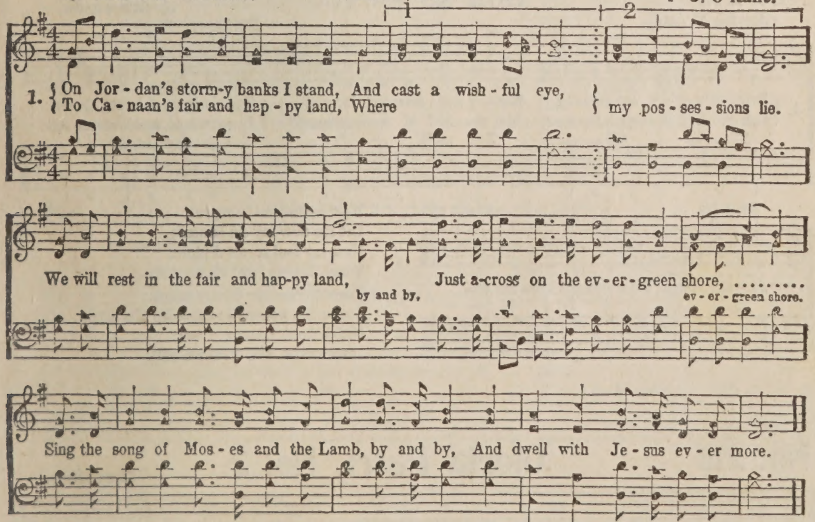
T. C. O'Kane.


1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye, / To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, Just a-cross on the ev-er-green shore, ...
by and by, ev-er-green shore.
Sing the song of Mos-es and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er more.

2 O'er all those wide-extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

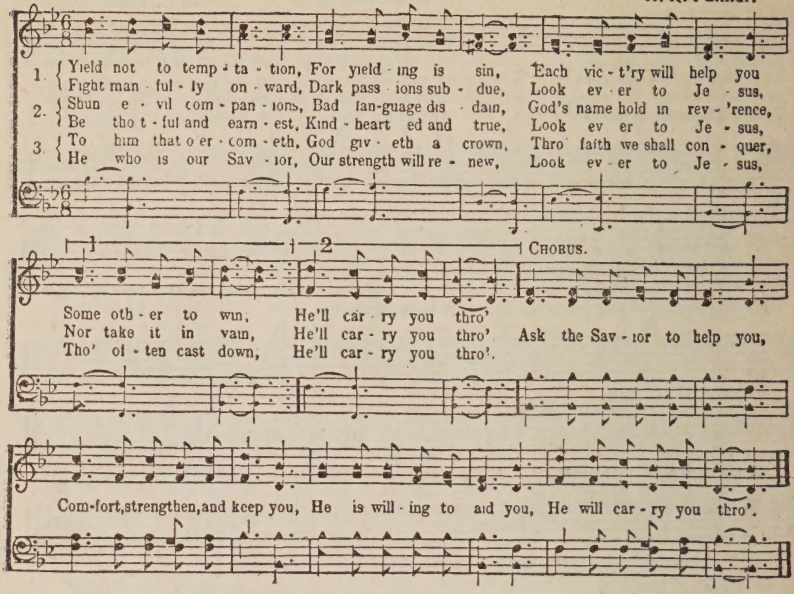
4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

No. 214 Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P

BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER.

H. R. Palmer.


1. Yield not to temp - ta - tion, For yield - ing is sin, Each vic - t'ry will help you
Fight man - ful - ly on - ward, Dark pass - ions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
2. Shun e - vil com - pan - ions, Bad lan-guage dis - dain, God's name hold in rev - 'rence,
Be tho t - ful and earn - est, Kind - heart ed and true, Look ev er to Je - sus,
3. To him that o'er - com - eth, God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con - quer,
He who is our Sav - ior, Our strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus,
1 2
CHORUS.
Some oth - er to win, He'll car - ry you thro'
Nor take it in vain, He'll car - ry you thro'. Ask the Sav - ior to help you,
Tho' of - ten cast down, He'll car - ry you thro'.
Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you, He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you thro'.

No. 215 God is Love.

Charles Wesley.

J. Stevenson.

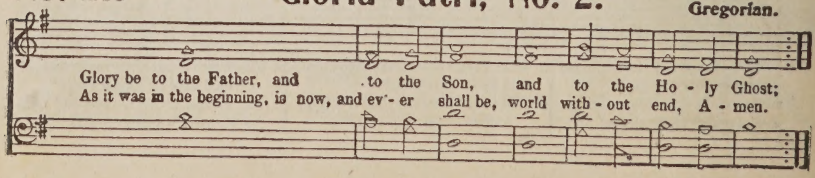
REFRAIN. Faster.
1. Depth of mer - cy, can there be Mer - cy still re-served for me? God is love, I know, I feel;
Can my God His wrath for-bear, Me, the chief of sin-ners spare? Je-sus weeps, and loves me still;
Smoothly. Repeat pp
Je - sus weeps, He weeps and loves me still.

2 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sin lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

3 There for me the Savior stands;
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;
God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

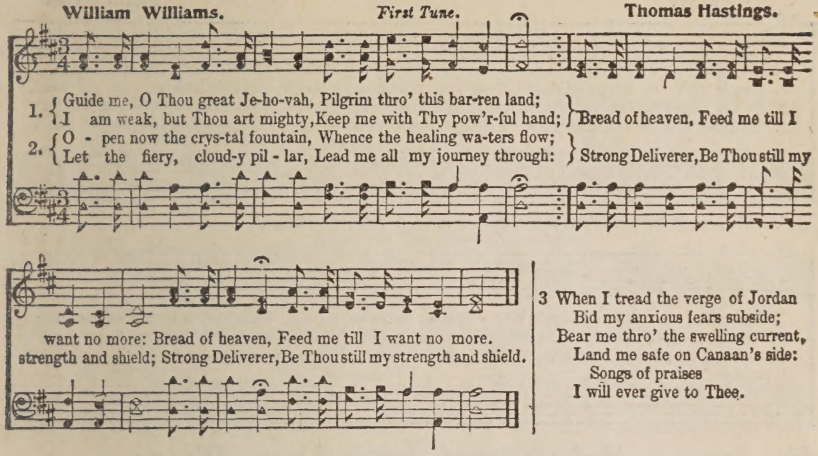
No. 216 Gloria Patri, No. 2.

Gregorian.


Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end, A - men.

No. 217. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams. *First Tune.* Thomas Hastings.


1. Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Keep me with Thy pow'r-ful hand;
Bread of heaven, Feed me till I
2. O - pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the healing wa-ters flow;
Let the fiery, cloud-y pil - lar, Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my
want no more: Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.
strength and shield; Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

No. 218. Good News.

First or Second Tune.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

No. 219. Hallelujah!

First or Second Tune.

1 O Thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by Thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise Thee;
Where shall I Thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests His pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall His glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
"Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

No. 220. Hark! Ten Thousand.

Thomas Kelly. *Second Tune.* FINE Lowell Mason.

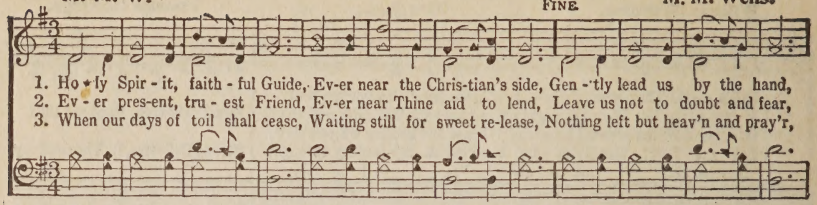
1. Hark! ten-thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above;
Je - sus reigns, and heav'n rejoices, Je - sus reigns, the God of love,
See, He sits on yonder throne,
See, He sits on yon-der throne,
D.C.—Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.
D. C.
Jesus rules the world alone;
Je-sus rules the world a-lone:

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens,
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine:

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

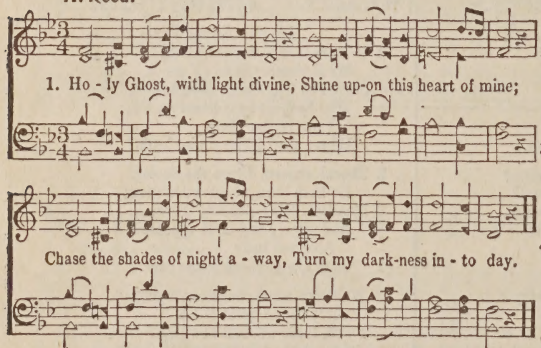
No. 221. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. FINE. M. M. Wells.


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev-er near the Chris-tian's side, Gen - tly lead us by the hand,
2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re-lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,
D.C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."
D. C.
Pil-grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for - e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear; When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wondering if our names are there; Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je - sus blood.

No. 222. Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.



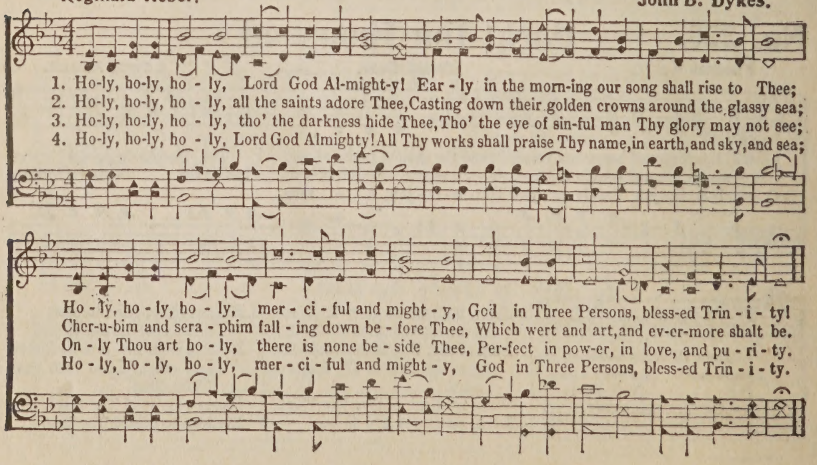
2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

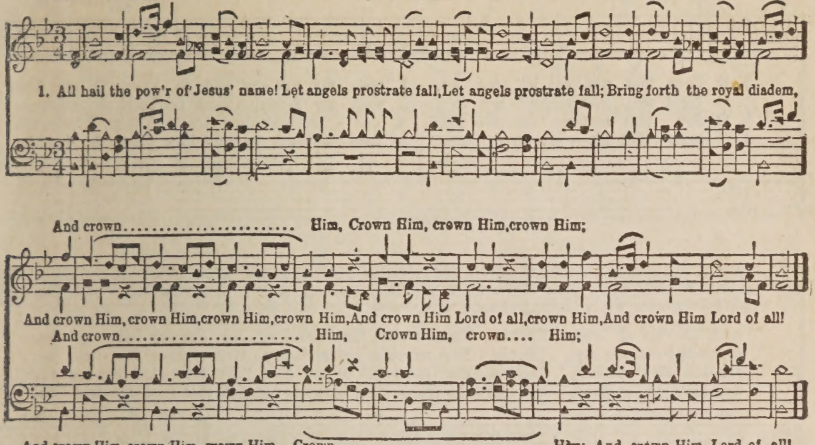
No. 223. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.


1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee;
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glory may not see;
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Cher-u-bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per-fect in pow-er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty.

No. 224 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name,

E. Perronet. *First Tune.* James Ellor.


1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown..... Him, Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him;
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown..... Him, Crown Him, crown.... Him;
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown..... Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

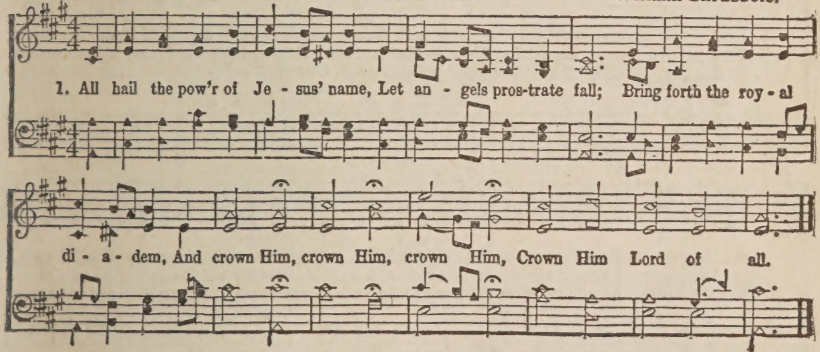
2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

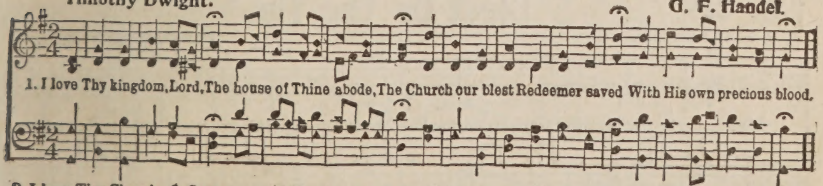
No. 225 All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet. *Third Tune.* William Shrubsole.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al
di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.

No. 226 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight. G. F. Handel.



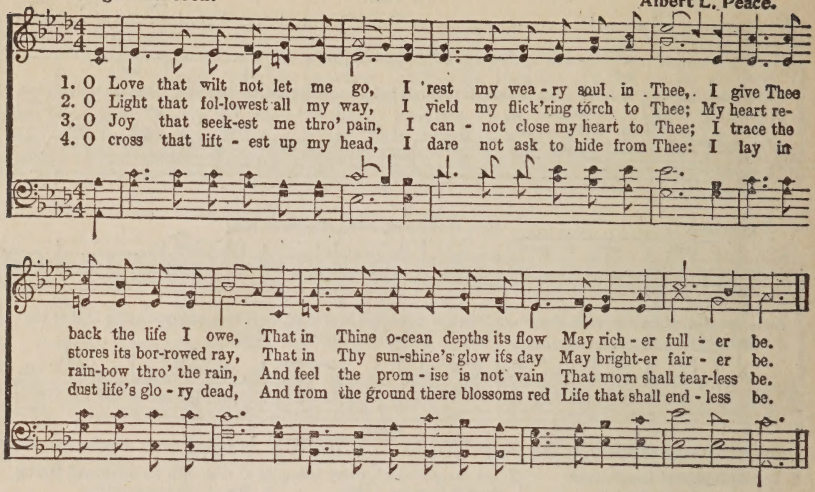
2 I love Thy Church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways, [vows,
Her sweet communion, solemn
Her hymns of love and praise.

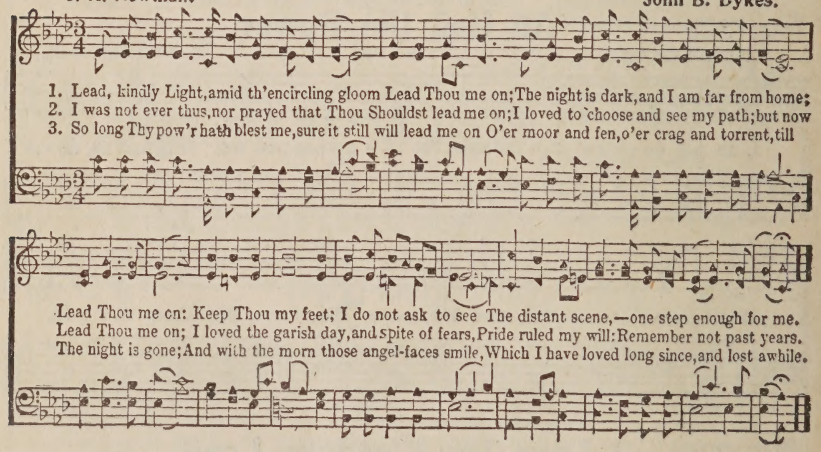
No. 227. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. Albert L. Peace.


1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I 'rest my wea - ry soul in Thee, I give Thee
2. O Light that fol-lowest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-
3. O Joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I can - not close my heart to Thee; I trace the
4. O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to hide from Thee: I lay in
back the life I owe, That in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich - er full - er be.
stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy sun-shine's glow its day May bright-er fair - er be.
rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear-less be.
dust life's glo - ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be.

No. 228. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. John B. Dykes.


1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene,—one step enough for me.
Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.
The night is gone; And with the morn those angel-faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

No. 229. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.

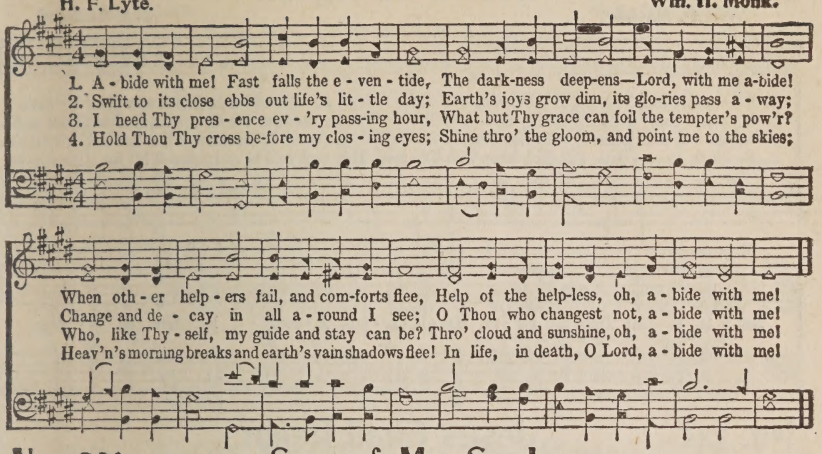
2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

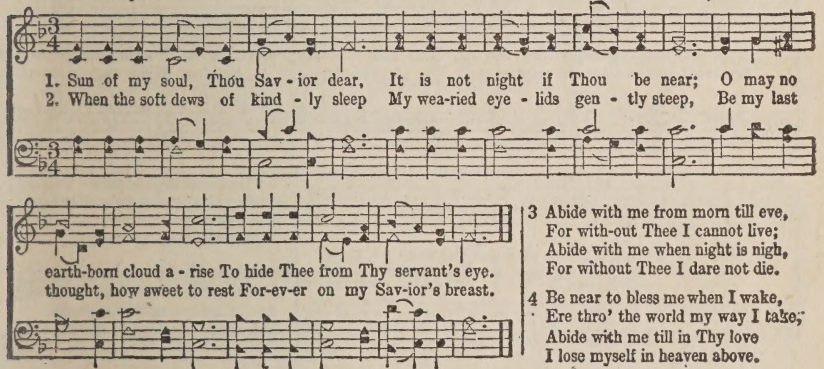
No. 230. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.


1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;
When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 231. Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler. Henry Monk.

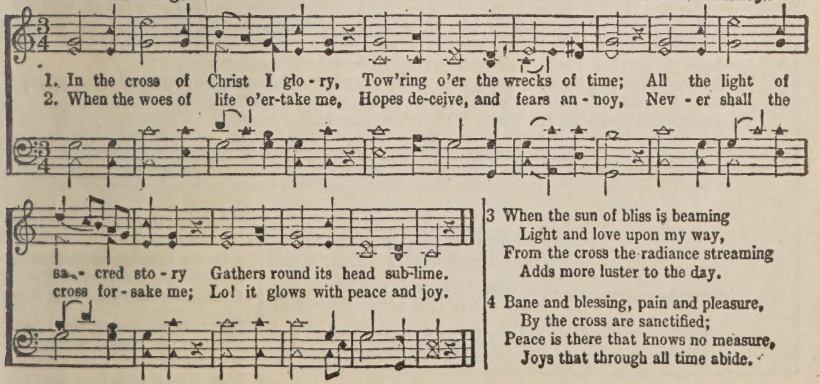

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last
earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.
thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For with-out Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

No. 232. In the Cross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.

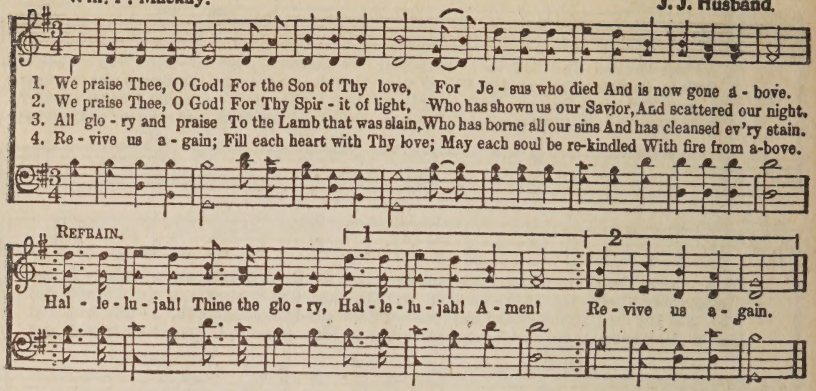

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the
sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.
cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

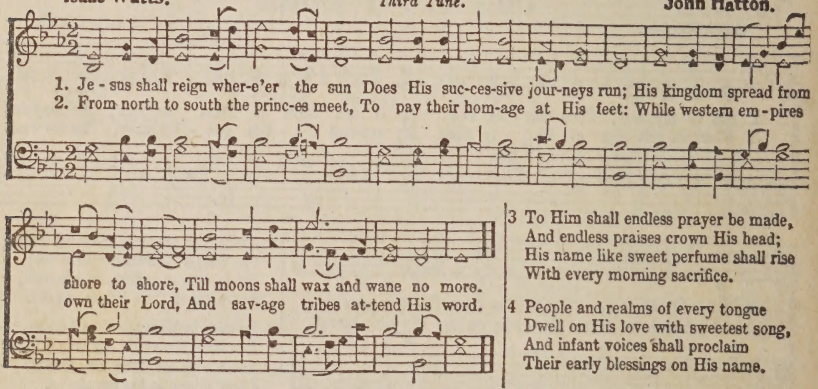
No. 233. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.


1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove.
REFRAIN.
1
2
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 234. Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. *Third Tune.* John Hatton.

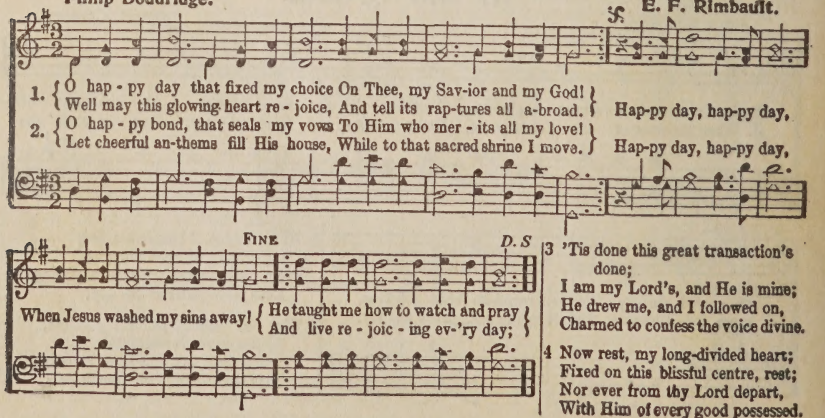

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does His suc-ces-sive jour-neys run; His kingdom spread from
2. From north to south the princ-es meet, To pay their hom-age at His feet: While western em - pires
shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at-tend His word.

3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

No. 235. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.

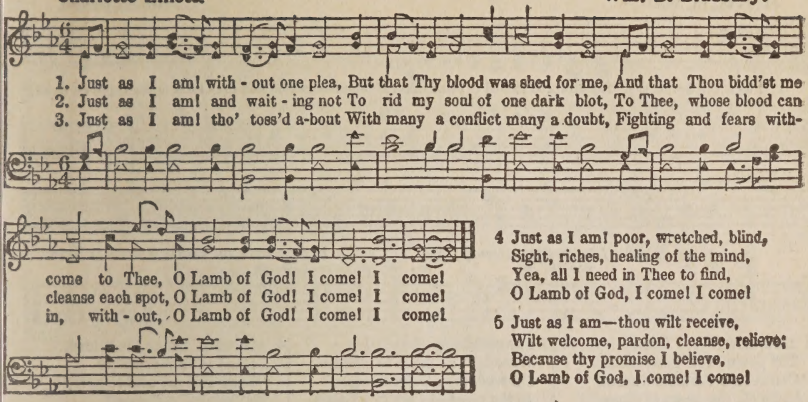

1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.
Hap-py day, hap-py day,
2. O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love!
Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move.
Hap-py day, hap-py day,
FINE
D. S
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray
And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day;

3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

No. 236. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

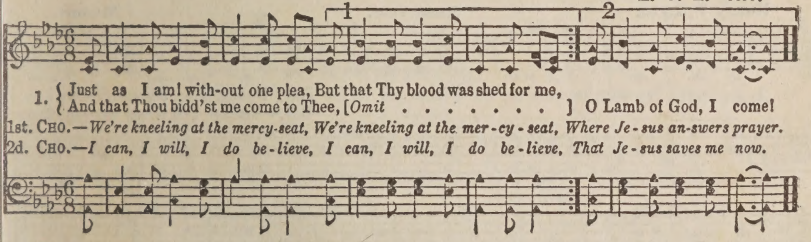

1. Just as I am! with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me
2. Just as I am! and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout With many a conflict many a doubt, Fighting and fears with-
come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
in, with - out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

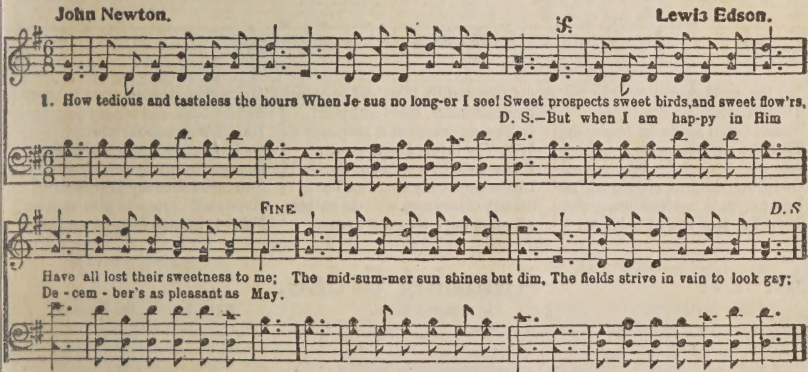
No. 237. We're Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

E. O. E. Arr.


1
2
1. { Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
{ And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, [Omit . . . . .] O Lamb of God, I come!
1st. CHO.—We're kneeling at the mercy-seat, We're kneeling at the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus an-swers prayer.
2d. CHO.—I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve, That Je - sus saves me now.

No. 238. How Tedious and Tasteless.

John Newton. Lewis Edson.


1. How tedious and tasteless the hours When Je - sus no long-er I see! Sweet prospects sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs,
D. S.—But when I am hap-py in Him
FINE.
D. S.
Have all lost their sweetness to me; The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;
De - cem - ber's as pleasant as May.

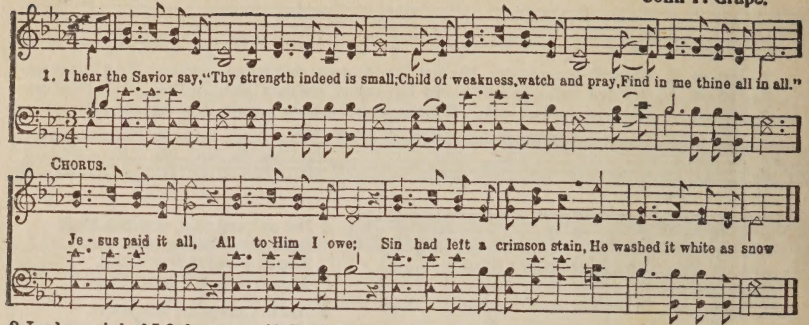
2 His name yields the richest perfume
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place [mind:
Would make any change in my
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to Thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

No. 239 Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.


1. I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."
CHORUS.
Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow

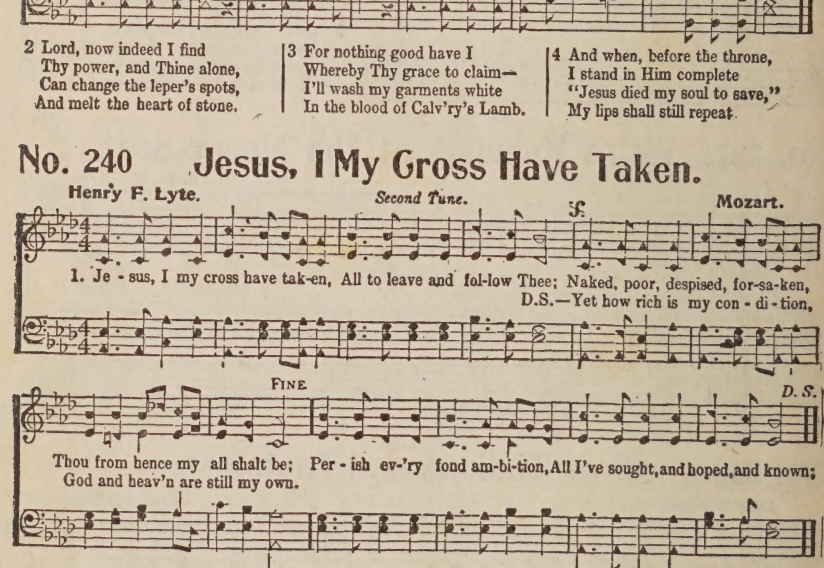
2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

No. 240 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. *Second Tune.* Mozart.


1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low Thee; Naked, poor, despised, for-sa-ken,
D.S.—Yet how rich is my con - di - tion,
FINE
D. S.
Thou from hence my all shalt be; Per - ish ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
God and heav'n are still my own.

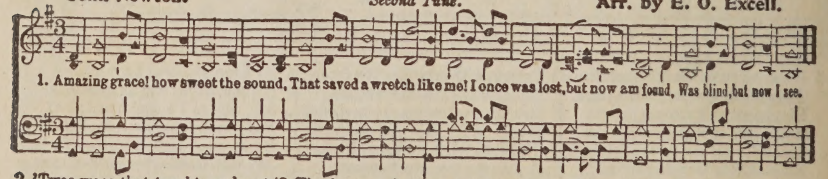
2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might, [me
Foes may hate, and friends may shun
Show Thy face and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Stormy clouds may o'er me gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Led by faith, and winged by prayer
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee
God will safely guide thee there,
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

No. 241 Amazing Grace.

John Newton. *Second Tune.* Arr. by E. O. Excell.



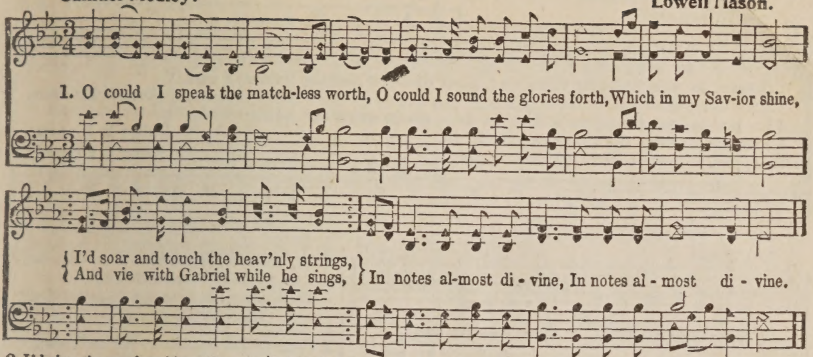
2 'Twas grace that taught my heart
And grace my fears relieved; [to fear
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils and
I have already come; [snares,
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus
And grace will lead me home. [far,

4 When we've been there ten hou-
Bright shining as the sun, [sand years
We've no less days to sing God's
Than when we first begun. [praise

No. 242 O Could I Speak.

Samuel Medley. Lowell Mason.


1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Sav-ior shine,
I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes al-most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.

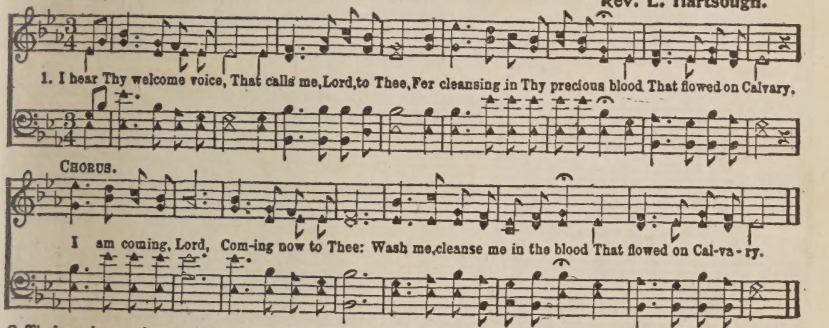
2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Savior, Brother,
A blest eternity I'll spend, Friend,
Triumphant in His grace.

No. 243. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.


1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy precious blood That flowed on Calvary.
CHORUS.
I am coming, Lord, Com-ing now to Thee: Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.

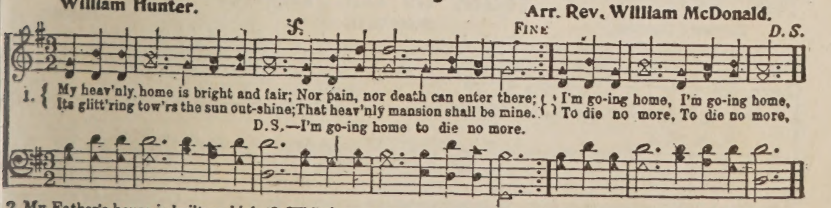
2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

No. 244. The Heavenly Home.

William Hunter. Arr. Rev. William McDonald.


FINE
D. S.
1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there; Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.
I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, To die no more, To die no more,
D. S.—I'm go-ing home to die no more.

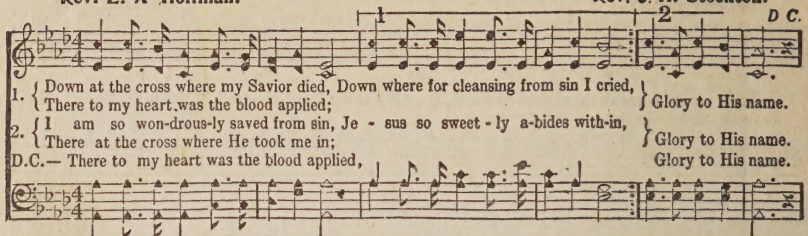
2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'er flow;
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

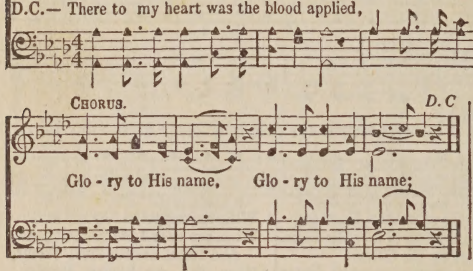
No. 245. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.



1. Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood applied; Glory to His name.
2. I am so wondrously saved from sin, Je - sus so sweetly abides with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glory to His name.

D.C.— There to my heart was the blood applied, Glory to His name.

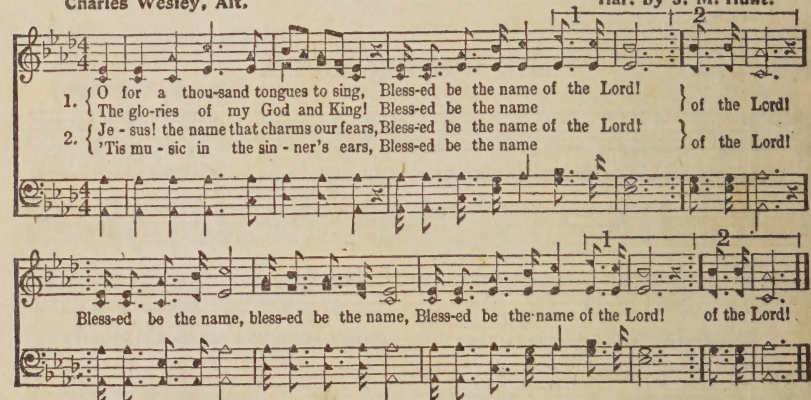


3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

No. 246. Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt. Har. by J. M. Hunt.


1
2
1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! The glo-ries of my God and King! Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
2. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord!
Bless-ed be the name, bless-ed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord! of the Lord!

3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be etc,
His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be etc,

4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be etc,
When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be etc,

No. 247. Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton. *Third Tune.* Haydn.

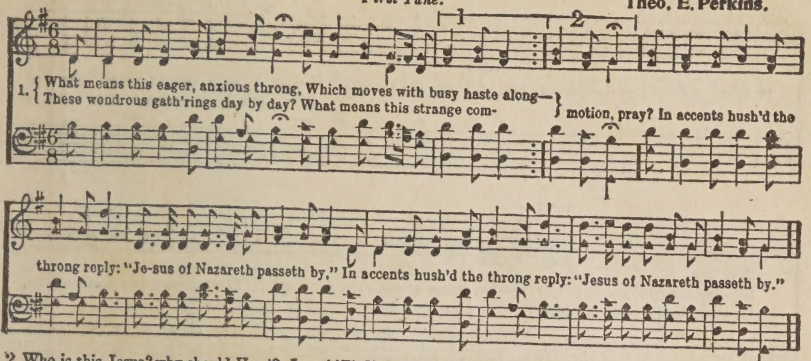
2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His, [shrined,
Who dwells in cloudless light enIn whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away, [shone
Because that light hath on thee
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

No. 248. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

Miss Etta Campbell. *First Tune.* Theo. E. Perkins.


1.
What means this eager, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along—
These wondrous gath'rings day by day? What means this strange com-
motion, pray? In accents hush'd the
throng reply: "Je-sus of Nazareth passeth by," In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

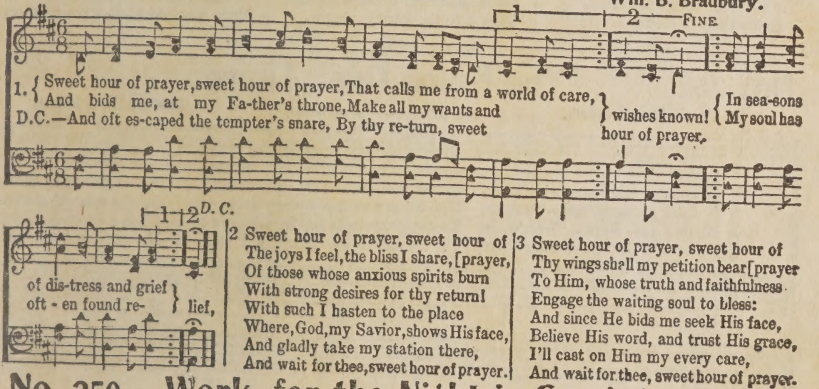
2 Who is this Jesus? why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Jesus! 'Tis He who once below [woe;
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and
And burden'd ones, where'er He came,
Bro't out their sick and deaf and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! from place to place
His holy footprints we can trace,
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

No. 249. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. *Second Tune.* Wm. B. Bradbury.

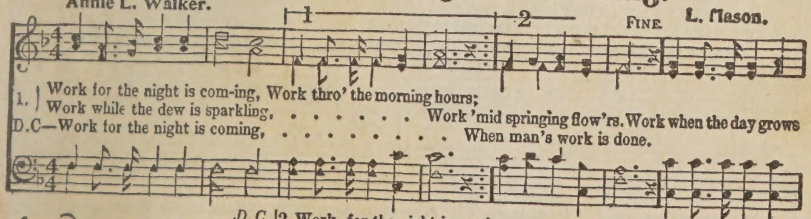

1.
Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and
wishes known!
In sea-sons
My soul has
D.C.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet
hour of prayer.
FINE
D. C.
of dis-tress and grief
oft - en found re-
lief,

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
The joys I feel, the bliss I share, [prayer,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
Thy wings shall my petition bear [prayer
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 250. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.

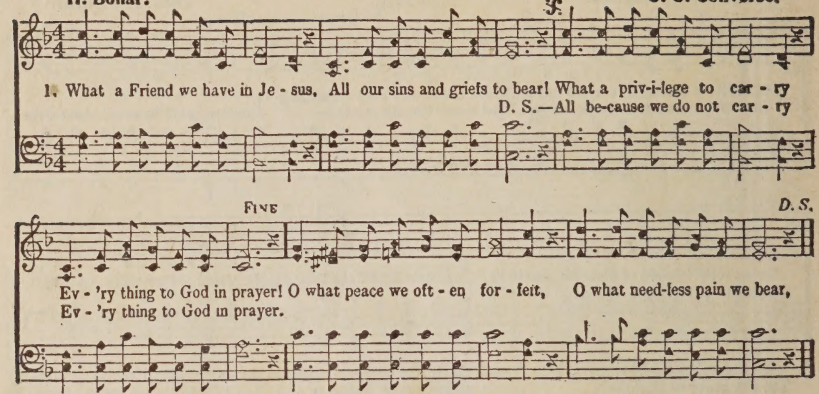

1.
Work for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling, ... Work 'mid springing flow'rs. Work when the day grows
D.C—Work for the night is coming, ... When man's work is done.
FINE
D. C
brighter, Work in the glowing sun,

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset sky;
While the bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 251. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.


1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a priv-i-lege to car - ry
D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry
FINE
D. S.
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer! O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.

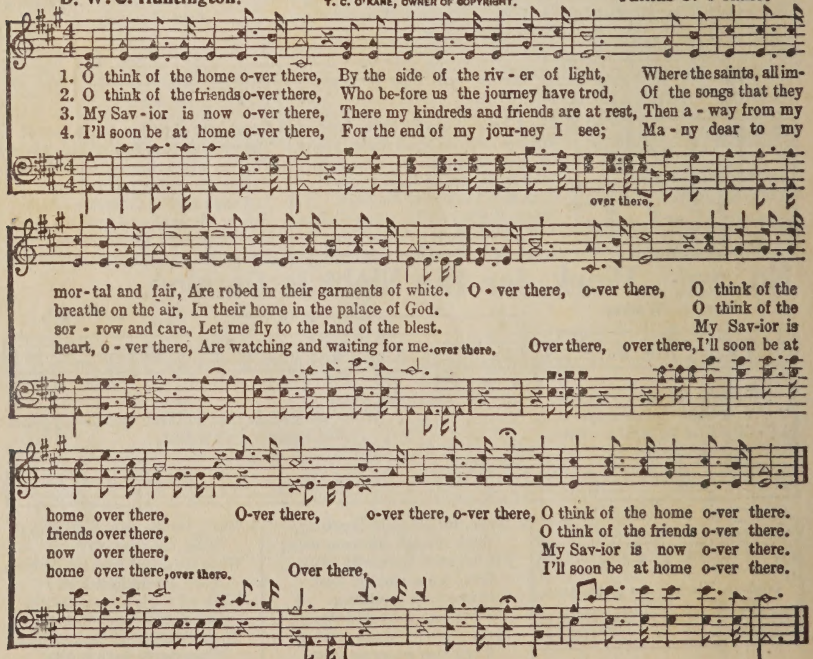
1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee.

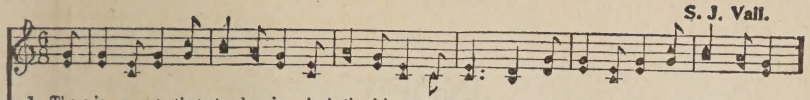
No. 252 The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington. T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Tullius C. O'Kane.


1. O think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light, Where the saints, all im-
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they
3. My Sav - ior is now o-ver there, There my kindreds and friends are at rest, Then a - way from my
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see; Ma - ny dear to my
over there.
mor-tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white. O - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the
breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God. O think of the
sor - row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest. My Sav-ior is
heart, o - ver there, Are watching and waiting for me. over there. Over there, over there, I'll soon be at
home over there, O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
friends over there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
now over there, My Sav-ior is now o-ver there.
home over there, over there. Over there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.

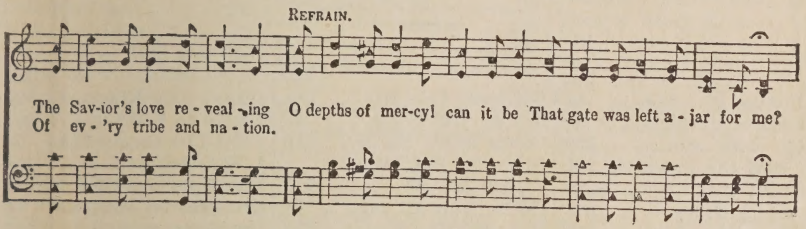
No. 253 The Gate Ajar.

S. J. Vail.

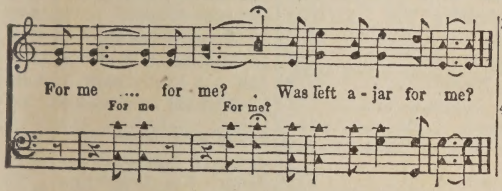


1. There is a gate that stands a-jar, And, thro' its portals gleam-ing; A radiance from the Cross a - far
2. That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek thro' it sal - va - tion; The rich and poor, the great and small,

REFRAIN.



The Sav-ior's love re - veal - ing O depths of mer-cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?
Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.



For me .... for me? Was left a - jar for me?
For me For me?

3 Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open,
Accept the cross, and win the crown.
Love's everlasting token.

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.

No. 254 God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

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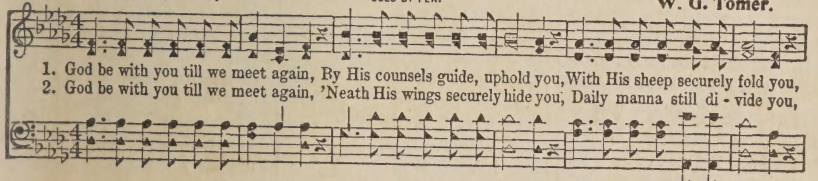
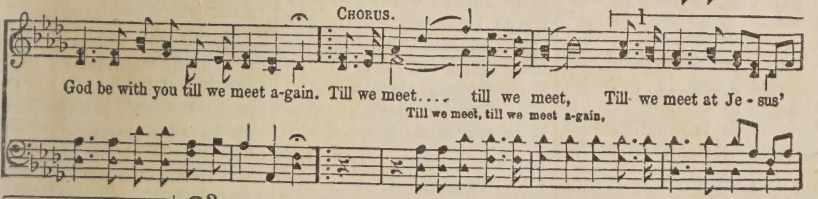
W. G. Tomer.

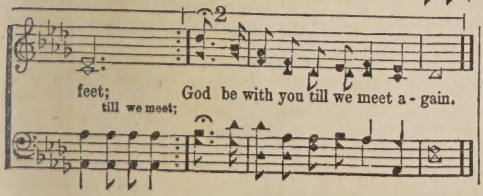


1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings securely hide you, Daily manna still di - vide you,

CHORUS.



God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet.... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus'
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,



feet; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
till we meet;

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

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A COLLECTION OF THE BEST NEW AND OLD SONGS FOR RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

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